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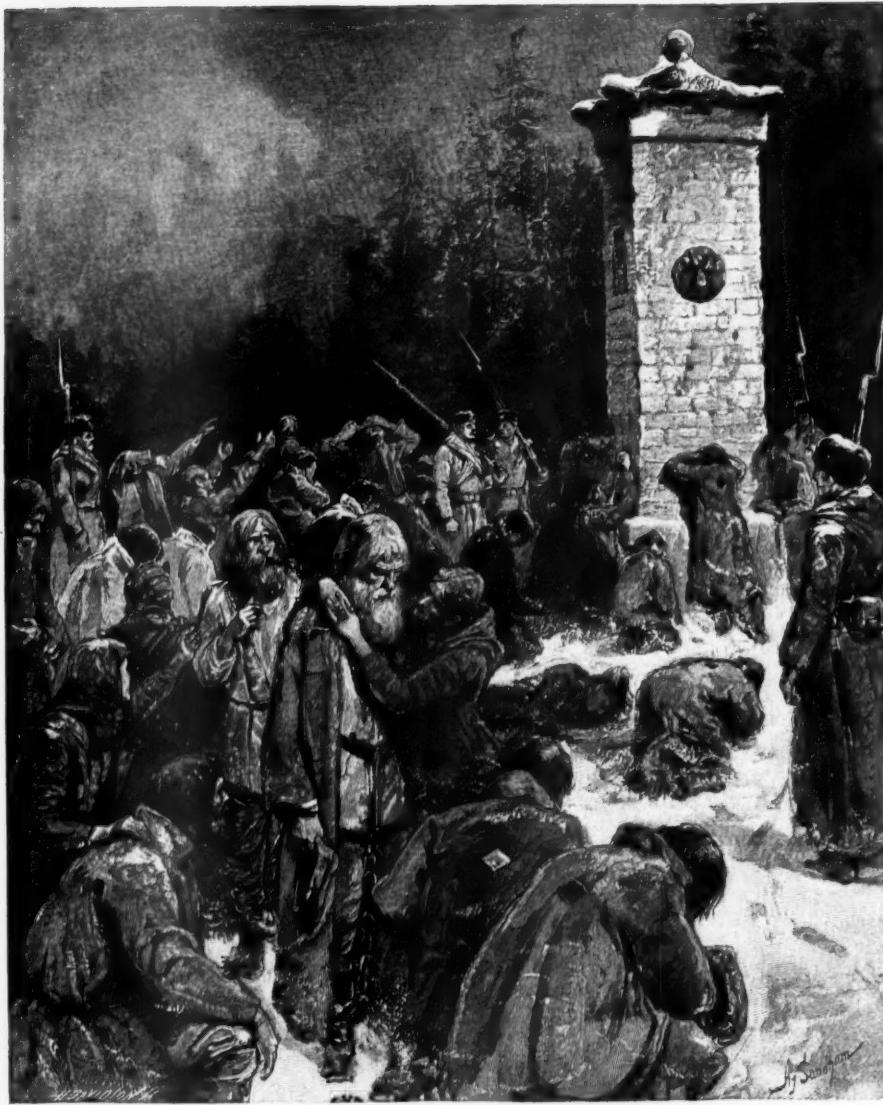


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THE BOUNDARY POST.

They have marched away into Siberia!



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No. 1

SIBERIA AND THE EXILE SYSTEM.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.



BEFORE beginning this series of papers upon Siberia and the Exile System, it seems to me both proper and necessary that I should say a few words with reference to the circumstances under which I made the journey that I am about to describe, and the opinions concerning Russian affairs which I held at the time it was undertaken. The idea of exploring some of the less known parts of Siberia, and of making, in connection with such exploration, a careful study of the exile system, first took definite form in my mind in the year 1879. From such observations as I had been able to make during a residence of

two and a half years in the country, and a subsequent journey of five thousand miles overland to St. Petersburg, it seemed to me that Siberia offered to a competent investigator an extremely interesting and promising field of research. To the Russians, who had possessed it in whole or in part for nearly three centuries, it was, of course, comparatively familiar ground; but to the average American, at that time, it was almost as much a *terra incognita* as central Africa or Thibet. In 1881 the assassination of Alexander II., and the exile of a large number of Russian revolutionists to the mines of the Trans-Baikal, increased my interest in Siberia and intensified my desire not only to study the exile system on the ground, but to investigate the Russian revolutionary movement in the only part of the empire where I thought such an investigation could successfully be made,—namely, in the region to which the revolutionists themselves had been banished. It seemed to me a hopeless task to look for nihilists in the cities of St. Petersburg and Moscow, or to seek there an explanation of the political events and the social phenomena which interested me. Most of the leading actors in the revolutionary drama of 1878-79 were already in Siberia; and if the Imperial Police could not discover the few who still remained at large in European Russia, it was not at all likely that I could. In Siberia, however, communication with exiled nihilists might perhaps be practicable; and there, if anywhere, was to be obtained the information which I desired.

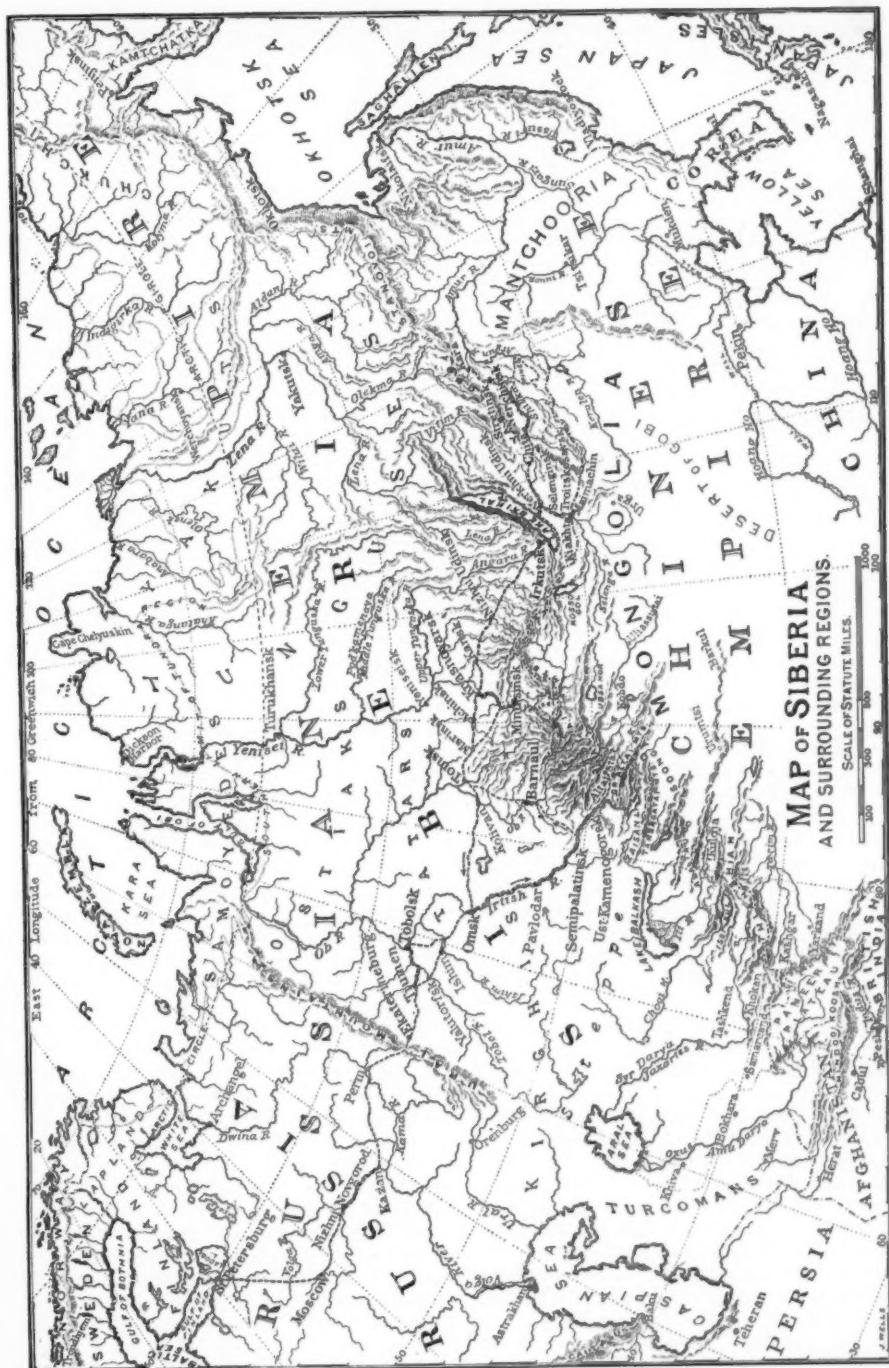
Circumstances, and the want of time and means for such an extended journey as I wished to make, prevented me from taking any definite steps in the matter until the summer of 1884, when the Editor of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE became interested in my plans, and proposed to me that I should go to Siberia for that periodical and give to it the results of my work. I thereupon made a preliminary excursion to St. Petersburg and Moscow for the purpose of collecting material and ascertaining whether or not obstacles were likely to be thrown in my way by the Russian Government. I returned in October, fully satisfied that my scheme was a practicable one; that there was really nothing in Siberia which needed concealment; and that my literary record—so far as I had made a record—was such as to predispose the Russian Government in my favor, and to secure for me all the facilities that a friendly investigator might reasonably expect. The opinions which I held at that time with regard to the Siberian exile system and the treatment of political offenders by the Russian Government

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were set forth fully and frankly in an address which I delivered before the American Geographical Society of New York in 1882, and in the newspaper controversy to which that address gave rise. I then believed that the Russian Government and the exile system had been greatly misrepresented by such writers as Stepnjak and Prince Krapotkin; that Siberia was not so terrible a country as Americans had always supposed it to be; and that the descriptions of Siberian mines and prisons in the just-published book of the Rev. Henry Lansdell were probably truthful and accurate. I also believed, although I did not say, that the nihilists, terrorists, and political malcontents generally, who had so long kept Russia in a state of alarm and apprehension, were unreasonable and wrong-headed fanatics of the anarchistic type with which we in the United States have recently become so familiar. In short, all my prepossessions were favorable to the Russian Government and unfavorable to the Russian revolutionists. I lay stress upon this fact, not because my opinions at that time had intrinsically any particular weight or importance, but because a just estimate of the results of an investigation cannot be formed without some knowledge of the preconceptions and personal bias of the investigator. I also lay stress upon it for the further reason that it partly explains the friendly attitude towards me which was taken by the Russian Government, the permission which was given me to inspect prisons and mines, and the comparative immunity from arrest, detention, and imprisonment which I enjoyed, even when my movements and associations were such as justly to render me an object of suspicion to the local Siberian authorities. It is very doubtful whether a traveler who had not already committed himself to views that the Government approved would have been allowed to go to Siberia for the avowed purpose of investigating the exile system, or whether, if permitted to go there, he would have escaped serious trouble when it was discovered that he was associating on terms of friendly intimacy with political criminals of the most dangerous class. In my frequent skirmishes with the police, and with suspicious local officials in remote Siberian villages, nothing but the letter which I carried from the Russian Minister of the Interior saved me from summary arrest and imprisonment, or from a search of my person and baggage which probably would have resulted in my expulsion from the empire under guard and in the loss of all my notes and documentary material. That letter, which was my sheet-anchor in times of storm and stress, would never, I think, have been given to me, if I had not publicly defended the Russian Government against some of its numerous assailants, and if it had not been believed that personal pride, and a desire to seem consistent, probably would restrain me from confessing error, even should I find the prison and exile system worse than I anticipated, and worse than I had represented it to be. How far this belief was well founded, and to what extent my preconceived ideas were in harmony with the facts, I purpose, in the present series of papers, to show.

Before closing this preface I desire to tender my most sincere and hearty thanks to the many friends, acquaintances, and well-wishers throughout European Russia and Siberia who encouraged me in my work, coöperated in my researches, and furnished me with the most valuable part of my material. Some of them are political exiles, who imperiled even the wretched future which still remained to them by writing out for me histories of their lives; some of them are officers of the Exile Administration, who, trusting to my honor and discretion, gave me without reserve the results of their long experience; and some of them are honest, humane prison officials, who, after reporting again and again upon the evils and abuses of the prison system, finally pointed them out to me, as the last possible means of forcing them upon the attention of the Government and the world. Most of these people I dare not even mention by name. Although their characters and their services are such as to make their names worthy of remembrance and honor, it is their misfortune to live in a country where the Government regards a frankly expressed opinion as an evidence of "untrustworthiness," and treats an effort to improve the condition of things as an offense to be punished. To mention the names of such people, when they live under such a government, is simply to render them objects of suspicion and surveillance, and thus deprive them of the limited power they still exercise for good. All that I can do, therefore, to show my appreciation of their trust, their kindness, and their aid, is to use the information which they gave me as I believe they would wish it to be used,—in the interest of humanity, freedom, and good government. For Russia and the Russian people I have the warmest affection and sympathy; and if, by a temperate and well-considered statement of the results of my Siberian investigations, I can make the country and the nation better known to the world, and ameliorate, even little, the lot of the "unfortunates" to whom "God is high above and the Tsar is far away," I shall be more than repaid for the hardest journey and the most trying experience of my life.

George Kennan.



ACROSS THE RUSSIAN FRONTIER.

THE Siberian expedition of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE sailed from New York for Liverpool on the second day of May, 1885. It consisted of Mr. George A. Frost, an artist of Boston, and the author of this paper. We both spoke Russian, both had been in Siberia before, and I was making to the empire my fourth journey. Previous association in the service of the Russian-American Telegraph Company had acquainted us with each other, and long experience in sub-arctic Asia had familiarized us with the hardships and privations of Siberian travel. Our plan of operations had been approved by THE CENTURY; we had the amplest discretionary power in the matter of ways and means; and although fully aware of the serious nature of the work in hand, we were hopeful, if not sanguine, of success. We arrived in London on Sunday, May 10, and on Wednesday, the 13th, proceeded to St. Petersburg by rail, via Dover, Ostend, Cologne, Hanover, Berlin, and Eydkuhnen. As the season was already advanced, and as it was important that we should reach Siberia in time to make the most of the summer weather and the good roads, I decided to remain in the Russian capital only five days; but we were unfortunate enough to arrive there just at the beginning of a long series of church holidays, and were able to utilize in the transaction of business only four days out of ten.

As soon as I could obtain an interview with Mr. Vlangalli, the assistant Minister of Foreign Affairs, I presented my letters of introduction and told him frankly and candidly what we desired to do. I said that in my judgment Siberia and the exile system had been greatly misrepresented by prejudiced writers; that a truthful description of the country, the prisons, and the mines would, I thought, be advantageous rather than detrimental to the interests of the Russian Government; and that, inasmuch as I had already committed myself publicly to a defense of that Government, I could hardly be suspected of an intention to seek in Siberia for facts with which to undermine my own position. This statement, in which there was not the least diplomacy or insincerity, seemed to impress Mr. Vlangalli favorably; and after twenty minutes' conversation he informed me that we should undoubtedly be permitted to go to Siberia, and that he would aid us as far as

possible by giving us an open letter to the governors of the Siberian provinces, and by procuring for us a similar letter from the Minister of the Interior. Upon being asked whether these letters would admit us to Siberian prisons, Mr. Vlangalli replied that they would not; that permission to inspect prisons must in all cases be obtained from provincial governors. As to the further question whether such permission probably would be granted, he declined to express an opinion. This, of course, was equivalent to saying that the Government would not give us *carte-blanche*, but would follow us with friendly observation, and grant or refuse permission to visit prisons, as might from time to time seem expedient. I foresaw that this would greatly increase our difficulties, but I did not deem it prudent to urge any further concession; and after expressing my thanks for the courtesy and kindness with which we had been received, I withdrew.

At another interview, a few days later, Mr. Vlangalli gave me the promised letters, and at the same time said that he would like to have me stop in Moscow on my way to Siberia and make the acquaintance of Mr. Katkoff, the well-known editor of the Moscow "Gazette." He handed me a sealed note of introduction to Baron Buhler, keeper of the Imperial Archives in Moscow, and said that he had requested the latter to present me to Mr. Katkoff, and that he hoped I would not leave Moscow without seeing him. I was not unfamiliar with the character and the career of the great Russian champion of autocracy, and was glad, of course, to have an opportunity of meeting him; but I more than suspected that the underlying motive of Mr. Vlangalli's request was a desire to bring me into contact with a man of strong personality and great ability, who would impress me with his own views of Russian policy, confirm my favorable opinion of the Russian Government, and guard me from the danger of being led astray by the specious misrepresentations of exiled nihilists, whom I might possibly meet in the course of my Siberian journey. This precaution—if precaution it was—seemed to me wholly unnecessary, since my opinion of the nihilists was already as unfavorable as the Government itself could desire. I assured Mr. Vlangalli, however, that I would see Mr. Katkoff if possible; and after thanking him again for his assistance, I bade him good-bye.



THE "FAIR-CITY" OF NIZHNI NOVGOROD, FROM THE SOUTHERN BANK OF THE OKA.

In reviewing now the representations which I made to high Russian officials before leaving St. Petersburg, I have not to reproach myself with a single act of duplicity or insincerity. I did not obtain permission to go to Siberia by means of false pretenses, nor did I at any time assume a deceptive attitude for the sake of furthering my plans. If the opinions which I now hold differ from those which I expressed to Mr. Vlangalli in 1885, it is not because I was then insincere, but because my views have since been changed by an overwhelming mass of evidence.

On the afternoon of May 31, having selected and purchased photographic apparatus, obtained all necessary books and maps, and provided ourselves with about fifty letters of introduction to teachers, mining engineers, and Government officials in all parts of Siberia, we left St. Petersburg by rail for Moscow. The distance from the Russian capital to the Siberian frontier is about 1600 miles; and the route usually taken by travelers, and always by exiles, is that which passes through the cities of Moscow, Nizhni Novgorod, Kazan, Perm, and Ekaterineburg. The eastern terminus of the Russian railway system is at Nizhni Novgorod, but in summer steamers ply constantly between that city and Perm on the

rivers Volga and Kama; and Perm is connected with Ekaterineburg by an isolated piece of railroad about 180 miles in length, which crosses the mountain chain of the Ural, and is intended to unite the navigable waters of the Volga with those of the Ob.*

Upon our arrival in Moscow I presented my sealed note of introduction to Baron Buhler, and called with him at the office of the Moscow "Gazette" for the purpose of making the acquaintance of its editor. We were disappointed, however, to find that Mr. Katoff had just left the city and probably would be absent for two or three weeks. As we could not await his return, and as there was no other business to detain us in Moscow, we proceeded by rail to Nizhni Novgorod, reaching that city early on the morning of Thursday, June 4.

To a traveler visiting Nizhni Novgorod for the first time there is something surprising, and almost startling, in the appearance of what he supposes to be the city, and in the scene presented to him as he emerges from the railway station and walks away from the low bank of the Oka River in the direction of the Volga. The clean, well-paved streets; the long rows of substantial buildings; the spacious boulevard, shaded by leafy birches and poplars; the

* During our stay in Siberia this railroad was extended to Tiumen, on one of the tributaries of the Ob, so that St. Petersburg is now in communication, by

canal, spanned at intervals by graceful bridges; the picturesque tower of the water-works; the enormous cathedral of Alexander Nevski; the Bourse; the theaters; the hotels; the market places—all seem to indicate a great populous center of life and commercial activity; but of living inhabitants there is not a sign. Grass and weeds are growing in the middle of the empty streets and in the chinks of the travel-worn sidewalks; birds are singing fearlessly in the trees that shade the lonely and deserted boulevard; the countless shops and warehouses are all closed, barred, and padlocked; the bells are silent in the gilded belfries of the churches; and the astonished stranger may perhaps wander for a mile between solid blocks of buildings without seeing an open door, a vehicle, or a single human being. The city appears to have been stricken by a pestilence and deserted. If the new-comer remembers for what Nizhni Novgorod is celebrated, he is not long, of course, in coming to the conclusion that he is on the site of the famous fair; but the first realization of the fact that the fair is in itself a separate and independent city, and a city which during nine months of every year stands empty and deserted, comes to him with the shock of a great surprise.

The fair-city of Nizhni Novgorod is situated on a low peninsula between the rivers Oka and Volga, just above their junction, very much as New York City is situated on Manhattan Island between East River and the Hudson. In geographical position it bears the same relation to the old town of Nizhni Novgorod that New York would bear to Jersey City if the latter were elevated on a steep terraced bluff four hundred feet above the level of the Hudson. The Russian fair-city, however, differs from New York City in that it is a mere temporary market—a huge commercial caravansary where 500,000 traders assemble every year to buy and to sell commodities. In September it has frequently a population of more than 100,000 souls, and contains merchandise valued at \$75,000,000; while in January, February, or March all of its inhabitants might be fed and sheltered in the smallest of its hotels, and all of its goods might be put into a single one of its innumerable shops. Its life, therefore, is a sort of intermittent commercial fever, in which an annual paroxysm of intense and unnatural activity is followed by a long interval of torpor and stagnation.

It seems almost incredible at first that a city of such magnitude—a city which contains churches, mosques, theaters, markets, banks, hotels, a merchants' exchange, and nearly seven thousand shops and inhabitable buildings, should have so ephemeral a life, and should be so completely abandoned every

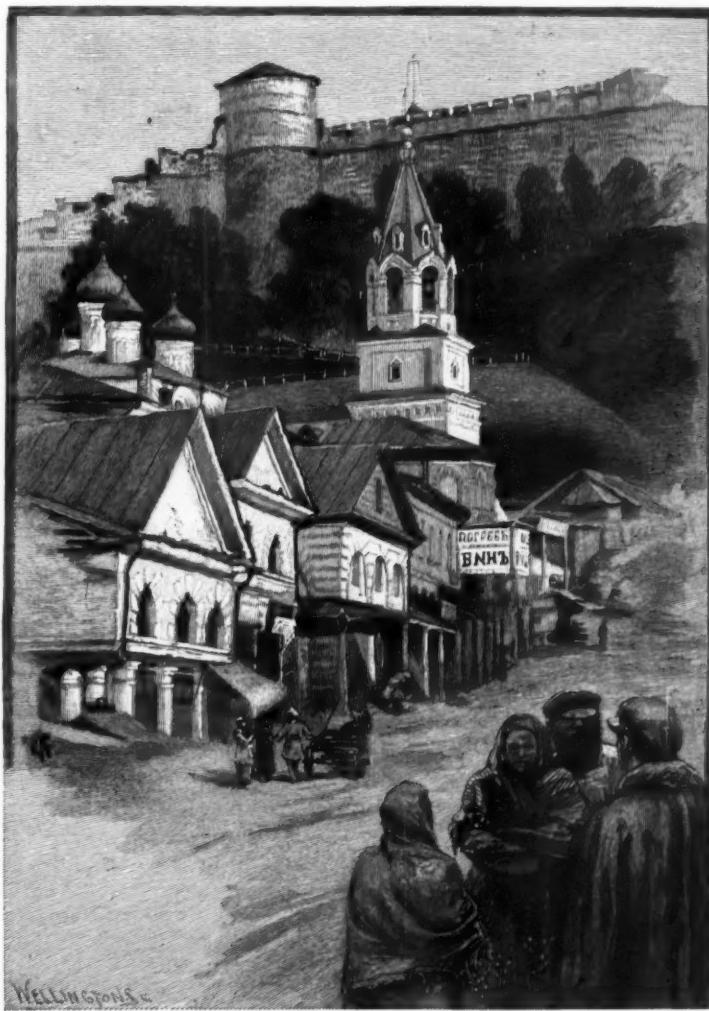
year after it has served the purpose for which it was created. When I saw this unique city for the first time, on a clear frosty night in January, 1868, it presented an extraordinary picture of loneliness and desolation. The moonlight streamed down into its long empty streets where the unbroken snow lay two feet deep upon the sidewalks; it touched with silver the white walls and swelling domes of the old fair-cathedral, from whose towers there came no clangor of bells; it sparkled on great snow-drifts heaped up against the doors of the empty houses, and poured a flood of pale light over thousands of snow-covered roofs; but it did not reveal anywhere a sign of a human being. The city seemed to be not only uninhabited, but wholly abandoned to the arctic spirits of solitude and frost. When I saw it next, at the height of the annual fair in the autumn of 1870, it was so changed as to be almost unrecognizable. It was then surrounded by a great forest of shipping; its hot, dusty atmosphere thrilled with the incessant whistling of steamers; merchandise to the value of 125,000,000 rubles lay on its shores or was packed into its 6000 shops; every building within its limits was crowded; 60,000 people were crossing every day the pontoon bridge which connected it with the old town; a military band was playing airs from Offenbach's operas on the great boulevard in front of the governor's house; and through all the streets of the re-animated and reawakened city poured a great tumultuous flood of human life.

I did not see the fair-city again until June, 1885, when I found it almost as completely deserted as on the occasion of my first visit, but in other ways greatly changed and improved. Substantial brick buildings had taken the place of the long rows of inflammable wooden shops and sheds; the streets in many parts of the city had been neatly paved; the number of stores and warehouses had largely increased; and the lower end of the peninsula had been improved and dignified by the erection of the great Alexander Nevski cathedral, which is shown in the center of the illustration on page 7, and which now forms the most prominent and striking architectural feature of the fair.

It was supposed that, with the gradual extension of the Russian railway system, and the facilities afforded by it for the distribution of merchandise throughout the empire in small quantities, the fair of Nizhni Novgorod would lose most of its importance; but no such result has yet become apparent. During the most active period of railway construction in Russia, from 1868 to 1881, the value of the merchandise brought annually to the fair rose steadily from 126,000,000 to 246,000,000

rubles,* and the number of shops and stores in the fair-city increased from 5738 to 6298. At the present time the volume of business transacted during the two fair-months amounts to something like 225,000,000 rubles, and the

old town on the other side is maintained in summer by means of a steam ferry, or a long floating bridge consisting of a roadway supported by pontoons. As the bridge, at the time of our arrival, had not been put in posi-



A STREET IN THE OLD TOWN OF NIZHNI NOVGOROD.

number of shops and stores in the fair exceeds 7000.

The station of the Moscow and Nizhni Novgorod railway is situated within the limits of the fair-city, on the left bank of the river Oka, and communication between it and the

* The value of the Russian ruble is a little less than half a dollar.

tion for the season, we crossed the river on a low flat barge in tow of a small steamer.

The view which one gets of the old fortified city of Nizhni Novgorod while crossing the Oka from the fair is both striking and picturesque. The long steep bluff upon which it is situated rises abruptly almost from the water's edge to the height of four hundred

ACROSS THE RUSSIAN FRONTIER.

feet, notched at intervals by deep V-shaped cuts through which run the ascending roads to the upper plateau, and broken here and there by narrow terraces upon which stand white-walled and golden-domed cathedrals and monasteries half buried in groves of trees. In the warm, bright sunshine of a June day the snowy walls of the Byzantine churches scattered along the crest of the bluff; the countless domes of blue, green, silver, and gold rising out of dark masses of foliage on the terraces; the smooth, grassy slopes which descend here and there almost to the water's edge; and the river front, lined with steamers and bright with flags—all make up a picture which is hardly surpassed in northern Russia. Fronting the Volga, near what seems to be the eastern end of the ridge, stands the ancient Kremlin,* or stronghold of the city, whose high, crenelated walls descend the steep face of the bluff toward the river in a series of titanic steps, and whose arched gateways and massive round towers carry the imagination back to the Middle Ages. Three hundred and fifty years ago this great walled inclosure was regarded as an absolutely impregnable fortress, and for more than a century it served as a secure place of refuge for the people of the city when the fierce Tartars of Kazan invaded the territories of the Grand Dukes. With the complete subjugation of the Tartar khanate, however, in the sixteenth century, it lost its importance as a defensive fortification, and soon began to fall into decay. Its thirteen towers, which were originally almost a hundred feet in height, are now half in ruins; and its walls, which have a circuit of about a mile and a quarter, would probably have fallen long ago had they not been extraordinarily thick, massive, and deeply founded. They make upon one an impression of even greater solidity and strength than do the walls of the famous Kremlin in Moscow.

* A Kremlin, or, to use the Russian form of the word, a "Kremle," is merely a walled inclosure with towers at the corners, situated in a commanding position near the center of a city, and intended to serve as a stronghold, or place of refuge, for the inhabitants in time of war. It differs from a castle or fortress in that it generally incloses a larger area, and contains a num-

Upon landing from the ferry-boat in the old town of Nizhni Novgorod, we drove to a hotel in the upper part of the city, and, after securing rooms and sending our passports to the chief of police, we walked down past the Kremlin Under the which the Kremlin between ment



A PEASANT WOMAN OF SIMBIRSK.

there is a narrow strip of level ground which is now given up almost wholly to commerce and is known as the "lower bazar." Upon this strip of land are huddled together in picturesque confusion a multitude of buildings of the most heterogeneous character and appearance. Pretentious modern stores, with gilded signs and plate-glass windows, stand in neighborly proximity to wretched hucksters' stalls of rough, unpainted boards; banks, hotels, and steamship offices are sandwiched

ber of buildings, such as churches, palaces, treasuries, etc., which are merely protected by it. It is popularly supposed that the only Kremlin in Russia is that of Moscow; but this is a mistake. Nizhni Novgorod, Kazan, and several other towns in that part of Russia which was subject to Tartar invasion, had strongholds of this kind.

in among ship-chandlers' shops, old-clothes stalls and "traktirs"; fantastic highly colored churches of the last century appear in the most unexpected places, and give an air of sanctity to the most disreputable neighborhoods; and the entire region, from the river to the bluff, is crowded with wholesale, retail, and second-hand shops, where one can buy anything and everything—from a paper of pins, a wooden comb, or a string of dried mushrooms, to a ship's anchor, a church bell, or a steam-engine. In a single shop of the lower bazar I saw exposed for sale a set of parlor chairs, two wicker-work baby-carriages, a rustic garden seat, two cross-cut log saws, half a dozen battered samovars, a child's cradle, a steam-engine, one half of a pair of elk horns, three old boilers, a collection of telescopes, an iron church-cross four feet in height, six or eight watches, a dilapidated carriage top, feather dusters, opera-glasses, log chains, watch charms, two blacksmith's anvils, measuring tapes, old boots, stove covers, a Caucasian dagger, turning lathes, sleigh bells, pulleys and blocks from a ship's rigging, fire-engine nozzles, horse collars, an officer's sword, axe helvæ, carriage cushions, gilt bracelets, iron barrel-hoops, trunks, accordions, three or four soup plates filled with old nails and screws, carving-knives, vises, hinges, revolvers, old harnesses, half a dozen odd lengths of rusty stove pipe, a tin can of "mixed biscuits" from London, and a six-foot bath tub. This list of articles, which I made on the spot, did not comprise more than a third part of the dealer's heterogeneous stock in trade; but I had not time for a careful and exhaustive enumeration. In a certain way this shop was illustrative and typical of the whole lower bazar, since nothing, perhaps, in that quarter of the city is more striking than the heterogeneity of buildings, people, and trades. The whole river front is lined with landing-stages and steamers: it is generally crowded with people from all parts of the empire, and it always presents a scene of great commercial activity. Steamers are departing almost hourly for the lower Volga, the frontier of Siberia, and the far-away Caspian; huge black barges, which lie here and there at the landing-stages, are being loaded or unloaded by gangs of swarthy Tartar stevedores; small unpainted one-horse "telegas," which look like longitudinal halves of barrels mounted on four wheels, are carrying away bags, boxes, and crates from the piles of merchandise on the shore; and the broad dusty street is thronged all day with traders, peddlers, peasants, longshoremen, pilgrims, beggars, and tramps.

Even the children seem to feel the spirit of trade which controls the city; and as I

stood watching the scene on the river front, a ragged boy, not more than eight or nine years of age, whose whole stock in trade consisted of a few strings of dried mushrooms, elbowed his way through the crowd with all the assurance of an experienced peddler, shouting in a thin childish treble, "Mushrooms! Fine mushrooms! Sustain commerce, gentlemen! Buy my mushrooms and sustain commerce!"

The diversity of popular types in the lower bazar is not perhaps so great in June as it is in September, during the fair, but the peculiarities of dress are such as to make almost every figure in the throng interesting and noteworthy to a foreign observer. There are swarthy Tartars in round skull caps and long loose "khataks"; Russian peasants in greasy sheepskin coats and huge wicker-work shoes, with their legs swathed in dirty bandages of coarse linen cloth and cross-gartered with hempen cords; disreputable-looking long-haired, long-bearded monks, who solicit alms for hospitals or churches, receiving contributions on small boards covered with black velvet and transferring the money deposited thereon to big tin boxes hung from their necks and secured with enormous iron padlocks; strolling dealers in "kvass," mead, sherbet, and other seductive bright-colored drinks; brazen-throated peddlers proclaiming aloud the virtues of brass jewelry, salted cucumbers, strings of dried mushrooms, and cotton handkerchiefs stamped with railroad maps of Russia; and, finally, a surging crowd of wholesale and retail traders from all parts of the Volga River basin.

The first thing which strikes the traveler on the threshold of south-eastern Russia is the *greatness* of the country—that is, the enormous extent of its material resources, and the intense commercial activity manifested along its principal lines of communication. The average American thinks of south-eastern Russia as a rather quiet, semi-pastoral, semi-agricultural country, which produces enough for the maintenance of its own half-civilized and not very numerous population, but which, in point of commercial activity, cannot bear comparison for a moment with even the most backward of our States. He is not a little astonished, therefore, at Nizhni Novgorod, to find the shipping of the Volga occupying six or eight miles of river front; to learn that for its regulation there is in the city a shipping court with special jurisdiction; that the "pristan," or, as a Western steamboatman would say, the levee, is under the control of an officer appointed by the Minister of Ways and Communications and aided by a large staff of subordinates; that the number of steamers plying on the Volga and its tributaries is greater than the number



STREET IN A PEASANT VILLAGE ON THE VOLGA —
WATER-CARRIER IN THE FOREGROUND.

on the Mississippi ; * that \$15,000,000 worth of products annually come down a single tributary of the Volga — namely, the Kama, a stream of which few Americans have ever heard ; and, finally, that the waters of the Volga River system annually float nearly 5,000,000 tons of merchandise, and furnish employment to 7000 vessels and nearly 200,000 boatmen. It may be that an ordinarily well-educated American ought to know all these things ; but I certainly did not know them, and they came to me with the shock of a complete surprise.

On the morning of Saturday, June 6, after having visited the fair-city and the Kremlin and made as thorough a study of Nizhni Novgorod as the time would permit, we embarked on one of the Kamenski Brothers' steamers for a voyage of nearly a thousand miles down the Volga and up the Kama to Perm.

It has been said that Egypt is the creation of the Nile. In a different sense, but with equal truth, it may be said that eastern Russia is the creation of the Volga. The ethnological composition of its population was mainly determined by that river ; the whole history of the country has been intimately connected with it for more than a thousand years ; the character and pursuits of all the east Russian tribes have been greatly modified by it ; and upon it

* In 1880 there were on the upper and the lower Mississippi 681 steamers. The number on the Volga and its tributaries is about 700.

now depend, directly or indirectly, the welfare and prosperity of more than 10,000,000 people. From any point of view, the Volga must be regarded as one of the great rivers of the world. Its length, from the Valdai hills to the Caspian Sea, is nearly 2300 miles ; its width below Tsaritsin, in time of high water, exceeds 30 miles, so that a boatman, in crossing it, loses sight entirely of its low banks and is virtually at sea ; it washes the borders of nine provinces, or administrative divisions of the empire, and on its banks stand 39 cities and more than 1000 villages and settlements. The most important part of the river, commercially, is that lying between Nizhni Novgorod and the mouth of the Kama, where there ply, during the season of navigation, about 450 steamers. As far down as the so-called "Samara bend," the river presents almost everywhere a picture of busy life and activity, and is full of steamers, barges, and great hulks, like magnified canal-boats, loaded with goods from eastern Russia, Siberia,

and central Asia. The amount of merchandise produced, even in the strip of country directly tributary to the Volga itself, is enormous. Many of the agricultural villages, such as Liskovo, which the steamer swiftly passes between Nizhni Novgorod and Kazan, and which seem, from a distance, to be insignificant clusters of unpainted wooden houses, load with grain 700 vessels a year.

The scenery of the upper Volga is much more varied and picturesque than one would expect to find along a river running through a flat and monotonous country. The left bank, it is true, is generally low and uninteresting ; but on the other side the land rises abruptly from the water's edge to a height of 400 or 500 feet, and its boldly projecting promontories, at intervals of two or three miles, break the majestic river up into long still reaches, like a series of placid lakes opening into one another and reflecting in their tranquil depths the dense foliage of the virgin forest on one side and the bold outlines of the half mountainous shore on the other. White-walled churches with silver domes appear here and there on the hills, surrounded by little villages of unpainted wooden houses, with elaborately carved and decorated gables ; deep valleys, shaggy with hazel bushes, break through the wall of bluffs on the right at intervals, and afford glimpses of a rich farming country in the interior ; and now and then, in sheltered nooks half up the mountain-side overlooking the

river, appear the cream-white walls and gilded domes of secluded monasteries, rising out of masses of dark-green foliage. Sometimes, for half an hour together, the steamer plows her way steadily down the middle of the stream, and the picturesque right bank glides past like a magnificent panorama with a field of vision ten miles wide; and then suddenly, to avoid a bar, the vessel sweeps in towards the land, until the wide panorama narrows to a single vivid picture of a quaint Russian hamlet which looks like an artistically contrived scene in a theater. It is so near that you can distinguish the features of the laughing peasant girls who run down into the foreground to wave their handkerchiefs at the passing steamer; or you can talk in an ordinary tone of voice with the "muzhiks" in red shirts and black velvet trousers who are lying on the grassy bluff in front of the green-domed village church. But it lasts only a moment. Before you have fairly grasped the details of the strange Russian picture it has vanished, and the steamer glides swiftly into a new reach of the river, where there is not a sign of human

the blended fragrance of flowery meadows and damp forest glens; the river lay like an expanse of shining steel between banks whose impenetrable blackness was intensified rather than relieved by a few scattered spangles of light; and from some point far away in the distance came the faint voice of a timber rafter, or a floating fisherman, singing that song dear to the heart of every Russian boatman—"V'nis po matushke po Volge" ["Down the Mother Volga"].

After drinking a few tumblers of fragrant tea at the little center-table in the steamer's small but cozy cabin, we unrolled the blankets and pillows with which we had provided ourselves in anticipation of the absence of beds, and bivouacked, as Russian travelers are accustomed to do, on the long leather-covered couches which occupy most of the floor space in a Russian steamer, and which make the cabin look a little like an English railway carriage with all the partitions removed.

About 5 o'clock in the morning I was awakened by the persistent blowing of the steamer's whistle, followed by the stoppage of



A PEASANT HAMLET ON THE BANK OF THE VOLGA.

habitation, and where the cliffs on one side and the forest on the other seem to be parts of a vast primeval wilderness.

Fascinated by the picturesque beauty of the majestic Volga and the ever-changing novelty of the scenes successively presented to us as we crossed from side to side, or swept around great bends into new landscapes and new reaches of tranquil water, we could not bear to leave the hurricane deck until long after dark. The fresh, cool air was then filled with

the machinery, the jar of falling gang-planks, and the confused trampling of a multitude of feet over my head. Presuming that we had arrived at Kazan, I went up on deck. The sun was about an hour high and the river lay like a quivering mass of liquid silver between our steamer and the smooth, vividly green slopes of the high western bank. On the eastern side, and close at hand, was a line of the black hulls with yellow roofs and deck-houses which serve along the Volga as land-

ing-stages, and beside them lay half a dozen passenger steamers, blowing their whistles at intervals and flying all their holiday flags. Beyond them and just above high-water mark on the barren, sandy shore was a row of heterogeneous wooden shops and lodging-houses,

of Kazan stands was washed by the waters of the Volga; but it has been left four or five miles inland by the slow shifting of the river's bed to the westward; and the distant view of the city which one now gets from the shore is only just enough to stimulate the imagina-



A SIBERIAN VILLAGE GATE-KEEPER (PASKÓTK).

which, but for a lavish display of color in walls and roofs, would have suggested a street of a mining settlement in Idaho or Montana. There were in the immediate foreground no other buildings; but on a low bluff far away in the distance, across a flat stretch of marshy land, there could be seen a mass of walls, towers, minarets, and shining domes, which recalled to my mind in some obscure way the impression made upon me as a child by a quaint picture of "Vanity Fair" in an illustrated copy of the "Pilgrim's Progress." It was the famous old Tartar city of Kazan. At one time, centuries ago, the bluff upon which the Kremlin

tion and to excite, without gratifying, the curiosity.

The pristan, or steamer-landing of Kazan, however, is quite as remarkable in its way as the city itself. The builders of the shops, hotels, and "rooms for arrivers" on the river bank, finding themselves unable, with the scanty materials at their command, to render their architecture striking and admirable in form, resolved to make it at least dazzling and attractive in color; and the result is a sort of materialized architectural aurora borealis, which astounds if it does not gratify the beholder. While our steamer was lying at the

landing I noted a chocolate-brown house with yellow window-shutters and a green roof; a lavender house with a shining tin roof; a crimson house with an emerald roof; a sky-blue house with a red roof; an orange house with an olive roof; a house painted a bright metallic green all over; a house diversified with dark-blue, light-blue, red, green, and chocolate-brown; and, finally, a most extraordinary building which displayed the whole chromatic scale within the compass of three stories and an attic. What permanent effect, if any, is produced upon the optic nerves of the inhabitants by the habitual contemplation of their brilliantly colored and sharply contrasted dwellings I am unable to say; but I no longer wonder that "prekrasni," the Russian word for "beautiful," means literally "very red"; nor that a Russian singer imagines himself to be using a highly complimentary phrase when he describes a pretty girl as "krasnaya devitsa" ["a red maiden"]. When I think of that steamboat-landing at Kazan I am only surprised that the Russian language has not produced such forms of metaphorical expression as "a red-and-green maiden," "a purple-scarlet-and-blue melody," or "a crimson-yellow-chocolate-brown poem." It would be, so to speak, a red-white-and-blue convenience if one could express admiration in terms of color, and use the whole chromatic scale to give force to a superlative.

About 7 o'clock passengers began to arrive in carriages and droshkies from the city of Kazan, and before 8 o'clock all were on board, the last warning whistle had sounded, the lines had been cast off, and we were again under way. It was Sunday morning, and as the weather was clear and warm, we spent nearly the whole day on the hurricane deck, enjoying the sunshine and the exhilarating sense of swift movement, drinking in the odorous air which came to us from the forest-clad hills on the western bank, and making notes or sketches of the strange forms of boats, barges, and rafts which presented themselves from time to time, and which would have been enough to identify the Volga as a Russian river even had we been unable to see its shores. First came a long stately "caravan" of eight or ten huge black barges, like dismantled ocean steamers, ascending the river slowly in single file behind a powerful tug; then followed a curious kedging barge, with high bow and stern and a horse-power windlass amidships, pulling itself slowly upstream by winding in cables attached to kedge anchors which were carried ahead and dropped in turn by two or three boats' crews; and finally we passed a little Russian hamlet of ready-made houses, with elaborately carved

gables, standing on an enormous timber raft 100 feet in width by 500 in length, and intended for sale in the treeless region along the lower Volga and around the Caspian Sea. The bare-headed, red-shirted, and blue-gowned population of this floating settlement were gathered in a picturesque group around a blazing camp-fire near one end of the raft, drinking tea; and I could not help fancying that I was looking at a fragment of a peasant village which had in some way gotten adrift in a freshet and was miraculously floating down the river with all its surviving inhabitants. Now and then there came to us faintly across the water the musical chiming of bells from the golden-domed churches here and there on the right bank, and every few moments we passed a large six-oared "lodka" full of men and women in bright-colored costumes, on their way to church service.

About 11 o'clock Sunday morning we left the broad, tranquil Volga and turned into the swifter and muddier Kama, a river which rises in the mountains of the Ural on the Siberian frontier, and pursues a south-westerly course to its junction with the Volga, fifty or sixty miles below Kazan. In going from one river to the other we noticed a marked change, not only in the appearance of the people, villages, boats, and landing-stages, but in the aspect of the whole country. Everything seemed stranger, more primitive, and in a certain sense wilder. The banks of the Kama were less thickly inhabited and more generally covered with forests than those of the Volga; the white-walled monasteries, which had given picturesqueness and human interest to so many landscapes between Nizhni Novgorod and Kazan, were no longer to be seen; the barges were of a ruder, more primitive type, with carved railings and spirally striped red and blue masts surmounted by gilded suns; and the crowds of peasants on the landing-stages were dressed in costumes whose originality of design and crude brightness of color showed that they had been little affected by the sobering and conventionalizing influence of western civilization. The bright colors of the peasant costumes were attributable perhaps, in part, to the fact that, as it was Sunday, the youths and maidens came down to the steamer in holiday attire; but we certainly had not before seen in any part of Russia young men arrayed in blue, crimson, purple, pink, and violet shirts, nor young women dressed in lemon-yellow gowns, scarlet aprons, short pink over-jackets, and lilac head-kerchiefs.

Our four-days' journey up the river Kama was not marked by any particularly noteworthy incident, but it was, nevertheless, a novel and a delightful experience. The weather was as

perfect as June weather can anywhere be; the scenery was always varied and attractive, and sometimes beautifully wild and picturesque; the foliage of the poplars, aspens, and silver-birches which clothed the steep river banks,

the hills. So comfortable, pleasant, and care free had been our voyage up the Kama that when, on Wednesday, June 10, it ended at the city of Perm, we bade the little steamer *Alexander* good-bye with a feeling of sincere regret.



THE CITY OF PERM.

and in places overhung the water so as almost to sweep the hurricane deck, had the first exquisite greenness and freshness of early summer; and the open glades and meadows, which the steamer frequently skirted at a distance of not more than fifteen or twenty feet, were blue with forget-me-nots or yellow with the large double flowers of the European *trollius*. At every landing-place peasant children offered for sale great bunches of lilies of the valley, and vases of these fragrant flowers, provided by the steward, kept our little dining-saloon constantly filled with delicate perfume. Neither in the weather, nor in the scenery, nor in the vegetation was there anything to suggest an approach to the frontier of Siberia. The climate seemed almost Californian in its clearness and warmth; flowers blossomed everywhere in the greatest profusion and luxuriance; every evening we heard nightingales singing in the forests beside the river; and after sunset, when the wind was fair, many of the passengers caused samovars to be brought up and tables to be spread on the hurricane deck, and sat drinking tea and smoking cigarettes in the odorous night air until the glow of the strange northern twilight faded away over

Perm, which is the capital of the province of the same name, is a city of 32,000 inhabitants, situated on the left bank of the Kama, about 125 miles from the boundary line of Asiatic Russia. It is the western terminus of the Ural Mountain railroad, and through it passes nearly the whole of the enormous volume of Siberian commerce. In outward appearance it does not differ materially from other Russian provincial towns of its class; and although cleaner and more prosperous than Nizhni Novgorod, it is much less picturesque, both in architecture and in situation.

In Perm, where we spent only one night, we had our first skirmish with the Russian police; and although the incident has intrinsically little importance, it is perhaps worth recital as an illustration of the suspicion with which strangers are regarded on the great exile route to Siberia, and of the unlimited power of the Russian police to arrest and examine with or without adequate cause. Late in the afternoon on the day of our arrival, Mr. Frost and I set out afoot for the summit of a high hill just east of the town, which we thought would afford a good point of view for a sketch. In making our way towards it

we happened to pass the city prison; and as this was one of the first Russian prisons we had seen, and was, moreover, on the exile route to Siberia, we naturally looked at it with interest and attention. Shortly after passing it we discovered that the hill was more distant than we had supposed it to be; and as the afternoon was far advanced, we decided to postpone our sketching excursion until the following day. We thereupon retraced our steps, passed the prison the second time, and returned to our hotel. Early the next morning we again set out for the hill; and as we did not know any better or more direct route to it, we took again the street which led past the prison. On this occasion we reached our destination. Mr. Frost made a sketch of the city and its suburbs, and at the expiration of an hour, or an hour and a half, we strolled homeward. On a large, open common near the prison we were met by two droshkies, in which were four officers armed with swords and revolvers, and in full uniform. I noticed that the first couple regarded us with attentive scrutiny as they passed; but I was not as familiar at that time as I now am with the uniforms of the Russian police and gendarmes, and I did not recognize them. The two officers in the second droshky left their vehicle just before reaching us, walked away from each other until they were forty or fifty feet apart, and then advanced on converging lines to meet us. Upon looking around I found that the first pair had left their carriages and separated in a similar way behind us, and were converging upon us from that direction. Then for the first time it flashed upon my mind that they were police officers, and that we, for some inconceivable reason, were objects of suspicion, and were about to be arrested. As they closed in upon us, one of them, a good-looking gendarme officer about thirty years of age, bowed to us stiffly, and said, "Will you permit me to inquire who you are?"

"Certainly," I replied; "we are American travelers."

"When did you arrive in Perm?"

"Yesterday."

"Where did you come from?"

"From Nizhni Novgorod."

"Where are you going?"

"To Siberia."

"Ah! To Siberia! Allow me to inquire what you are going to Siberia for?"

"We are going there to travel."

"But tourists [with a contemptuous intonation] are not in the habit of going to Siberia. You must have some particular object in view. What is that object?"

I explained to him that American travelers — if not tourists — are in the habit of going

everywhere, and that the objects they usually have in view are the study of people and places, and the acquirement of knowledge. He did not seem, however, to be satisfied with this vague general statement, and plied me with all sorts of questions intended to elicit a confession of our real aims and purposes in going to such a country as Siberia. Finally he said, "Yesterday you deigned to walk past the prison."

"Yes," I replied.

"What did you do that for?"

I explained.

"You looked at it very attentively?"

"We did."

"Why did you do that?"

Again I explained.

"But you did not go up on the hill — you merely went a little way past the prison and then came back; and in going and returning you devoted all your attention to the prison. This morning it was the same thing over again. Now, what were you looking at the prison in that way for?"

When I understood from these questions how we happened to fall under suspicion, I could not help smiling in the officer's face; but as there was no responsive levity, and as all four officers seemed to regard this looking at a prison as an exceedingly grave offense, I again went into explanations. Finally the gendarme officer, to whom my statements were evidently unsatisfactory, said, a little more peremptorily, "Give me your passport, please." When informed that our passports were at the hotel, he said that we must regard ourselves as under arrest until we could satisfactorily establish our identity and explain our business in Perm. We were then separated, Frost being put into one droshky under guard of the gendarme officer, and I into another with a gray-bearded official whom I took to be the chief of police, and we all proceeded to the hotel. We were evidently taken for political conspirators meditating an attempt to release somebody from the Perm prison; and as I politely invited our captors into our room at the hotel, gave them cigarettes, and offered to get them tea to drink while they examined our papers, the suspicious young gendarme officer looked at me as if I were some new species of dangerous wild animal not classified in the books, and consequently of unknown power for evil. Our passports did not seem, for some reason, to be satisfactory; but the production of the letter of recommendation from the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs brought the comedy of errors to an abrupt termination. The gendarme officer's face flushed a little as he read it, and after a whispered consultation with the chief of police he came to me with some embarrassment and

said that he hoped we would pardon what was evidently an "unfortunate misunderstanding"; that they had taken us for two important German criminals (!) of whom they were in search, and that in detaining us they were only doing what they believed to be their duty. He hoped that they had not treated us discourteously, and said that it would gratify them very much if we would shake hands with them as an evidence that we did not harbor any resentment on account of this "lamentable mistake." We shook hands solemnly with them all, and they bowed themselves out. This little adventure, while it interested me as a practical illustration of Russian police methods, made me feel some anxiety with regard to the future. If we were arrested in this way before we had even reached the Siberian frontier, and for merely looking at the outside of a prison, what probably would happen to us when we should seriously begin our work of investigation?

On Thursday, June 11, at half-past 9 o'clock in the evening, we left Perm by the

The scenery of the Ural where the railroad crosses the range resembles in general outline that of West Virginia where the Baltimore and Ohio railroad crosses the Alleghanies; but it differs somewhat from the latter in coloring, owing to the greater preponderance in the Ural of evergreen trees. All the forenoon, after leaving Biser, the train swept around great curves in a serpentine course among the forest-clad hills, sometimes running for an hour at a time through a dense larch wood, where there was not a sign of human life; sometimes dashing past placer mining camps, where hundreds of men and women were at work washing auriferous gravel; and sometimes coming out into beautiful park-like openings diversified with graceful clumps of silver-birch, and carpeted with turf almost as smooth and green as that of an English lawn. Flowers were everywhere abundant. Roses, dandelions, violets, wild strawberries, and lilies of the valley were in blossom all along the track, and occasionally we crossed an open glade in the heart of the forest where the grass was almost entirely hidden by a vivid sheet of yellow trollius.

We were greatly surprised to find in this wild mining region of the Ural, and on the very remotest frontier of European Russia, a railroad so well built, perfectly equipped, and luxuriously appointed as the road over which we were traveling from Perm to Ekaterineburg. The stations were the very best we had seen in Russia; the road-bed was solid and well ballasted; the rolling stock would not have suffered in comparison with that of the best lines in the empire; and the whole railroad property seemed to be in the most perfect possible order. Unusual attention evidently had been paid to the ornamentation of the grounds lying adjacent to the stations and the track. Even the verst-posts were set in neatly fitted mosaics three or four feet in diameter of colored Ural stones. The station of Nizhni Tagil, on the Asiatic slope of the mountains, where we stopped half an hour for dinner, would have been in the highest degree creditable to the best railroad in the United States. The substantial station building, which was a hundred feet or more in length, with a covered platform twenty feet wide extending along the whole front, was tastefully painted in shades of brown and had a red sheet-iron roof. It stood in the middle of a large, artistically planned park or garden, whose smooth, velvety greensward was broken by beds of blossoming flowers and shaded by the feathery foliage of graceful white-stemmed birches; whose winding walks were bordered by neatly trimmed hedges; and whose air was filled with the perfume of wild roses and the murmuringplash



A VERST-POST ON THE URAL RAILROAD.

Ural Mountain railroad for Ekaterineburg. As we were very tired from two days spent almost wholly in walking about the streets of the former city, we converted two of the extension seats of the railway carriage into a bed, and with the help of our blankets and pillows succeeded in getting a very comfortable night's rest.

When I awoke, about 8 o'clock on the following morning, the train was standing at the station of Biser near the summit of the Urals. The sun was shining brightly in an unclouded sky; the morning air was cool, fresh, and laden with the odor of flowers and the resinous fragrance of mountain pines; a cuckoo was singing in a neighboring grove of birches; and the glory of early summer was over all the earth. Frost made hasty botanical researches beside the railroad track and as far away from the train as he dared to venture, and came back with alpine roses, daisies, wild pansies, trollius, and quantities of other flowers to me unknown.



A STREET IN EKATERINEBURG.

of falling water from the slender jet of a sparkling fountain. The dining-room of the station had a floor of polished oak inlaid in geometrical patterns, a high dado of dark carved wood, walls covered with oak-grain paper, and a stucco cornice in relief. Down the center of the room ran a long dining-table, beautifully set with tasteful china, snowy napkins, high glass eperges and crystal candelabra, and ornamented with potted plants, little cedar-trees in green tubs, bouquets of cut flowers, artistic pyramids of polished wine-bottles, druggists' jars of colored water, and an aquarium full of fish, plants, and artificial rock-work. The chairs around the table were of dark hard wood elaborately turned and carved; at one end of the room was a costly clock as large as an American jeweler's "regulator," and at the other end stood a huge bronzed oven by which the apartment was warmed in winter. The waiters were all in evening dress, with low-cut waistcoats, spotless shirt-fronts, and white ties; and the cooks, who filled the waiters' orders as in an English grill room, were dressed from head to foot in white linen and wore square white caps. It is not an exaggeration to say that this was one of the neatest, most tastefully furnished, and most attractive public dining-rooms that I ever entered in any part of the world; and as I sat there eating a well-cooked and well-served dinner of four courses, I found it utterly impossible to realize that I

was in the unheard-of mining settlement of Nizhni Tagil, on the Asiatic side of the mountains of the Ural. This, however, was our last glimpse of civilized luxury for many long, weary months, and after that day we did not see a railway station for almost a year.

Early in the evening of Friday, June 12, we reached the city of Ekaterineburg, on the eastern slope of the Urals, about 150 miles from the Siberian frontier. As the railway from Ekaterineburg to Tiumen had not then been completed, we began at this point with horses a journey which lasted nine months, and covered in the aggregate a distance of about 8000 miles. At the time when we reached Ekaterineburg there was in operation between that city and Tiumen an excellent horse express service, by means of which travelers were conveyed over the intervening 200 miles of country in the comparatively short time of 48 hours. The route was let by the Government to a horse express company, which sold through tickets, provided the traveler with a vehicle, and carried him to his destination with relays of horses stationed along the road at intervals of about eighteen miles. The vehicle furnished for the traveler's use in summer is a large, heavy, four-wheeled carriage called a "tarantas," which consists of a boat-shaped body without seats, a heavy leathern top or hood, and a curtain by which the vehicle can be



A POST STATION ON THE GREAT SIBERIAN ROAD.

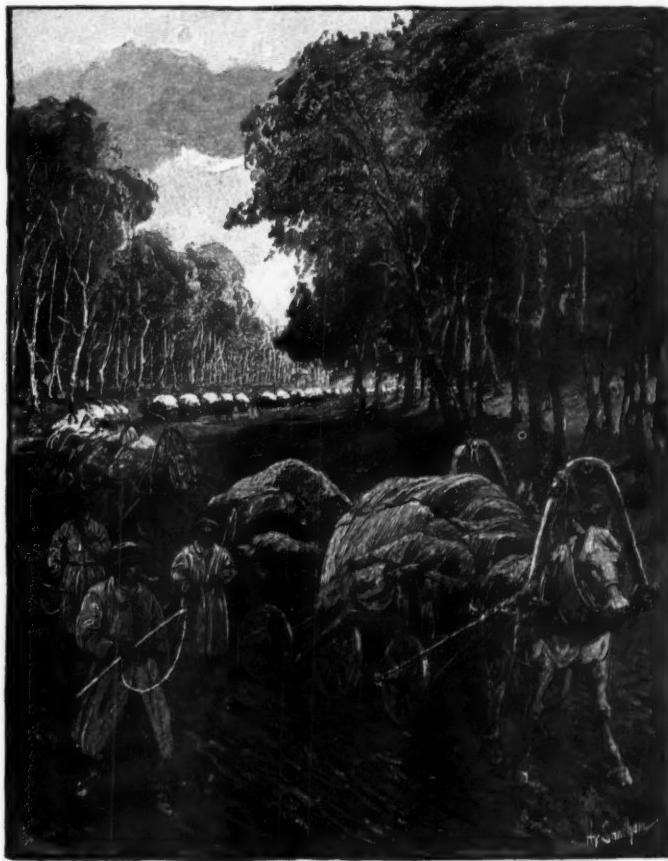
closed in stormy weather. The body of the tarantas is mounted upon two or more long stout poles, which unite the forward with the rear axletree, and serve as rude springs to break the jolting caused by a rough road. The traveler usually stows away his baggage in the bottom of this boat-shaped carriage, covers it with straw, rugs, and blankets, and reclines on it with his back supported by one or more large soft pillows. The driver sits sidewise on the edge of the vehicle in front of the passenger and drives with four reins a team of three horses harnessed abreast. The rate of speed attained on a good road is about eight miles an hour.

On the evening of June 16, having bought through tickets, selected a tarantas, and stowed away our baggage in it as skillfully as possible, we climbed to our uncomfortable seat on Mr. Frost's big trunk, and gave the signal for a start. Our gray-bearded driver gathered up his four reins of weather-beaten rope, shouted "Noo rodneeya!" [“Now, then, my relatives!”], and with a measured jangle, jangle, jangle of two large bells lashed to the arch over the shaft-horse's back we rode away through the wide unpaved streets of Ekaterinburg, across a spacious parade-ground in front of the soldiers' barracks, out between two square white pillars surmounted by double-

headed eagles, and then into a dark, gloomy forest of pines and firs.

When we had passed through the gate of Ekaterineburg we were on the "great Siberian road"—an imperial highway which extends from the mountains of the Ural to the head-waters of the Amur River, a distance of more than three thousand miles. If we had

large wooden pins. Every horse is fastened by a long halter to the preceding wagon, so that a train of fifty or a hundred obozes forms one unbroken caravan from a quarter of a mile to half a mile in length. We passed 538 of these loaded wagons in less than two hours, and I counted 1445 in the course of our first day's journey. No further evidence was needed



A TRAIN OF FREIGHT WAGONS (OBOZES) ON THE SIBERIAN ROAD.

ever supposed Siberia to be an unproductive arctic waste, we soon should have been made aware of our error by the long lines of loaded wagons which we met coming into Ekaterineburg from the Siberian frontier. These transport wagons, or "obozes," form a characteristic feature of almost every landscape on the great Siberian road from the Ural Mountains to Tiumen. They are small four-wheeled, one-horse vehicles, rude and heavy in construction, piled high with Siberian products, and covered with coarse matting securely held in place by

of the fact that Siberia is not a land of desolation. Commercial products at the rate of 1500 tons a day do not come from a barren arctic waste.

As it gradually grew dark towards midnight, these caravans began to stop for rest and refreshment by the roadside, and every mile or two we came upon a picturesque bivouac on the edge of the forest, where a dozen or more oboz drivers were gathered around a cheerful camp-fire in the midst of their wagons, while their liberated but hopped horses grazed and jumped



BIVOUAC OF A PARTY OF TEAMSTERS (OBOZ DRIVERS).

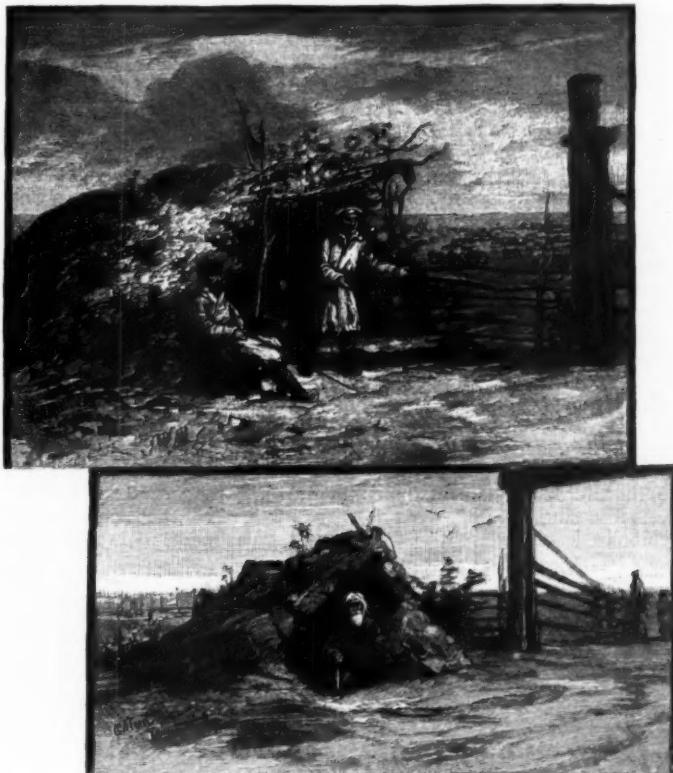
awkwardly here and there along the road or among the trees. The gloomy evergreen forest, lighted up from beneath by the flickering blaze and faintly tinged above by the glow of the northern twilight, the red and black Rembrandt outlines of the wagons, and the group of men in long kaftans and scarlet or blue shirts gathered about the camp-fire drinking tea, formed a strange, striking, and peculiarly Russian picture.

We traveled without stop throughout the night, changing horses at every poststation, and making about eight miles an hour over a fairly good road. The sun did not set until half-past 9 and rose again about half-past 2, so that it was not at any time very dark. The villages through which we passed were sometimes of

great extent, but consisted almost invariably of only two lines of log houses standing with their gables to the road, and separated one from another by inclosed yards without a sign anywhere of vegetation or trees. One of these villages formed a double row five miles in length of separate houses, all fronting on the Tsar's highway. Around every village there was an inclosed area of pasture land, varying in extent from 200 to 500 acres, within which were kept the inhabitants' cattle; and at the point where the inclosing fence crossed the road, on each side of the village, there were a gate and a gate-keeper's hut. These village gate-keepers are almost always old and broken-down men, and in Siberia they are generally criminal exiles. It is their duty

to see that none of the village cattle stray out of the inclosure, and to open the gates for passing vehicles at all hours of the day and night. From the village commune they receive for their services a mere pittance of three or four rubles a month, and live in a wretched hovel made of boughs and earth, which throughout the year is warmed, lighted,

grouped in parties and sent to their places of banishment on foot. Able-bodied exiles of both sexes, unless they belong to certain privileged classes, are compelled to walk; but rude carts or telegas are provided for the sick and the infirm. As I did not have an opportunity to travel with a marching party of exiles until I reached Tomsk, I will not in this paper



HUTS OF VILLAGE GATE-KEEPERS.

and filled with smoke by an open fire on the ground.

On the next day after leaving Ekaterineburg we saw for the first time an étape, or exile station house, and began to pass parties of criminals on their way to Siberia. Since the establishment of regular steam communication between Nizhni Novgorod and Perm, and the completion of the Ural Mountain railroad, exiles from points west of the Urals have been transported by rail and barge from the forwarding prisons of Moscow, Nizhni Novgorod, and Kazan to Ekaterineburg. None of them are now compelled to march until after they have crossed the Urals, when those destined for points in western Siberia are

attempt to describe the life of such a party on the road.

On the second day after our departure from Ekaterineburg, as we were passing through a rather open forest between the villages of Markova and Tugulimskaya, our driver suddenly pulled up his horses, and turning to us said, "Vot granitsa" ["Here is the boundary"]. We sprang out of the tarantas and saw, standing by the roadside, a square pillar ten or twelve feet in height, of stuccoed or plastered brick, bearing on one side the coat of arms of the European province of Perm, and on the other that of the Asiatic province of Tobolsk. It was the boundary post of Siberia. No other spot between St. Petersburg and the Pacific

INTERLUDES.

is more full of painful suggestions, and none has for the traveler a more melancholy interest than the little opening in the forest where stands this grief-consecrated pillar. Here hundreds of thousands of exiled human beings—men, women, and children; princes, nobles, and peasants—have bidden good-bye forever to friends, country, and home.

No other boundary post in the world has witnessed so much human suffering, or been passed by such a multitude of heart-broken people. More than 170,000 exiles have traveled this road since 1878, and more than half a million since the beginning of the present century. As the boundary post is situated about half-way between the last European and the first Siberian étape, it has always been customary to allow exile parties to stop here for rest and for a last good-bye to home and country. The Russian peasant, even when a criminal, is deeply attached to his native land; and heart-rending scenes have been witnessed around the boundary pillar when such a party, overtaken perhaps by frost and snow in the early autumn, stopped here for a last farewell. Some gave way to unrestrained grief; some comforted the weeping; some knelt and pressed their faces to the loved soil of their native country, and collected a little earth to take with them into exile; and a few pressed their lips to the European side of the cold brick pillar, as if kissing good-bye forever to all that it symbolized.

At last the stern order "Stroisa!" ["Form ranks!"] from the under officer of the convoy put an end to the rest and the leave-taking, and at the word "March!" the gray-coated troop of exiles and convicts crossed themselves hastily all together, and, with a confused jingling of chains and leg-fetters, moved slowly away past the boundary post into Siberia.

Until recently the Siberian boundary post was covered with brief inscriptions, good-byes, and the names of exiles scratched or penciled on the hard cement with which the pillar was originally overlaid. At the time of our visit, however, most of this hard plaster had apparently been pounded off, and only a few words, names, and initials remained. Many of the inscriptions, although brief, were significant and touching. In one place, in a man's hand, had been written the words "Praschai Marya!" ["Good-bye, Mary!"]. Who the writer was, who Mary was, there is nothing now left to show; but it may be that to the exile who scratched this last farewell on the boundary pillar "Mary" was all the world, and that in crossing the Siberian line the writer was leaving behind him forever, not only home and country, but love.

After picking a few flowers from the grass at the base of the boundary pillar, we climbed into our carriage, said "Good-bye" to Europe, as hundreds of thousands had said good-bye before us, and rode away into Siberia.

George Kennan.



INTERLUDES.

I. MEMORY.

MY mind lets go a thousand things,
Like dates of wars and deaths of kings,
And yet recalls the very hour—
'T was noon by yonder village tower,
And on the last blue noon in May—
The wind came briskly up this way,
Crisping the brook beside the road;
Then, pausing here, set down its load
Of pine-scents, and shook listlessly
Two petals from that wild-rose tree.

II. A REFRAIN.

HIGH in a tower she sings,
I, passing by beneath,
Pause and listen, and catch
These words of passionate breath—
"Asphodel, flower of Life, amaranth, flower of Death!"

Sweet voice, sweet unto tears!
 What is this that she saith?
 Poignant, mystical — hark!
 Again, with passionate breath —
"Asphodel, flower of Life, amaranth, flower of Death!"

III. ACT V.

FIRST, two white arms that held him very close,
 And ever closer as he drew him back
 Reluctantly, the loose gold-colored hair
 A thousand delicate fibers reaching out
 Still to detain him; then some twenty steps
 Of iron staircase winding round and down,
 And ending in a narrow gallery hung
 With Gobelin tapestries — Andromeda
 Rescued by Perseus, and the sleek Diana
 With her nymphs bathing; at the farther end
 A door that gave upon a starlit grove
 Of citron and clipt palm-trees; then a path
 As bleached as moonlight, with the shadow of leaves
 Stamped black upon it; next a vine-clad length
 Of solid masonry; and last of all
 A Gothic archway packed with night, and then —
 A sudden gleaming dagger through his heart.

IV. ON REVISING A DISCARDED POEM.

THE Song I made and cast away
 Comes singing to my heart to-day,
 And pleads: "I know my many faults;
 I know that here 's a rhythm that halts,
 And there — a thing we both abhor —
 A very much-mixed metaphor.
 In certain passages, I hold,
 My story is not clearly told;
 Those lack dramatic touch, and these
 Are clouded with parentheses.
 And yet, by dropping here and there
 The dactyls that I well may spare,
 And forging new ones, just to bind
 The sequence, you will surely find
 I 'm not so poor a little thing.
 I pray you, sing me!" So I sing.
 And if these random couplets seem
 Too light a prelude to the theme —
 Why, 't is the sun that casts the shade;
 Of gall and honey life is made;
 A discord helps the perfect note
 On harpstring or in linnet's throat;
 Crouched in the blue of April skies
 The unleashed lightning somewhere lies.
 So let Thalia laugh; anon
 Melpomene comes sweeping on.
 One actor in both parts appears:
 The self-same eyes that smile, shed tears.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

SOLACE.

WHAT though you lie, like the still pool of rain,
Silent, forgotten in some lowly place;
Or if remembered, in your being to trace
But the remainder of a past storm's pain?
What though the storm-drops, falling fast again,—
Call we them "years" that hasten down apace,—
Smite your still breast, as if they would efface
All sign of peace, and leave but blot and stain?
Look! even now the reaper-beams appear,
And gather in the clouds' spare aftermath,
With glancing scythes, of silver every one.
While in the pool's still bosom, mirror-clear
Is Heaven pictured; and a mystic path
Strikes from its heart's clear center to the Sun.

Julie M. Lippmann.



A LOVE STORY REVERSED.



HE golden hands of the parlor clock point glimmering to an hour after midnight and the house is still. The gas is turned almost out, but the flickering of the dying sea-coal fire in the grate fitfully illuminates the forms and faces of two young women who are seated before it talking earnestly in low tones. It is apparent from their costumes that they have been spending the evening out.

The fair girl in the low chair, gazing pensively into the fire, is Maud Elliott, the daughter of the house. Not generally called handsome, her features are good and well balanced, and her face is altogether a sweet and wholesome one. She is rather tall, and the most critical admit that she has a fine figure. Her eyes are blue, and their clear, candid expression indicates an unusually sincere and simple character. But, unfortunately, it is only her friends who are fully conversant with the expression of her eyes, for she is very shy. Shyness in little people is frequently piquant, but its effect in girls of the Juno style is too often that of awkwardness. Her friends call Maud Elliott stately; those who do not like her call her stiff; while indifferent persons speak of her as rather

too reserved and dignified in manner to be pleasing. In fact, her excess of dignity is merely the cloak of her shyness, and nobody knows better than she that there is too much of it. Those who know her at all well, know that she is not dull, but with mere acquaintances she often passes for that. Only her intimate friends are aware what wit and intelligence, what warmth and strength of feeling, her coldness, when in company, conceals.

No one better understands this, because no one knows her better or has known her longer, than her present companion before the fire, Lucy Merritt. They were room-mates and bosom friends at boarding-school; and Lucy, who recently has been married, is now on her first visit to her friend since that event. She is seated on a hassock, with her hands clasped over her knees, looking up at Maud—an attitude well suited to her petite figure. She is going home on the morrow, or rather on the day already begun; and this fact, together with the absorbing nature of the present conversation, accounts for the lateness of the session.

"And so, Maud," she is saying while she regards her friend with an expression at once sympathetic and amused—"and so that is what has been making your letters so dismal lately. I fancied that nothing less could suggest such

melancholy views of life. The truth is, I came on this visit as much as anything to find out about him. He is a good-looking fellow, certainly; and, from what little chance I had to form an opinion to-night, seems sensible enough to make it quite incredible that he should not be in love with such a girl in a thousand as you. Are you quite sure he is n't?"

" You had a chance to judge to-night," replied Maud, with a hard little laugh. " You overheard our conversation. ' Good-evening, Miss Elliott; jolly party, is n't it ? ' That was all he had to say to me, and quite as much as usual. Of course, we are old acquaintances, and he's always pleasant and civil: he could n't be anything else; but he wastes mighty little time on me. I don't blame him for preferring other girls' society. He would show very little taste if he did not enjoy Ella Perry's company better than that of a tongue-tied thing like me. She is a thousand times prettier and wittier and more graceful than I am."

" Nonsense," exclaimed Lucy. " She is a flirt and a conceited little minx. She is not to be mentioned the same day with you; and he would think so, if he could only get to know you. But how in the world is he ever going to? Why, you seem to be shyer than ever, poor dear. You were actually distant, almost chilling, in your manner towards him to-night, although I know you did n't mean to be."

" I know it. Don't I know it!" groaned Maud. " I always am shyer and stiffer with him than with any one else. O Lucy! you can't guess what a dreadful thing it is to be shy. It is as if you were surrounded by a fog which benumbs you, and chills all who approach you. I dare say he thinks that I actually dislike him. I could not blame him if he did. And I can't help it. I could never make him understand anything else, unless I told him in so many words."

The tears filled her eyes as she spoke, and hung heavy on the lashes. Lucy took one of her hands in both of hers, and pressed and stroked it caressingly.

" I know you could n't, poor dear, I know you could n't," she said; " and you cannot tell him in so many words because, forsooth, you are a woman. I often think, Maud, what a heap of trouble would be saved if women, when they cannot make themselves understood in other ways, were allowed to speak out as men do, without fear or reproach. Some day they will, when the world gets wiser — at least I think so. Why should a woman have to hide her love, as if it were a disgraceful secret? Why is it any more a disgrace to her than to a man?"

" I can't quite see what good it would do

me," said Maud, " even if women could ' speak out,' as you say. If a man did n't care for one already, I can't see how it would make him know that one cared for him. I should think she would prefer to keep her secret."

" That is n't what men do," replied Lucy. " If they have such a secret they tell it right away, and that is why they succeed. The way half the women are induced to fall in love is by being told the men are in love with them; you know that."

" But men are different," suggested Maud.

" Not a bit of it: they're more so, if anything," was the oracular response of the young wife. " Possibly there are men," she continued, — " the story-tellers say so, anyhow, — who are attracted by repulsion and warmed by coldness, who like resistance for the pleasure of overcoming it. There must be a spice of the tyrant in such men. I would n't want to marry one of them. Fortunately, they're not common. I've noticed that love, like lightning, generally takes the path of least resistance with men as well as women. Just suppose now, in your case, that Mr. Burton had followed us home and had overheard this conversation from behind that door."

" No, no," she added laughing, as Maud looked around apprehensively; " he is n't there. But if he had been there and had overheard you own that you were pining for him, what a lucky chance it would have been! If he, or any other man, once knew that a magnificent girl like you had done him the honor to fall in love with him, half the battle would be won, or I'm no judge of men. But such lucky eavesdropping only happens in stories and plays; and for lack of it this youth is in a fair way to marry a chit of a girl, who does not think half so much of him as you do, and of whom he will never think a quarter what he would of you. He is not, probably, entirely stupid either. All he wants, very likely, is just a hint as to where his true happiness lies: but, being a woman, you can't give it in words; and, being Maud Elliott, you can't give it in any other way if you died for it. Really, Maud, the canon which makes it a woman's duty to be purely passive in love is exasperating, especially as it does not represent what anybody really believes, but only what they pretend to believe. Everybody knows that unrequited love comes as often to women as to men. Why, then, should n't they have an equal chance to seek requital? Why have not they the same right to look out for the happiness of their lives by all honorable means that men have? Surely it is far more to them to marry the men they love than to a man to marry any particular woman. It seems to me that making suitable matches is not such an easy mat-

ter that society can afford to leave the chief part of it to the stupider sex, giving women merely the right of veto. To be sure, even now women who are artful enough manage to evade the prohibition laid on their lips and make their preference known. I am proud to say that I have a royal husband, who would never have looked my way if I had not set out to make him do so; and if I do say it, who should n't, I flatter myself he has a better wife than he could have picked out without my help. There are plenty of women who can say the same thing; but, unluckily, it is the best sort of women, girls like you—simple, sincere, noble, without arts of any sort—who can't do this. On them the etiquette that forbids women to reveal their hearts except by subterfuge operates as a total disability. They can only sit with folded hands, looking on, pretending not to mind, while their husbands are run away with by others."

Maud took up the poker and carefully arranged the coals under the grate in a heap. Then she said: "Suppose a girl did what you've been speaking of. I mean, suppose she really said such a thing to a man,—said that she cared for him, or anything like that,—what do you suppose he would think of her? Don't you fancy she would be in danger of making him think very cheaply of her?"

"If she thought he were that kind of a man," replied Lucy, "I can't understand her ever falling in love with him. Of course, I'm not saying that he would necessarily respond by falling in love with her. She would have to take her chance of that; but I'm sure if he were a gentleman she need have no fear of his thinking unworthily of her. If I had spoken to Dick in that way, even if he had never wanted to marry me, I know he would have had a soft spot for me in his heart all the rest of his life, out of which even his wife would not have quite crowded me. Why, how do we think of men whom we have refused? Do we despise them? Do we ridicule them? Some girls may, but they are not ladies. A low fellow might laugh at a woman who revealed a fondness for him which he did not return; but a gentleman, never. Her secret would be safe with him."

"Girls!" It was the voice of Mrs. Elliott speaking from the upper hall. "Do you know how late it is? It is after 1 o'clock."

"I suppose we might as well go to bed," said Lucy. "There's no use sitting up to wait for women to get their rights. They won't get them to-night, I dare say; though, mark my word, some day they will."

"This affair of yours may come out all right yet," she said hopefully, as they went upstairs together. "If it does not, you can

console yourself with thinking that people in general, and especially girls, never know what is good for them till afterward. Do you remember that summer I was at the beach, what a ninny I made of myself over that little Mr. Parker? How providential it was for me that he did not reciprocate. It gives me the cold shivers when I think what might have become of me if he had proposed."

At the door of her room Lucy said again: "Remember, you are to come to me in New York for a long visit soon. Perhaps you will find there are other people in the world then."

Maud smiled absently, and kissed her good-night. She seemed preoccupied, and did not appear to have closely followed what her lively friend was saying.

The following afternoon, as she was walking home after seeing Lucy on the cars, she met a gentleman who lifted his hat to her. It was Arthur Burton. His office was on the one main street of the small New England city which is the scene of these events, and when out walking or shopping Maud often met him. There was therefore nothing at all extraordinary in the fact of their meeting. What was extraordinary was its discomposing effect upon her on this particular afternoon. She had been absorbed a moment before in a particularly brown study, taking no more notice of surrounding objects and persons than was necessary to avoid accidents. On seeing him she started perceptibly, and forthwith became a striking study in red. She continued to blush so intensely after he had passed, that, catching sight of her crimson cheeks in a shop window, she turned down a side street and took a quieter way home.

There was nothing particularly remarkable about Arthur Burton. Fortunately there does not need to be anything remarkable about young men to induce very charming girls to fall in love with them. He was just a good-looking fellow, with agreeable manners and average opinions. He was regarded as a very promising young man, and was quite a favorite among the young ladies. If he noticed Maud's confusion on meeting him, he certainly did not think of associating it in any way with himself. For although they had been acquaintances these many years, and belonged to the same social set, he had never entertained the first sentimental fancy concerning her. So far as she had impressed him at all, it was as a thoroughly nice girl, of a good family, not bad-looking, but rather dull in society, and with very little facility in conversation; at least he had always found it hard to talk with her.

Ten days or a fortnight after Lucy Merritt's departure there was a little party at Ella Perry's, and both Arthur Burton and Maud

were present. It was the custom of the place for the young men to escort the girls home after evening entertainments, and when the couples were rightly assorted the walk home was often the most agreeable part of the evening. Although they were not engaged, Arthur imagined that he was in love with Ella Perry, and she had grown into the habit of looking upon him as her particular knight. Towards the end of the evening he jestingly asked her whom he should go home with, since he could not that evening be her escort.

"Maud Elliott," promptly suggested Ella, selecting the girl of those present in her opinion least likely to prove a diverting companion. So it chanced that Arthur offered his company to Maud.

It struck him, as she came downstairs with her wraps on, that she was looking remarkably pale. She had worn a becoming color during the evening, but she seemed to have lost it in the dressing-room. As they walked away from the house Arthur began, to the best of his ability, to make himself agreeable, but with very poor success. Not only was Maud, as usual, a feeble contributor of original matter, but her random answers showed that she paid little attention to what he was saying. He was mentally registering a vow never again to permit himself to be committed to a tête-à-tête with her, when she abruptly broke the silence which had succeeded his conversational efforts. Her voice was curiously unsteady, and she seemed at first to have some difficulty in articulating, and had to go back and repeat her first words. What she said was:

"It was very good in you to come home with me to-night. It is a great pleasure to me."

"You're ironical, this evening, Miss Elliott," he replied, laughing, and the least bit nettled.

It was bore enough doing the polite to a girl who had nothing on her mind without being gibed by her to boot.

"I'm not ironical," she answered. "I should make poor work at irony. I meant just what I said."

"The goodness was on your part in letting me come," he said, mollified by the unmistakable sincerity of her tone, but somewhat embarrassed withal at the decidedly flat line of remark she had chosen.

"Oh, no," she replied; "the goodness was not on my side. I was only too glad of your company, and might as well own it. Indeed, I will confess to telling a fib to one young man who offered to see me home, merely because I hoped the idea of doing so would occur to you."

This plump admission of partiality for his society fairly staggered Arthur. Again he thought, "She must be quizzing me"; and, to

make sure, stole a sidelong glance at her. Her eyes were fixed straight ahead, and the pallor and the tense expression of her face indicated that she was laboring under strong excitement. She certainly did not look like one in a quizzing mood.

"I am very much flattered," he managed to say.

"I don't know whether you feel so or not," she replied. "I'm afraid you don't feel flattered at all, but I—I wanted to—tell you."

The pathetic tremor of her voice lent even greater significance to her words than in themselves they would have conveyed.

She was making a dead set at him. There was not a shadow of doubt any longer about that. As the full realization of his condition flashed upon him, entirely alone with her and a long walk before them, the strength suddenly oozed out of his legs, he felt distinctly cold about the spine, and the perspiration started out on his forehead. His tongue clung to the roof of his mouth, and he could only abjectly wonder what was coming next. It appeared that nothing more was coming. A dead silence lasted for several blocks. Every block seemed to Arthur a mile long, as if he were walking in a hasheesh dream. He felt that she was expecting him to say something, to make some sort of response to her advances; but what response, in Heaven's name, could he make! He really could not make love. He had none to make; and had never dreamed of making any to Maud Elliott, of all girls. Yet the idea of letting her suppose him such an oaf as not to understand her, or not to appreciate the honor a lady's preference did him, was intolerable. He could not leave it so.

Finally, with a vague idea of a compromise between the impossible alternative of making love to her, which he could n't, and seeming an insensible boor, which he would n't, he laid his disengaged hand upon hers as it rested on his arm. It was his intention to apply to it a gentle pressure, which, while committing him to nothing, might tend to calm her feelings and by its vaguely reassuring influence help to stave off a crisis for the remainder of their walk. He did not, however, succeed in carrying out the scheme; for at the moment of contact her hand eluded his, as quicksilver glides from the grasp. There was no hint of coquettish hesitation in its withdrawal. She snatched it away as if his touch had burned her; and although she did not at the same time wholly relinquish his arm, that was doubtless to avoid making the situation, on the street as they were, too awkward.

A moment before only concerned to evade her apparent advances, Arthur found himself in the position of one under rebuke for

offering an unwarranted familiarity to a lady. There was no question that he had utterly misconstrued her previous conduct. It was very strange that he could have been such a fool; but he was quite too dazed to disentangle the evidence just then, and there was no doubt about the fact.

"Pardon me," he stammered, too much overcome with confusion and chagrin to be able to judge whether it would have been better to be silent.

The quickness with which the reply came showed that she had been on the point of speaking herself.

"You need not ask my pardon," she said. Her tones quivered with excitement and her utterance was low and swift. "I don't blame you in the least after the way I have talked to you to-night. But I did not mean that you should think lightly of me. I have said nothing right, nothing that I meant to. What I wanted to have you understand was that I care for you very much." Her voice broke here, but she caught her breath and went right on. "I wanted you to know it somehow, and since I could not make you know it by ways clever girls might, I thought I would tell you plainly. It really amounts to the same thing; don't you think so? and I know you'll keep my secret. You need n't say anything. I know you've nothing to say and may never have. That makes no difference. You owe me nothing merely because I care for you. Don't pity me. I'm not so much ashamed as you'd suppose. It all seems so natural when it's once said. You need n't be afraid of me. I shall never say this again or trouble you at all. Only be a little good to me; that's all."

She delivered this little speech almost in one breath, with headlong, explosive utterance, as if it were something she had to go through with, cost what it might, and only wanted somehow to get out the words, regardless, for the time, of their manner or effect. She ended with an hysterical sob, and Arthur felt her hand tremble on his arm as she struggled with an emotion that threatened to overcome her. But it was over almost instantly; and without giving him a chance to speak, she exclaimed, with an entire alteration of tone and manner:

"Did you see that article in the 'Gazette' this morning about the craze for collecting pottery which has broken out in the big cities? Do you suppose it will reach here? What do you think of it?"

Now it was perfectly true, as she had told him, that Arthur had nothing whatever to say in response to the declaration she had made; but all the same it is possible, if she had not just so abruptly diverted the conversation,

that he would then and there have placed himself and all his worldly goods at her disposal. He would have done this, although five minutes before he had had no more notion of marrying her than the Emperor of China's daughter, merely because every manly instinct cried out against permitting a nice girl to protest her partiality for him without meeting her half-way. Afterward, when he realized how near he had come to going over the verge of matrimony, it was with such reminiscent terror as chills the blood of the awakened sleep-walker looking up at the dizzy ridge-pole he has trodden with but a hair's breadth between him and eternity.

During the remainder of the way to Maud's door the conversation upon pottery, the weather, and miscellaneous topics was incessant—almost breathless, in fact. Arthur did not know what he was talking about, and Maud probably no better what she was saying, but there was not a moment's silence. A stranger meeting them would have thought, "What a remarkably jolly couple!"

"I'm much obliged for your escort," said Maud, as she stood upon her doorstep.

"Not at all. Great pleasure, I'm sure."

"Good-evening."

"Good-evening." And she disappeared within the door.

Arthur walked away with a slow, mechanical step. His fallen jaw, open mouth, and generally idiotic expression of countenance would have justified his detention by any policeman who might have met him, on suspicion of being a feeble-minded person escaped from custody. Turning the first corner, he kept on with the same dragging step till he came to a vacant lot. Then, as if he were too feeble to get any farther, he stopped and leaned his back against the fence. Bracing his legs before him so as to serve as props, he thrust his hands deep in his pockets, and raising his eyes appealingly to the stars, ejaculated, "Proposed to, by Jove!" A period of profound introspection followed, and then he broke forth: "Well, I'll be hanged!" emphasizing each word with a slow nod. Then he began to laugh—not noisily; scarcely audibly, indeed; but with the deep unctuous chuckle of one who gloats over some exquisitely absurd situation, some jest of many facets, each contributing its ray of humor.

Yet, if this young man had tremblingly confessed his love to a lady, he would have expected her to take it seriously.

Nevertheless, let us not be too severe with him for laughing. It was what the average young man probably would have done under similar circumstances, and it was particularly stated at the outset that there was nothing at

all extraordinary about Arthur Burton. For the rest it was not a wholly bad symptom. Had he been a conceited fellow, he very likely would not have laughed. He would have stroked his mustache and thought it quite natural that a woman should fall in love with him, and even would have felt a pity for the poor thing. It was, in fact, because he was not vain that he found the idea so greatly amusing.

On parting with Arthur, Maud rushed upstairs and locked herself in her room. She threw herself into the first chair she stumbled over in the dimly lighted apartment, and sat there motionless, her eyes fixed on the empty air with an expression of desperation, her hands clinched so tightly that the nails bit the palms. She breathed only at considerable intervals, with short, quick inhalations.

Yet the act which caused this extraordinary revulsion of feeling had not been the result of any sudden impulse. It was the execution of a deliberate resolve which had originated in her mind on the night of Lucy Merritt's departure, as she sat with her before the fire, listening to her fanciful talk about the advantages which might be expected to attend franker relations in love affairs between men and women. Deeply in love, and at the same time feeling that in the ordinary course of events she had nothing but disappointment to look forward to, she was in a state of mind just desperate enough to catch at the idea that if Arthur Burton knew of her love there would be some chance of his returning it. It seemed to her that if he did not, she could be no worse off than she was already. She had brooded over the subject day and night ever since, considering from every point of view of abstract right or true feminine propriety the question whether a woman might, without real prejudice to her maidenly modesty, tell a man that she cared for him, without waiting for him to ask her to marry him. Her conclusion had been that there was no reason, apart from her own feelings, why any woman, who dared do it, should not; and if she thought her life's happiness dependent on her doing it, that she would be a weak creature who did not dare.

Her resolve once taken, she had only waited an opportunity to carry it out; and that evening, when Arthur offered to walk home with her, she felt that the opportunity had come. Little wonder that she came downstairs from the dressing-room looking remarkably pale, and that after they had started, and she was trying to screw up her courage to the speaking point, her responses to his conversational efforts should have been at random. It was terribly hard work, this screwing up her cour-

age. All the fine arguments which had convinced her that her intended course was justifiable and right had utterly collapsed. She could not recall one of them. What she had undertaken to do seemed shocking, hateful, immodest, scandalous, impossible. But there was a bed-rock of determination to her character; and a fixed, dogged resolve to do the thing she had once made up her mind to, come what might, had not permitted her to draw back. Hardly knowing what she was about, or the words she was saying, she had plunged blindly ahead. Somehow she had got through with it, and now she seemed to herself to be sitting amidst the ruins of her womanhood.

It was particularly remarked that Arthur Burton's laughter, as he leaned against the fence a square away in convulsions of merriment, was noiseless, but it was perfectly audible to Maud, as she sat in the darkness of her chamber. Nay, more: although his thoughts were not uttered at all, she overheard them, and among them some which the young man, to do him justice, had the grace not to think.

The final touch to her humiliation was imparted by the reflection that she had done the thing so stupidly—so blunderingly. If she must needs tell a man she loved him, could she not have told him in language which at least would have been forcible and dignified. Instead of that, she had begun with mawkish compliments, unable in her excitement to think of anything else, and ended with an incoherent jumble that barely escaped being hysterical. He would think that she was as lacking in sense as in womanly self-respect. At last she turned up the gas, for very shame avoiding a glimpse of herself in the mirror as she did so, and bathed her burning cheeks.

II.

MEANWHILE Arthur had reached home and was likewise sitting in his room, thinking the matter over from his point of view, with the assistance of a long-stemmed pipe. But instead of turning the gas down, as Maud had done, he had turned it up, and, having lighted all the jets in the room, had planted his chair directly in front of the big looking-glass, so that he might enjoy the reflection of his own amusement and be doubly entertained.

By this time, however, amazement and amusement had passed their acute stages. He was considering somewhat more seriously, but still with frequent attacks of mirth, the practical aspects of the predicament in which Maud's declaration had placed him; and the more he considered it, the more awkward as well as absurd that predicament appeared. They had

the same acquaintances, went to the same parties, and were very likely to meet whenever they went out of an evening. What if she should continue to pursue him? If she did, he either would have to cut society, which had promised to be unusually lively that winter, or provide himself with a chaperon for protection. For the first time in his life he was in a position to appreciate the courage of American girls, who, without a tremor, venture themselves, year in and year out, in the company of gentlemen from whom they are exposed at any time to proposals of a tender nature. It was a pity if he could not be as brave as girls who are afraid of a mouse. Doubtless it was all in getting used to it.

On reflection, he should not need a chaperon. Had she not assured him that he need not be afraid of her, that she would never repeat what she had said, or trouble him again? How her arm trembled on his as she was saying that, and how near she came to breaking down! And this was Maud Elliott, the girl with whom he had never ventured to flirt as with some of the others, because she was so reserved and distant. The very last girl anybody would expect such a thing from! If it had been embarrassing for him to hear it, what must it have cost such a girl as Maud Elliott to say it! How did she ever muster the courage?

He took the pipe from his mouth, and the expression of his eyes became fixed, while his cheeks reddened slowly and deeply. In putting himself in Maud's place he was realizing for the first time how strong must have been the feeling which had nerved her to such a step. His heart began to beat rather thickly. There was something decidedly intoxicating in knowing that one was regarded in such a way by a nice girl, even if it were impossible, as it certainly was in this case, to reciprocate the feeling. He continued to put himself mentally in Maud's place. No doubt she was also at that moment sitting alone in her chamber, thinking the matter over as he was. She was not laughing, however, that was pretty certain; and it required no clairvoyant's gift for him to be sensible that her chief concern must be as to what he might be at that moment thinking about her. And how had he been thinking about her?

As this question came up to his mind he saw himself for a moment, through Maud's eyes, sitting there smoking, chuckling, mowing like an idiot before the glass because, forsooth, a girl had put herself at his mercy on the mistaken supposition that he was a gentleman. As he saw his conduct in this new light he had such an access of self-contempt that, had it been physically convenient, it would have been a relief to kick himself. What

touching faith she had shown in his ability to take a generous, high-minded view of what she had done, and here he had been guffawing over it like a corner loafer. He would not, for anything in the world, have her know how he had behaved. And she should not. She should never know that he was less a gentleman than she believed him.

She had told him, to be sure, that he owed her nothing because she loved him; but it had just struck him that he owed her at least, on that account, a more solicitous respect and consideration than any one else had the right to expect from him.

There were no precedents to guide him, no rules of etiquette prescribing the proper thing for a young man to do under such circumstances as these. It was a new problem he had to work out, directed only by such generous and manly instincts as he might have. Plainly the first thing, and in fact the only thing that he could do for her, seeing that he really could not return her affection, was to show her that she had not forfeited his esteem.

At first he thought of writing her a note and assuring her, in a few gracefully turned sentences, of his high respect in spite of what she had done. But somehow the gracefully turned sentences did not occur to his mind when he took up his pen, and it did occur to him that to write persons that you still respect them is equivalent to intimating that their conduct justly might have forfeited your respect. Nor would it be at all easier to give such an assurance by word of mouth. In fact, quite the reverse. The meaning to be conveyed was too delicate for words. Only the unspoken language of his manner and bearing could express it without offense. It might, however, be some time before chance brought them together in society, even if she did not, for a while at least, purposely avoid him. Meantime, uncertain how her extraordinary action had impressed him, how was she likely to enjoy her thoughts?

In the generous spirit bred of his new contrition, it seemed to him a brutal thing to leave her weeks or even days in such a condition of mind as must be hers. Inaction on his part was all that was required to make her position intolerable. Inaction was not therefore permissible to him. It was a matter in which he must take the initiative, and there seemed to be just one thing he could do which would at all answer the purpose. A brief formal call, with the conversation strictly limited to the weather and similarly safe subjects, would make it possible for them to meet thereafter in society without too acute embarrassment. Had he the pluck for this, the nerve to carry it through? That was the only question. There was no doubt as

to what he ought to do. It would be an awkward call, to put it mildly. It would be skating on terribly thin ice—a little thinner, perhaps, than a man ever skated on before.

If he could but hit on some pretext, it scarcely mattered how thin,—for of course it would not be intended to deceive her,—the interview possibly could be managed. As he reflected, his eyes fell on a large volume, purchased in a fit of extravagance, which lay on his table. It was a profusely illustrated work on pottery, intended for the victims of the fashionable craze on that subject, which at the date of these events had but recently reached the United States. His face lighted up with a sudden inspiration, and taking a pen he wrote the following note to Maud, dating it the next day :

MISS ELLIOTT:

Our conversation last evening on the subject of old china has suggested to me that you might be interested in looking over the illustrations in the volume which I take the liberty of sending with this. If you will be at home this evening I shall be pleased to call and learn your impressions.

ARTHUR BURTON.

The next morning he sent this note and the book to Maud, and that evening called upon her. To say that he did not twist his mustache rather nervously as he stood upon the doorstep, waiting for the servant to answer the bell, would be to give him credit for altogether more nerve than he deserved. He was supported by the consciousness that he was doing something rather heroic, but he very much wished it were done. As he was shown into the parlor, Maud came forward to meet him. She wore a costume which set off her fine figure to striking advantage, and he was surprised to perceive that he had never before appreciated what a handsome girl she was. It was strange that he should never have particularly observed before what beautiful hands she had, and what a dazzling fairness of complexion was the complement of her red-brown hair. Could it be this stately maiden who had uttered those wild words the night before? Could those breathless tones, that piteous shamefacedness, have been hers? Surely he must be the victim of some strange self-delusion. Only the deep blush that mantled her face as she spoke his name, the quickness with which, after one swift glance, her eyes avoided his, and the tremor of her hand as he touched it, fully assured him that he had not dreamed the whole thing.

A shaded lamp was on the center-table, where also Arthur's book on pottery lay open. After thanking him for sending it and expressing the pleasure she had taken in looking it

over, Maud plunged at once into a discussion of Sèvres, and Cloisonné, and Palissy, and tiles, and all that sort of thing, and Arthur bravely kept his end up. Any one who had looked casually into the parlor would have thought that old crockery was the most absorbing subject on earth to these young people, with such eagerness did they compare opinions and debate doubtful points. At length, however, even pottery gave out as a resource, especially as Arthur ceased, after a while, to do his part, and silences began to ensue, during which Maud rapidly turned the pages of the book or pretended to be deeply impressed with the illustrations, while her cheeks grew hotter and hotter under Arthur's gaze. He knew that he was a detestable coward thus to revel in her confusion, when he ought to be trying to cover it, but it was such a novel sensation to occupy this masterful attitude towards a young lady that he yielded basely to the temptation. After all, it was but fair. Had she not caused him a very embarrassing quarter of an hour the night before?

"I suppose I shall see you at Miss Oswald's next Thursday," he said, as he rose to take his leave.

She replied that she hoped to be there. She accompanied him to the door of the parlor. There was less light there than immediately about the table where they had been sitting. "Good-evening," he said. "Good-evening," she replied; and then, in a lowered voice, hardly above a whisper, she added, "I appreciate all that was noble and generous in your coming to-night." He made no reply, but took her hand and, bending low, pressed his lips to it as reverently as if she had been a queen.

Now Arthur's motive in making this call upon Maud, which has been described, had been entirely unselfish. Furthest from his mind, of all ideas, had been any notion of pursuing the conquest of her heart which he had inadvertently made. Nevertheless, the effect of his call, and that, too, even before it was made,—if this bull may be pardoned,—had been to complete that conquest as no other device, however studied, could have done.

The previous night Maud had been unable to sleep for shame. Her cheeks scorched the pillows faster than her tears could cool them; and altogether her estate was so wretched that Lucy Merritt, could she have looked in upon her, possibly might have been shaken in her opinion as to the qualifications of women to play the part of men in love, even if permitted by society.

It had been hard enough to nerve herself to the point of doing what she had done in view of the embarrassments she had foreseen. An

hour after she uttered those fatal words her whole thinking was summed up in the cry, "If I only had not done it, then at least he would still respect me." In the morning she looked like one in a fever. Her eyes were red and swollen, her face was pallid but for a hard red spot in each cheek, and her whole appearance was expressive of bodily and mental prostration. She did not go down to breakfast, pleading a very genuine headache, and Arthur's note and the book on pottery were brought up to her. She guessed his motive in a moment. Her need gave her the clew to his meaning.

What was on Arthur's part merely a decent sort of thing to do, her passionate gratitude instantly magnified into an act of chivalrous generosity, proving him the noblest of men and the gentlest of gentlemen. She exaggerated the abjectness of the position from which his action had rescued her, in order to feel that she owed the more to his nobility. At any time during the previous night she gladly would have given ten years of her life to recall the confession that she had made to him; now she told herself, with a burst of exultant tears, that she would not recall it if she could. She had made no mistake. Her womanly dignity was safe in his keeping. Whether he ever returned her love or not she was not ashamed, but was glad, and always should be glad, that he knew she loved him.

As for Arthur, the reverence with which he bent over her hand on leaving her was as heartfelt as it was graceful. In her very disregard of conventional decorum she had impressed him the more strikingly with the native delicacy and refinement of her character. It had been reserved for her to show him how genuine a thing is womanly modesty, and how far from being dependent on those conventional affectations with which it is in the vulgar mind so often identified, with the effect of seeming as artificial as they.

When, a few evenings later, he went to Miss Oswald's party, the leading idea in his mind was that he should meet Maud there. His eyes sought her out the moment he entered the Oswald parlors, but it was some time before he approached her. For years he had been constantly meeting her, but he had never before taken special note of her appearance in company. He had a curiosity about her now as lively as it was wholly new. He took a great interest in observing how she walked and talked and laughed, how she sat down and rose up and demeaned herself. It gave him an odd but marked gratification to note how favorably she compared in style and appearance with the girls present. Even while he was talking with Ella Perry, with

whom he believed himself in love, he was so busy making these observations that Ella dismissed him with the sarcastic advice to follow his eyes, which he presently proceeded to do.

Maud greeted him with a very fair degree of self-possession, though her cheeks were delightfully rosy. At first it was evidently difficult for her to talk, and her embarrassment betrayed uncertainty as to the stability of the conventional footing which his call of the other evening had established between them. Gradually, however, the easy, nonchalant tone which he affected seemed to give her confidence, and she talked more easily. Her color continued to be unusually though not unbearably high, and it took a great deal of skirmishing for him to get a glance from her eyes, but her embarrassment was no longer distressing. Arthur, indeed, was scarcely in a mood to notice that she did not bear her full part in the conversation. The fact of conversing on any terms with a young lady who had confessed to him what Maud had was so piquant in itself that it would have made talk in the deaf-and-dumb alphabet vivacious. All the while, as they laughed and talked together quite as any other two young people might do, those words of hers the other night: "I care for you very much," "Be a little good to me," were ringing in his ears. The reflection that by virtue of her confession of love she was his whenever he should wish to claim her, even though he never should claim her, was constantly in his mind, and gave him a sense of potential proprietorship which was decidedly heady.

"Arthur Burton seems to be quite fascinated. I never supposed that he fancied Maud Elliott before, did you?" said one of the young ladies, a little maliciously, to Ella Perry. Ella tossed her head and replied that really she had never troubled herself about Mr. Burton's fancies, which was not true. The fact is, she was completely puzzled as well as vexed by Arthur's attentions to Maud. There was not a girl in her set of whom she would not sooner have thought as a rival. Arthur had never, to her knowledge, talked for five minutes together with Maud before, and here he was spending half the evening in an engrossing tête-à-tête with her to the neglect of his other acquaintances and of herself in particular. Maud was looking very well, to be sure, but no better than often before, when he had not glanced at her a second time. What might be the clew to this mystery? She remembered, upon reflection, that he had escorted Maud home from the party at her own house the week before, but that explained nothing. Ella was aware of no weapon in

the armory of her sex capable of effecting the subjugation of a previously quite indifferent young man in the course of a ten-minutes' walk. If, indeed, such weapons there had been, Maud Elliott, the most reserved and diffident girl of her acquaintance,—“stiff and pokerish,” Ella called her,—was the last person likely to employ them. It must be, Ella was forced to conclude, that Arthur was trying to punish her for snubbing him by devoting himself to Maud; and, having adopted this conclusion, the misguided damsel proceeded to flirt vigorously with a young man whom she detested.

In the latter part of the evening, when Arthur was looking again for Maud, he learned that she had gone home, a servant having come to fetch her. The result was that he went home alone, Ella Perry having informed him rather crushingly that she had accorded the honor of escorting herself to another. He was rather vexed at Ella's jilting him, though he admitted that she might have fancied she had some excuse.

A few days later he called on her, expecting to patch up their little misunderstanding, as on previous occasions. She was rather offish, but really would have been glad to make up had he shown the humility and tractableness he usually manifested after their tiffs; but he was not in a humble frame of mind, and, after a brief and unsatisfactory call, took his leave. The poor girl was completely puzzled. What had come over Arthur? She had snubbed him no more than usual that night, and generally he took it very meekly. She would have opened her eyes very wide indeed if she had guessed what there had been in his recent experience to spoil his appetite for humble-pie.

It was not late when he left Ella, and as he passed Maud's house he could not resist the temptation of going in. This time he did not pretend to himself that he sought her from any but entirely selfish motives. He wanted to remove the unpleasantly acid impression left by his call on Ella by passing an hour with some one whom he knew would be glad to see him and not be afraid to let him know it. In this aim he was quite successful. Maud's face fairly glowed with glad surprise when he entered the room. This was their second meeting since the evening Arthur had called to talk pottery, and the tacit understanding that her tender avowal was to be ignored between them had become so well established that they could converse quite at their ease. But ignoring is not forgetting. On the other hand, it implies a constant remembering; and the mutual consciousness between these young people could scarcely fail to give a peculiar piquancy to their intercourse.

That evening was the first of many which the young man passed in Maud's parlor, and the beginning of an intimacy which caused no end of wonder among their acquaintances. Had its real nature been suspected, that wonder would have been vastly increased. For whereas they supposed it to be an entirely ordinary love affair, except in the abruptness of its development, it was, in fact, a quite extraordinary variation on the usual social relations of young men and women.

Maud's society had in fact not been long in acquiring an attraction for Arthur quite independent of the peculiar circumstances under which he had first become interested in her. As soon as she began to feel at ease with him her shyness rapidly disappeared, and he was astonished to discover that the stiff, silent girl whom he had thought rather dull possessed culture and originality such as few girls of his acquaintance could lay claim to. His assurance beyond possibility of doubt that she was as really glad to see him whenever he called as she said she was, and that though his speech might be dull or his jests poor they were sure of a friendly critic, made the air of her parlor wonderfully genial. The result was that he fell into a habit whenever he wanted a little social relaxation, but felt too tired, dispirited, or lazy for the effort of a call on any of the other girls, of going to Maud. One evening he said to her just as he was leaving, “If I come here too much, you must send me home.”

“I will when you do,” she replied, with a bright smile.

“But really,” he persisted, “I am afraid I bore you by coming so often.”

“You know better than that,” was her only reply, but the vivid blush which accompanied the words was a sufficient enforcement of them; and he was, at the bottom of his heart, very glad to think he did know better.

Without making any pretense of being in love with her, he had come to depend on her being in love with him. It had grown so pleasing to count on her loyalty to him that a change in her feelings would have been a disagreeable surprise. Getting something for nothing is a mode of acquisition particularly pleasing to mankind, and he was enjoying in some respects the position of an engaged man without any of the responsibilities.

But if in some respects he was in the position of an engaged man, in others he was farther from it than the average unengaged man. For while Maud and he talked of almost everything else under heaven, the subject of love was tabooed between them. Once for all Maud had said her say on that point, and Arthur could say nothing unless he said as much as she had said. For the same reason, there

was never any approach to flirting between them. Any trifling of that sort would have been meaningless in an intimacy begun, as theirs had been, at a point beyond where most flirtations end.

Not only in this respect, but also in the singular frankness which marked their interchange of thought and opinion, was there something in their relation savoring of that of brother and sister. It was as if her confession of love had swept away by one breath the whole lattice of conventional affectations through which young men and women usually talk with each other. Once for all she had dropped her guard with him, and he could not do less with her. He found himself before long talking more freely to her than to any others of his acquaintance, and about more serious matters. They talked of their deepest beliefs and convictions, and he told her things that he had never told any one before. Why should he not tell her his secrets? Had she not told him hers? It was a pleasure to reciprocate her confidence if he could not her love. He had not supposed it to be possible for a man to become so closely acquainted with a young lady not a relative. It came to the point finally that when they met in company, the few words that he might chance to exchange with her were pitched in a different key from that used with the others, such as one drops into when greeting a relative or familiar friend met in a throng of strangers.

Of course, all this had not come at once. It was in winter that the events took place with which this narrative opened. Winter had meantime glided into spring, and spring had become summer. In the early part of June a report that Arthur Burton and Maud Elliott were engaged obtained circulation, and, owing to the fact that he had so long been apparently devoted to her, was generally believed. Whenever Maud went out she met congratulations on every side, and had to reply a dozen times a day that there was no truth in the story, and smilingly declare that she could not imagine how it started. After doing which, she would go home and cry all night, for Arthur was not only not engaged to her, but she had come to know in her heart that he never would be.

At first, and indeed for a long time, she was so proud of the frank and loyal friendship between them, such as she was sure had never before existed between unlighted man and maid, that she would have been content to wait half her lifetime for him to learn to love her, if only she were sure that he would at last. But, after all, it was the hope of his love, not his friendship, that had been the motive of her desperate venture. As month after month

passed, and he showed no symptoms of any feeling warmer than esteem, but always in the midst of his cordiality was so careful lest he should do or say anything to arouse unfounded expectations in her mind, she lost heart and felt that what she had hoped was not to be. She said to herself that the very fact that he was so much her friend should have warned her that he would never be her lover, for it is not often that lovers are made out of friends.

It is always embarrassing for a young lady to have to deny a report of her engagement, especially when it is a report she would willingly have true; but what made it particularly distressing for Maud that this report should have got about was her belief that it would be the means of bringing to an end the relations between them. It would undoubtedly remind Arthur, by showing how the public interpreted their friendship, that his own prospects in other quarters, and he might even think justice to her future, demanded the discontinuance of attentions which must necessarily be misconstrued by the world. The public had been quite right in assuming that it was time for them to be engaged. Such an intimacy as theirs between a young man and a young woman, unless it were to end in an engagement, had no precedent and belonged to no known social category. It was vain, in the long run, to try to live differently from other people.

The pangs of an accusing conscience completed her wretchedness at this time. The conventional proprieties are a law written on the hearts of refined, delicately nurtured girls; and though, in the desperation of unreciprocated and jealous love, she had dared to violate them, not the less did they now thoroughly revenge themselves. If her revolt against custom had resulted happily, it is not indeed likely that she would ever have reproached herself very seriously; but now that it had issued in failure, her self-confidence was gone and her conscience easily convicted her of sin. The outraged Proprieties, with awful spectacles and minatory, reproachful gestures, crowded nightly around her bed, the Titanic shade of Mrs. Grundy looming above her satellite shams and freezing her blood with a Gorgon gaze. The feeling that she had deserved all that was to come upon her deprived her of moral support.

Arthur had never showed that he thought cheaply of her, but in his heart of hearts how could he help doing so? Compared with the other girls, serene and unapproachable in their virgin pride, must she not necessarily seem bold, coarse, and common? That he took care never to let her see it only proved his kindness of heart. Her sense of this kindness was more and more touched with abjectness.

The pity of it was that she had come to love him so much more since she had known him so well. It scarcely seemed to her now that she could have truly cared for him at all in the old days, and she wondered, as she looked back, that the shallow emotion she then experienced had emboldened her to do what she had done. Ah, why had she done it? Why had she not let him go his way? She might have suffered then, but not such heart-breaking misery as was now in store for her.

Some weeks passed with no marked change in their relations, except that a new and marked constraint which had come over Arthur's manner towards her was additional evidence that the end was at hand. Would he think it better to say nothing, but merely come to see her less and less frequently and so desert her, without an explanation, which, after all, was needless? Or would he tell her how the matter stood and say good-bye? She thought he would take the latter course, seeing that they had always been so frank with each other. She tried to prepare herself for what she knew was coming, and to get ready to bear it. The only result was that she grew sick with apprehension whenever he did not call, and was only at ease when he was with her, in the moment that he was saying good-bye without having uttered the dreaded words.

The end came during a call which he made on her in the last part of June. He appeared preoccupied and moody, and said scarcely anything. Several times she caught him furtively regarding her with a very strange expression. She tried to talk, but she could not alone keep up the conversation, and in time there came a silence. A hideous silence it was to Maud, an abyss yawning to swallow up all that was left of her happiness. She had no more power to speak, and when he spoke she knew it would be to utter the words she had so long expected. Evidently it was very hard for him to bring himself to utter them—almost as hard as it would be for her to hear them. He was very tender-hearted she had learned already. Even in that moment she was very sorry for him. It was all her fault that he had to say this to her.

Suddenly, just as she must have cried out, unable to bear the tension of suspense any longer, he rose abruptly to his feet, uttering something about going and an engagement which he had almost forgotten. Hastily wishing her good-evening, with hurried steps he half-crossed the room, hesitated, stopped, looked back at her, seemed to waver a moment, and then, as if moved by a sudden decision, returned to her and took her gently by the hand. Then she knew it was coming.

For a long moment he stood looking at her.

She knew just the pitifulness that was in his expression, but she could not raise her eyes to his. She tried to summon her pride, her dignity, to her support. But she had no pride, no dignity, left. She had surrendered them long ago.

"I have something to say to you," he said, in a tone full of gentleness, just as she had known he would speak. "It is something I have put off saying as long as possible, and perhaps you have already guessed what it is."

Maud felt the blood leaving her face; the room spun around; she was afraid she should faint. It only remained that she should break down now to complete her humiliation before him, and apparently she was going to do just that.

"We have had a most delightful time the past year," he went on; "that is, at least I have. I don't believe the friendship of a girl was ever so much to a man as yours has been to me. I doubt if there ever was just such a friendship as ours has been, anyway. I shall always look back on it as the rarest and most charming passage in my life. But I have seen for some time that we could not go on much longer on the present footing, and tonight it has come over me that we can't go on even another day. Maud, I can't play at being friends with you one hour more. I love you. Do you care for me still? Will you be my wife?"

When it is remembered that up to his last words she had been desperately bracing herself against an announcement of a most opposite nature, it will not seem strange that for a moment Maud had difficulty in realizing just what had happened. She looked at him as if dazed, and with an instinct of bewilderment drew back a little as he would have clasped her. "I thought," she stammered—"I thought—I—"

He misconstrued her hesitation. His eyes darkened and his voice was sharpened with a sudden fear as he exclaimed, "I know it was a long time ago you told me that. Perhaps you don't feel the same way now. Don't tell me, Maud, that you don't care for me any longer, now that I have learned I can't do without you."

A look of wondering happiness, scarcely able even yet to believe in its own reality, had succeeded the bewildered incredulity in her face.

"O Arthur!" she cried. "Do you really mean it? Are you sure it is not out of pity that you say this? Do you love me after all? Would you really like me a little to be your wife?"

"If you are not my wife, I shall never have

THE TWILIGHT OF THE HEART.

one," he replied. " You have spoiled all other women for me."

Then she let him take her in his arms, and as his lips touched hers for the first time he faintly wondered if it were possible he had ever dreamed of any other woman but Maud Elliott as his wife. After she had laughed and cried awhile, she said :

" How was it that you never let me see you cared for me ? You never showed it."

" I tried not to," he replied ; " and I would not have shown it to-night if I could have helped it. I tried to get away without betraying my secret, but I could not." Then he told her that when he found he had fallen in love with her, he was almost angry with himself. He was so proud of their friendship that a mere love affair seemed cheap and common beside it. Any girl would do to fall in love with ; but there was not, he was sure, another in America capable of bearing her part in such a rare and delicate companionship as theirs. He was determined to keep up their noble game of friendship as long as might be.

Afterward, during the evening, he boasted himself to her not a little of the self-control

he had shown in hiding his passion so long, a feat the merit of which perhaps she did not adequately appreciate.

" Many a time in the last month or two when you have been saying good-bye to me of an evening, with your hand in mine, the temptation has been almost more than I could withstand to seize you in my arms. It was all the harder, you see, because I fancied you would not be very angry if I did. In fact, you once gave me to understand as much in pretty plain language, if I remember rightly. Possibly you may recall the conversation. You took the leading part in it, I believe."

Maud had bent her head so low that he could not see her face. It was very cruel in him, but he deliberately took her chin in his hands, and gently but firmly turned her face up to his. Then, as he kissed the shamed eyes and furiously blushing cheeks, he dropped the tone of banter and said, with moist eyes, in a voice of solemn tenderness :

" My brave darling, with all my life I will thank you for the words you spoke that night. But for them I might have missed the wife God meant for me."

Edward Bellamy.



THE TWILIGHT OF THE HEART.

WHEN day is dying in the west,
Through shadows faint and far,
It holds upon its gentle breast
A tender, nursing star,
As if to symbolize above
How shines a fair young mother's love.
I watch the sun depart;
A whisper seems to say:
So comes the twilight of the heart,
More beautiful than day.

The listless summer sleeps in green
Among my orange flowers;
The lazy south wind steals between
The lips of languid hours,
As if Endymion, lapped in fern,
Lay dreaming of the moon's return.
The long years seem to part
Like shadows cold and gray,
To show the twilight of the heart
More beautiful than day.

Old hopes and wishes seem to breathe
The gentle evening air,
Of love and sorrow laid beneath
A faded fold of hair.
Life had no other love to give,
Love had no other life to live.
What though the tears must start
For sorrows passed away;
There is a twilight of the heart
More beautiful than day.

I seem to see the smiling eyes
That loved me long ago
Look down the pure and tranquil skies
From out the after-glow;
The still delight, the smiles and tears,
Come back through all the silent years
In which we are apart,
As if they wished to say:
This is the twilight of the heart,
More beautiful than day.

Will Wallace Harney.

SHERIFF'S WORK ON A RANCH.

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.



A TEXAN COWBOY.

UP to 1880 the country through which the Little Missouri flows remained as wild and almost as unknown as it was when the old explorers and fur traders crossed it in the early part of the century. It was the last great Indian hunting-ground across which Grosventres and Mandans, Sioux and Cheyennes, and even Crows and Rees wandered in chase of game, and where they fought one another and plundered

the small parties of white trappers and hunters that occasionally ventured into it. Once or twice generals like Sully and Custer had penetrated it in the course of the long, tedious, and bloody campaigns that finally broke the strength of the northern Horse Indians; indeed, the trail made by Custer's baggage train is to this day one of the well-known landmarks, for the deep ruts worn by the wheels of the heavy wagons are in many places still as distinctly to be seen as ever.

In 1883 a regular long-range skirmish took place just south of us between some Cheyennes and some cowboys, with bloodshed on both sides, while about the same time a band of Sioux plundered a party of buffalo hunters of everything they owned, and some Crows who attempted the samefeat with another party were driven off with the loss of two of their number. Since then there have been in our neighborhood no stand-up fights or regular raids; but the Indians have at different times proved more or less troublesome, burning the grass, and occasionally killing stock or carrying off horses that have wandered some distance away. They have also themselves suffered somewhat at the hands of white horse-thieves.

Bands of them, accompanied by their squaws and children, often come into the ranch country, either to trade or to hunt, and are then, of course, perfectly meek and peace-

able. If they stay any time they build themselves quite comfortable tepees (wigwams, as they would be styled in the East), and an Indian camp is a rather interesting, though very dirty, place to visit. On our ranch we get along particularly well with them, as it is a rule that they shall be treated as fairly as if they were whites: we neither wrong them ourselves nor allow others to wrong them. We have always, for example, been as keen in putting down horse-stealing from Indians as from whites — which indicates rather an advanced stage of frontier morality, as theft from the "redskins" or the "Government" is usually held to be a very trivial matter compared with the heinous crime of theft from "citizens."

There is always danger in meeting a band of young bucks in lonely, uninhabited country — those that have barely reached manhood being the most truculent, insolent, and reckless. A man meeting such a party runs great risk of losing his horse, his rifle, and all else he has. This has happened quite frequently during the past few years to hunters or cowboys who have wandered into the debatable territory where our country borders on the Indian lands; and in at least one such instance, that took place two years ago, the unfortunate individual lost his life as well as his belongings. But a frontiersman of any experience can generally "stand off" a small number of such assailants, unless he loses his nerve or is taken by surprise.

My only adventure with Indians was of a very mild kind. It was in the course of a solitary trip to the north and east of our range, to what was then practically unknown country, although now containing many herds of cattle. One morning I had been traveling along the edge of the prairie, and about noon I rode Manitou up a slight rise and came out on a plateau that was perhaps half a mile broad. When near the middle, four or five Indians suddenly came up over the edge, directly in front of me. The second they saw me they whipped their guns out of their slings, started their horses into a run, and came on at full tilt, whooping and brandishing their weapons. I instantly reined up and dismounted. The level plain where we were was of all places the one on which such an onslaught could best be

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met. In any broken country, or where there is much cover, a white man is at a great disadvantage if pitted against such adepts in the art of hiding as Indians; while, on the other hand, the latter will rarely rush in on a foe who, even if overpowered in the end, will probably inflict severe loss on his assailants. The fury of an Indian charge, and the whoops by which it is accompanied, often scare horses so as to stampede them; but in Manitou I had perfect trust, and the old fellow stood as steady as a rock, merely cocking his ears and looking round at the noise. I waited until the Indians were a hundred yards off, and then threw up my rifle and drew a bead on the foremost. The effect was like magic. The whole party scattered out as wild pigeons or teal ducks sometimes do when shot at, and doubled back on their tracks, the men bending over alongside their horses. When some distance off they halted and gathered together to consult, and after a minute one came forward alone, ostentatiously dropping his rifle and waving a blanket over his head. When he came to within fifty yards I stopped him, and he pulled out a piece of paper—all Indians, when absent from their reservations, are supposed to carry passes—and called out, "How! Me good Indian!" I answered "How," and assured him most sincerely I was very glad he *was* a good Indian, but I would not let him come closer; and when his companions began to draw near, I covered him with the rifle and made him move off, which he did with a sudden lapse into the most canonical Anglo-Saxon profanity. I then started to lead my horse out to the prairie; and after hovering round a short time they rode off, while I followed suit, but in the opposite direction. It had all passed too quickly for me to have time to get frightened; but during the rest of my ride I was exceedingly uneasy, and pushed tough, speedy old Manitou along at a rapid rate, keeping well out on the level. However, I never saw the Indians again. They may not have intended any mischief beyond giving me a fright; but I did not dare to let them come to close quarters, for they would have probably taken my horse and rifle, and not impossibly my scalp as well. Towards nightfall I fell in with two old trappers who lived near Killdeer Mountains, and they informed me that my assailants were some young Sioux bucks, at whose hands they themselves had just suffered the loss of a couple of horses.

However, in our own immediate locality, we have had more difficulty with white desperadoes than with the redskins. At times there has been a good deal of cattle-killing and horse-stealing, and occasionally a murderer or two. But as regards the last, a man has

very little more to fear in the West than in the East, in spite of all the lawless acts one reads about. Undoubtedly a long-standing quarrel sometimes ends in a shooting-match; and of course savage affrays occasionally take place in the barrooms; in which, be it remarked, that, inasmuch as the men are generally drunk, and, furthermore, as the revolver is at best a rather inaccurate weapon, outsiders are nearly as apt to get hurt as are the participants. But if a man minds his own business and does not go into barrooms, gambling saloons, and the like, he need have no fear of being molested; while a revolver is a mere foolish incumbrance for any but a trained expert, and need never be carried.

Against horse-thieves, cattle-thieves, claim-jumpers, and the like, however, every ranchman has to be on his guard; and armed collisions with these gentry are sometimes inevitable.

The fact of such scoundrels being able to ply their trade with impunity for any length of time can only be understood if the absolute wildness of our land is taken into account.

The country is yet unsurveyed and unmapped; the course of the river itself, as put down on the various Government and railroad maps, is very much a mere piece of guesswork, its bed being in many parts—as by my ranch—ten or fifteen miles, or more, away from where these maps make it.

White hunters came into the land by 1880; but the actual settlement only began in 1882, when the first cattle-men drove in their herds, all of Northern stock, the Texans not passing north of the country around the head-waters of the river until the following year, while until 1885 the territory through which it ran for the final hundred and fifty miles before entering the Big Missouri remained as little known as ever.

Some of us had always been anxious to run down the river in a boat during the time of the spring floods, as we thought we might get good duck and goose shooting, and also kill some beaver, while the trip would, in addition, have all the charm of an exploring expedition. Twice, so far as we knew, thefeat had been performed, both times by hunters, and in one instance with very good luck in shooting and trapping. A third attempt, by a couple of men on a raft, made the spring preceding that on which we made ours, had been less successful; for when a score or so of miles below our ranch, a bear killed one of the two adventurers, and the survivor returned.

We could only go down during a freshet; for the Little Missouri, like most plains' rivers, is usually either a dwindling streamlet, a

mere slender thread of sluggish water, or else a boiling, muddy torrent, running over a bed of shifting quicksand, that neither man nor beast can cross. It rises and falls with extraordinary suddenness and intensity; an instance of which has just occurred as this very

bottom ice did not break up, and a huge gorge, scores of miles in length, formed in and above the bend known as the Ox-bow, a long distance up-stream from my ranch. About the middle of March this great Ox-bow jam came down past us. It moved slowly,



STANDING OFF INDIANS.

page is being written. Last evening, when the moon rose, from the ranch veranda we could see the river-bed almost dry, the stream having shrunk under the drought till it was little but a string of shallow pools, with between them a trickle of water that was not ankle deep, and hardly wet the fetlocks of the saddle-band when driven across it; yet at daybreak this morning, without any rain having fallen near us, but doubtless in consequence of some heavy cloudburst near its head, the swift, swollen current was foaming brim high between the banks, and even the fords were swimming-deep for the horses.

Accordingly we had planned to run down the river sometime towards the end of April, taking advantage of a rise; but an accident made us start three or four weeks sooner than we had intended.

In 1886 the ice went out of the upper river very early, during the first part of February; but it at times almost froze over again, the

its front forming a high, crumbling wall, and creaming over like an immense breaker on the seashore: we could hear the dull roaring and crunching as it plowed down the river-bed long before it came in sight round the bend above us. The ice kept piling and tossing up in the middle, and not only heaped itself above the level of the banks, but also in many places spread out on each side beyond them, grinding against the cottonwood trees in front of the ranch veranda, and at one moment bidding fair to overwhelm the house itself. It did not, however, but moved slowly down past us with that look of vast, resistless, relentless force that any great body of moving ice, as a glacier, or an iceberg, always conveys to the beholder. The heaviest pressure from the water that was backed up behind being, of course, always in the middle, this part kept breaking away, and finally was pushed on clear through, leaving the river so changed that it could hardly be known. On each

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bank, and for a couple of hundred feet out from it into the stream, was a solid mass of ice, edging the river along most of its length, at least as far as its course lay through lands that we knew; and in the narrow channel between the sheer ice-walls the water ran like a mill-race.

At night the snowy, glittering masses, tossed

very bad, especially over the clay buttes; for the sun at midday had enough strength to thaw out the soil to the depth of a few inches only, and accordingly the steep hillsides were covered by a crust of slippery mud, with the frozen ground underneath. It was hard to keep one's footing, and to avoid falling while balancing along the knife-like ridge crests, or while clinging to the stunted sage brush as we went down into the valleys. The deer had been hung in a thicket of dwarfed cedars; but when we reached the place we found nothing save scattered pieces of their carcasses, and the soft mud was tramped all over with round, deeply marked footprints, some of them but a few hours old, showing that the plunderers of our cache were a pair of cougars—"mountain lions," as they are called by the Westerners. They had evidently been at work for some time, and had eaten almost every scrap of flesh; one of the deer had been carried for some distance to the other side of a deep, narrow, chasm-like gully across which the cougar must have leaped with the carcass in its mouth. We followed the fresh trail of the cougars for some time, as it was well marked, especially in the snow still remaining in the bottoms of the deeper ravines; finally it led into a tangle of rocky hills riven by dark cedar-clad gorges, in which we lost it, and we retraced our steps, intending to return on the morrow with a good track hound.

But we never carried out our intentions, for next morning one of my men who was out before breakfast came back to the house with the startling news that our boat was gone—stolen, for he brought with him the end of the rope with which it had been tied, evidently cut off with a sharp knife; and also a red woolen mitten with a leather palm, which he had picked up on the ice. We had no doubt as to who had stolen it; for whoever had done so had certainly gone down the river in it, and the only other thing in the shape of a boat on the Little Missouri was a small flat-bottomed scow in the possession of three hard characters who lived in a shack or hut some twenty miles above us, and whom we had shrewdly suspected for some time of wishing to get out of the country, as certain of the cattle-men had begun openly to threaten to lynch them. They belonged to a class that always holds sway during the raw youth of a frontier community, and the putting down of which is the first step towards decent government. Dakota, west of the Missouri, has been settled very recently, and every town within it has seen strange antics performed during the past five or six years. Medora, in particular, has had more than its full share of shooting and stabbing affrays, horse-stealing and cattle-killing.



ONE OF THE BOYS.

and heaped up into fantastic forms, shone like crystal in the moonlight; but they soon lost their beauty, becoming fouled and blackened, and at the same time melted and settled down until it was possible to clamber out across the slippery hummocks.

We had brought out a clinker-built boat especially to ferry ourselves over the river when it was high, and were keeping our ponies on the opposite side, where there was a good range shut in by some very broken country that we knew they would not be apt to cross. This boat had already proved very useful and now came in handier than ever, as without it we could take no care of our horses. We kept it on the bank tied to a tree, and every day would carry it or slide it across the hither ice bank, usually with not a little tumbling and scrambling on our part, lower it gently into the swift current, pole it across to the ice on the farther bank, and then drag it over that, repeating the operation when we came back. One day we crossed and walked off about ten miles to a tract of wild and rugged country, cleft in every direction by ravines and cedar canyons, in the deepest of which we had left four deer hanging a fortnight before, as game thus hung up in cold weather keeps indefinitely. The walking was

But the time for such things was passing away; and during the preceding fall the vigilantes—locally known as “stranglers,” in happy allusion to their summary method of doing justice—had made a clean sweep of the cattle country along the Yellowstone and that part of the Big Missouri around and below its mouth. Be it remarked, in passing, that while the outcome of their efforts had been in the main wholesome, yet, as is always the case in an extended raid of vigilantes, several of the sixty odd victims had been perfectly innocent men who had been hung or shot in company with the real scoundrels, either through carelessness and misapprehension or on account of some personal spite.

case, and had been chief actor in a number of shooting scrapes. The other two were a half-breed, a stout, muscular man, and an old German, whose viciousness was of the weak and shiftless type.

We knew that these three men were becoming uneasy and were anxious to leave the locality; and we also knew that traveling on horseback, in the direction in which they would wish to go, was almost impossible, as the swollen, ice-fringed rivers could not be crossed at all, and the stretches of broken ground would form nearly as impassable barriers. So we had little doubt that it was they who had taken our boat; and as they knew there was then no boat left on the river, and



MOUNTAIN LIONS AT THE DEER CACHE.

The three men we suspected had long been accused—justly or unjustly—of being implicated both in cattle-killing and in that worst of frontier crimes, horse-stealing: it was only by an accident that they had escaped the clutches of the vigilantes the preceding fall. Their leader was a well-built fellow named Finnigan, who had long red hair reaching to his shoulders, and always wore a broad hat and a fringed buckskin shirt. He was rather a hard

as the country along its banks was entirely impracticable for horses, we felt sure they would be confident that there could be no pursuit.

Accordingly we at once set to work in our turn to build a flat-bottomed scow, wherein to follow them. Our loss was very annoying, and might prove a serious one if we were long prevented from crossing over to look after the saddle-band; but the determining

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motive in our minds was neither chagrin nor anxiety to recover our property. In any wild country where the power of the law is little felt or heeded, and where every one has to rely upon himself for protection, men soon get to feel that it is in the highest degree unwise to submit to any wrong without making an immediate and resolute effort to avenge it upon the wrong-doers, at no matter what cost of risk or trouble. To submit tamely and meekly to theft, or to any other injury, is to invite almost certain repetition of the offense, in a place where self-reliant hardihood and the ability to hold one's own under all circumstances rank as the first of virtues.

Two of my cowboys, Seawall and Dow, were originally from Maine, and were mighty men of their hands, skilled in woodcraft and the use of the ax, paddle, and rifle. They set to work with a will, and, as by good luck there were plenty of boards, in two or three days they had turned out a first-class flat-bottom, which was roomy, drew very little water, and was dry as a bone; and though, of course, not a handy craft, was easily enough managed in going down-stream. Into this we packed flour, coffee, and bacon enough to last us a fortnight or so, plenty of warm bedding, and the mess kit; and early one cold March morning slid it into the icy current, took our seats, and shoved off down the river.

There could have been no better men for a trip of this kind than my two companions, Seawall and Dow. They were tough, hardy, resolute fellows, quick as cats, strong as bears, and able to travel like bull moose. We felt very little uneasiness as to the result of a fight with the men we were after, provided we had anything like a fair show; moreover, we intended, if possible, to get them at such a disadvantage that there would not be any fight at all. The only risk of any consequence that we ran was that of being ambushed; for the extraordinary formation of the Bad Lands, with the ground cut up into gullies, serried walls, and battlemented hilltops, makes it the country of all others for hiding-places and ambuscades.

For several days before we started the weather had been bitterly cold, as a furious blizzard was blowing; but on the day we left there was a lull, and we hoped a thaw had set in. We all were most warmly and thickly dressed, with woolen socks and under-clothes, heavy jackets and trousers, and great fur coats, so that we felt we could bid defiance to the weather. Each carried his rifle, and we had in addition a double-barreled duck gun, for water-fowl and beaver. To manage the boat, we had paddles, heavy oars, and long iron-shod poles, Seawall steering

while Dow sat in the bow. Altogether we felt as if we were off on a holiday trip, and set to work to have as good a time as possible.

The river twisted in every direction, winding to and fro across the alluvial valley bottom, only to be brought up by the rows of great barren buttes that bounded it on each edge. It had worn away the sides of these till they towered up as cliffs of clay, marl, or sandstone. Across their white faces the seams of coal drew sharp black bands, and they were elsewhere blotched and varied with brown, yellow, purple, and red. This fantastic coloring, together with the jagged irregularity of their crests, channeled by the weather into spires, buttresses, and battlements, as well as their barrenness and the distinctness with which they loomed up through the high, dry air, gave them a look that was a singular mixture of the terrible and the grotesque. The bottoms were covered thickly with leafless cottonwood trees, or else with withered brown grass and stunted, sprawling sage bushes. At times the cliffs rose close to us on either hand, and again the valley would widen into a sinuous oval a mile or two long, bounded on every side, as far as our eyes could see, by a bluff line without a break, until, as we floated down close to its other end, there would suddenly appear in one corner a cleft through which the stream rushed out. As it grew dusk the shadowy outlines of the buttes lost nothing of their weirdness; the twilight only made their uncouth shapelessness more grim and forbidding. They looked like the crouching figures of great goblin beasts.

Those two hills on the right
Crouched like two bulls locked horn in horn in fight—
While to the left a tall scalped mountain. . . .
The dying sunset kindled through a cleft:
The hills, like giants at a hunting, lay
Chin upon hand, to see the game at bay—

might well have been written after seeing the strange, desolate lands lying in western Dakota.

All through the early part of the day we drifted swiftly down between the heaped-up piles of ice, the cakes and slabs now dirty and unattractive looking. Towards evening, however, there came long reaches where the banks on either side were bare, though even here there would every now and then be necks where the jam had been crowded into too narrow a spot and had risen over the side as it had done up-stream, grinding the bark from the big cottonwoods and snapping the smaller ones short off. In such places the ice-walls were sometimes eight or ten feet high, continually undermined by the restless current; and every now and then overhanging pieces would break off and slide into the stream with

a loud sullen splash, like the plunge of some great water beast. Nor did we dare to go in too close to the high cliffs, as boulders and earth masses, freed by the thaw from the grip of the frost, kept rolling and leaping down their faces and forced us to keep a sharp lookout lest our boat should be swamped.

At nightfall we landed, and made our camp on a point of wood-covered land jutting out into the stream. We had seen very little trace of life until late in the day, for the ducks had not yet arrived; but in the afternoon a sharp-tailed prairie fowl flew across stream ahead of the boat, lighting on a low branch by the water's edge. Shooting him, we landed and picked off two others that were perched high up in leafless cottonwoods, plucking the buds. These three birds served us as supper; and shortly afterward, as the cold grew more and more biting, we rolled in under our furs and blankets and were soon asleep.

In the morning it was evident that instead of thawing it had grown decidedly colder. The anchor ice was running thick in the river, and we spent the first hour or two after sunrise in hunting over the frozen swamp bottom for white-tail deer, of which there were many tracks; but we saw nothing. Then we broke camp—a simple operation, as we had no tent, and all we had to do was to cord up our bedding and gather the mess kit—and again started down-stream. It was colder than before, and for some time we went along in chilly silence, nor was it until midday that the sun warmed our blood in the least. The crooked bed of the current twisted hither and thither, but whichever way it went the icy north wind, blowing stronger all the time, drew steadily up it. One of us remarking that we bade fair to have it in our faces all day, the steersman announced that we could n't, unless it was the crookedest wind in Dakota; and half an hour afterward we overheard him muttering to himself that it *was* the crookedest wind in Dakota. We passed a group of tepees on one bottom, marking the deserted winter camp of some Grosventre Indians, which some of my men had visited a few months previously on a trading expedition. It was almost the last point on the river with which we were acquainted. At midday we landed on a sand-bar for lunch; a simple enough meal, the tea being boiled over a fire of driftwood, that also fried the bacon, while the bread only needed to be baked every other day. Then we again shoved off. As the afternoon waned the cold grew still more bitter, and the wind increased, blow-

ing in fitful gusts against us, until it chilled us to the marrow when we sat still. But we rarely did sit still; for even the rapid current was unable to urge the light-draught scow down in the teeth of the strong blasts, and we only got her along by dint of hard work with pole and paddle. Long before the sun went down the ice had begun to freeze on the handles of the poles, and we were not sorry to haul on shore for the night. For supper we again had prairie fowl, having shot four from a great patch of bulberry bushes late in the afternoon. A man doing hard open-air work in cold weather is always hungry for meat.

During the night the thermometer went down to zero, and in the morning the anchor ice was running so thickly that we did not care to start at once, for it is most difficult to handle a boat in the deep frozen slush. Accordingly we took a couple of hours for a deer hunt, as there were evidently many white-tail on the bottom. We selected one long, isolated patch of tangled trees and brushwood, two of us beating through it while the other watched one end; but almost before we had begun four deer broke out at one side, loped easily off, evidently not much scared, and took refuge in a deep glen or gorge, densely wooded with cedars, that made a blind pocket in the steep side of one of the great plateaus bounding the bottom. After a short consultation, one of our number crept round to the head of the gorge, making a wide détour, and the other two advanced up it on each side, thus completely surrounding the doomed deer. They attempted to break out past the man at the head of the glen, who shot down a couple, a buck and a yearling doe. The other two made their escape by running off over ground so rough that it looked fitter to be crossed by their upland-loving cousins, the black-tail.



THE CAPTURE OF THE GERMAN.

This success gladdened our souls, insuring us plenty of fresh meat. We carried pretty much all of both deer back to camp, and, after a hearty breakfast, loaded our scow and started merrily off once more. The cold still continued intense, and as the day wore away we became numbed by it, until at last an incident occurred that set our blood running freely again.

terest, for the capture itself was as tame as possible.

The men we were after knew they had taken with them the only craft there was on the river, and so felt perfectly secure; accordingly, we took them absolutely by surprise. The only one in camp was the German, whose weapons were on the ground, and who, of course, gave up at



"HANDS UP!"—THE CAPTURE OF FINNIGAN.

We were, of course, always on the alert, keeping a sharp lookout ahead and around us, and making as little noise as possible. Finally our watchfulness was rewarded, for in the middle of the afternoon of this, the third day we had been gone, as we came round a bend, we saw in front of us the lost boat, together with a scow, moored against the bank, while from among the bushes some little way back the smoke of a camp-fire curled up through the frosty air. We had come on the camp of the thieves. As I glanced at the faces of my two followers I was struck by the grim, eager look in their eyes. Our overcoats were off in a second, and after exchanging a few muttered words, the boat was hastily and silently shoved towards the bank. As soon as it touched the shore ice I leaped out and ran up behind a clump of bushes, so as to cover the landing of the others, who had to make the boat fast. For a moment we felt a thrill of keen excitement, and our veins tingled as we crept cautiously towards the fire, for it seemed likely there would be a brush; but, as it turned out, this was almost the only moment of much in-

once, his two companions being off hunting. We made him safe, delegating one of our number to look after him particularly and see that he made no noise, and then sat down and waited for the others. The camp was under the lee of a cut bank, behind which we crouched, and, after waiting an hour or over, the men we were after came in. We heard them a long way off and made ready, watching them for some minutes as they walked towards us, their rifles on their shoulders and the sunlight glinting on the steel barrels. When they were within twenty yards or so we straightened up from behind the bank, covering them with our cocked rifles, while I shouted to them to hold up their hands—an order that in such a case, in the West, a man is not apt to disregard if he thinks the giver is in earnest. The half-breed obeyed at once, his knees trembling as if they had been made of whalebone. Finnigan hesitated for a second, his eyes fairly wolfish; then, as I walked up within a few paces, covering the center of his chest so as to avoid overshooting, and repeating the command, he saw he had no show, and, with an oath,



"TAKE OFF YOUR BOOTS!"

let his rifle drop and held his hands up beside his head.

It was nearly dusk, so we camped where we were. The first thing to be done was to collect enough wood to enable us to keep a blazing fire all night long. While Seawall and Dow, thoroughly at home in the use of the ax, chopped down dead cottonwood trees and dragged the logs up into a huge pile, I kept guard over the three prisoners, who were huddled into a sullen group some twenty yards off, just the right distance for the buckshot in the double-barrel. Having captured our men, we were in a quandary how to keep them. The cold was so intense that to tie them tightly hand and foot meant, in all likelihood, freezing both hands and feet off during the night; and it was no use tying them at all unless we tied them tightly enough to stop in part the circulation. So nothing was left for us to do but to keep perpetual guard over them. Of course we had carefully searched them, and taken away not only their firearms and knives, but everything else that could possibly be used as a weapon. By this time they were pretty well cowed, as they found out very quickly that they would be well treated so long as they remained quiet, but would receive some rough handling if they attempted any disturbance.

Our next step was to cord their weapons up in some bedding, which we sat on while we

took supper. Immediately afterward we made the men take off their boots — an additional safeguard, as it was a cactus country, in which a man could travel barefoot only at the risk of almost certainly laming himself for life — and go to bed, all three lying on one buffalo robe and being covered by another, in the full light of the blazing fire. We determined to watch in succession a half-night apiece, thus each getting a full rest every third night. I took first watch, my two companions, revolver under head, rolling up in their blankets on the side of the fire opposite that on which the three captives lay; while I, in fur cap, gauntlets, and overcoat, took my station a little way back in the circle of firelight, in a position in which I could watch my men with the absolute certainty of being able to stop any movement, no matter how sudden. For this night-watching we always used the double-barrel with buckshot, as a rifle is uncertain in the dark; while with a shot-gun at such a distance, and with men lying down, a person who is watchful may be sure that they cannot get up, no matter how quick they are, without being riddled. The only danger lies in the extreme monotony of sitting still in the dark guarding men who make no motion, and the consequent tendency to go to sleep, especially when one has had a hard day's work and is feeling really tired. But neither on the first night nor on any subsequent one did we ever abate a jot of our watchfulness.

Next morning we started down-stream, having a well-laden flotilla, for the men we had caught had a good deal of plunder in their boats, including some saddles, as they evidently intended to get horses as soon as they reached a part of the country where there were any, and where it was possible to travel. Finnigan, who was the ringleader, and the man I was especially after, I kept by my side in our boat, the other two being put in their own scow, heavily laden and rather leaky, and with only one paddle. We kept them just in front of us, a few yards distant, the river being so broad that we knew, and they knew also, any attempt at escape to be perfectly hopeless.

For some miles we went swiftly down-stream, the cold being bitter and the slushy anchor ice choking the space between the boats; then the current grew sluggish, eddies forming along the sides. We paddled on until, coming into a long reach where the water was almost backed up, we saw there was a stoppage at the other end. Working up to this, it proved to be a small ice jam, through which we broke our way only to find ourselves, after a few hundred yards, stopped by another. We had hoped that the first was merely a jam of anchor ice, caused by the cold of the last few days; but the jam we had now come to was black and solid, and, running the boats ashore, one of us went off down the bank to

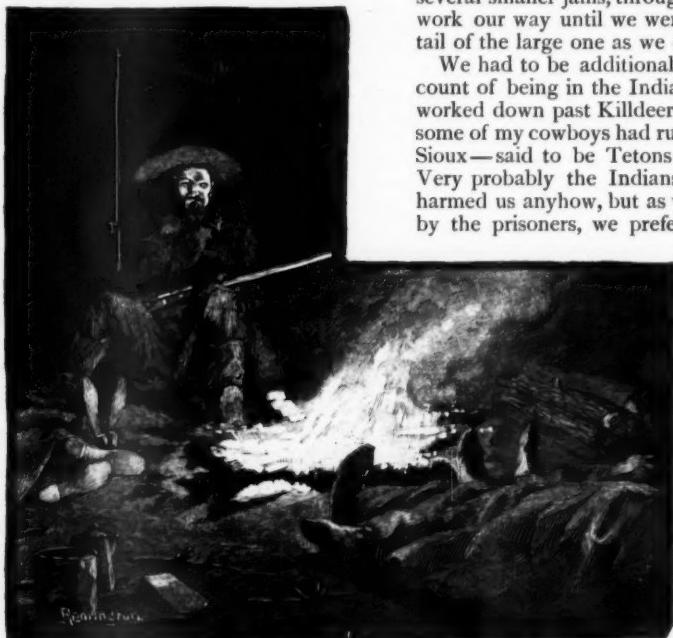
find out what the matter was. On climbing a hill that commanded a view of the valley for several miles, the explanation became only too evident—as far as we could see, the river was choked with black ice. The great Ox-bow jam had stopped and we had come down to its tail.

We had nothing to do but to pitch camp, after which we held a consultation. The Little Missouri has much too swift a current,—when it has any current at all,—with too bad a bottom, for it to be possible to take a boat up-stream; and to walk, of course, meant abandoning almost all we had. Moreover we knew that a thaw would very soon start the jam, and so made up our minds that we had best simply stay where we were, and work down-stream as fast as we could, trusting that the spell of bitter weather would pass before our food gave out.

The next eight days were as irksome and monotonous as any I ever spent: there is very little amusement in combining the functions of a sheriff with those of an arctic explorer. The weather kept as cold as ever. During the night the water in the pail would freeze solid. Ice formed all over the river, thickly along the banks; and the clear, frosty sun gave us so little warmth that the melting hardly began before noon. Each day the great jam would settle down-stream a few miles, only to wedge again, leaving behind it several smaller jams, through which we would work our way until we were as close to the tail of the large one as we dared to go.

We had to be additionally cautious on account of being in the Indian country, having worked down past Kildeer Mountains, where some of my cowboys had run across a band of Sioux—said to be Tetons—the year before. Very probably the Indians would not have harmed us anyhow, but as we were hampered by the prisoners, we preferred not meeting

them; nor did we, though we saw plenty of fresh signs, and found, to our sorrow, that they had just made a grand hunt all down the river, and had killed or driven off almost every head of game in the country through which we were passing. As our stock of provisions grew scantier and scant-



ON GUARD AT NIGHT.

ier, we tried in vain to eke it out by the chase; for we saw no game. Two of us would go out hunting at a time, while the third kept guard over the prisoners. The latter would be made to sit down together on a blanket at one side of the fire, while the guard for the time being stood or sat some fifteen or twenty yards off. The prisoners being un-

We broke camp in the morning, on a point of land covered with brown, leafless, frozen cottonwoods; and in the afternoon we pitched camp on another point in the midst of a grove of the same stiff, dreary trees. The discolored river, whose eddies boiled into yellow foam, flowed always between the same banks of frozen mud or of muddy ice. And what



DOWN-STREAM.

armed, and kept close together, there was no possibility of their escaping, and the guard kept at such a distance that they could not overpower him by springing on him, he having a Winchester or the double-barreled shot-gun always in his hands cocked and at the ready. So long as we kept wide-awake and watchful, there was not the least danger, as our three men knew us, and understood perfectly that the slightest attempt at a break would result in their being shot down; but, although there was thus no risk, it was harassing, tedious work, and the strain, day in and day out, without any rest or let up, became very tiresome.

The days were monotonous to a degree. The endless rows of hills bounding the valley, barren and naked, stretched along without a break. When we rounded a bend, it was only to see on each hand the same lines of broken buttes dwindling off into the distance ahead of us as they had dwindled off into the distance behind. If, in hunting, we climbed to their tops, as far as our eyes could scan there was nothing but the great rolling prairie, bleak and lifeless, reaching off to the horizon.

was, from a practical standpoint, even worse, our diet began to be as same as the scenery. Being able to kill nothing, we exhausted all our stock of provisions and got reduced to flour, without yeast or baking-powder; and unleavened bread, made with exceedingly muddy water, is not, as a steady thing, attractive.

Finding that they were well treated and were also watched with the closest vigilance, our prisoners behaved themselves excellently and gave no trouble, though afterward, when out of our hands and shut up in jail, the half-breed got into a stabbing affray. They conversed freely with my two men on a number of indifferent subjects, and after the first evening no allusion was made to the theft, or anything connected with it; so that an outsider overhearing the conversation would never have guessed what our relations to each other really were. Once, and once only, did Finnigan broach the subject. Somebody had been speaking of a man whom we all knew, known as "Calamity," who had been recently taken by the sheriff on a charge of horse-stealing. Calamity had escaped once, but was caught at a disadvantage the next time;



"A SHARP PRELIMINARY TUSSLE."

nevertheless, when summoned to hold his hands up, he refused, and attempted to draw his own revolver, with the result of having two bullets put through him. Finnigan commented on Calamity as a fool for "not knowing when a man had the drop on him"; and then, suddenly turning to me, said, his weather-beaten face flashing darkly: "If I'd had any show at all, you'd have sure had to fight, Mr. Roosevelt; but there wasn't any use making a break when I'd only have got shot myself, with no chance of harming any one else." I laughed and nodded, and the subject was dropped.

Indeed, if the time was tedious to us, it must have seemed never-ending to our prisoners, who had nothing to do but to lie still and read, or chew the bitter cud of their reflections, always conscious that some pair of eyes was watching them every moment, and that at least one loaded rifle was ever ready to be used against them. They had quite a stock of books, some of a rather unexpected kind. Dime novels and the inevitable "History of the James Brothers"—a book that, together with the "Police Gazette," is to be found in the hands of every professed or putative ruffian in the West—seemed perfectly in place; but it was somewhat surprising to find that a large number of more or less drearily silly "society" novels, ranging from Ouida's to those of The

Duchess and Augusta J. Evans, were most greedily devoured.

Our commons grew shorter and shorter; and finally even the flour was nearly gone, and we were again forced to think seriously of abandoning the boats. The Indians had driven all the deer out of the country; occasionally we shot prairie fowl, but they were not plentiful. A flock of geese passed us one morning, and afterward an old gander settled down on the river near our camp; but he was over two hundred yards off, and a rifle-shot missed him.

But when the day was darkest the dawn appeared. At last, having worked down some thirty miles at the tail of the ice jam, we struck an outlying cow-camp of the C Diamond (C ◊) ranch, and knew that our troubles were almost over. There was but one cowboy in it, but we were certain of his cordial help, for in a stock country all make common cause against either horse-thieves or cattle-thieves. He had no wagon, but told us we could get one up at a ranch near Killdeer Mountains, some fifteen miles off, and lent me a pony to go up there and see about it—which I accordingly did, after a sharp preliminary tussle when I came to mount the wiry bronco. When I reached the solitary ranch spoken of, I was able to hire a large prairie schooner and two tough little bronco mares, driven by the settler

himself, a rugged old plainsman, who evidently could hardly understand why I took so much bother with the thieves instead of hanging them off-hand. Returning to the river the next day, we walked our men up to the Killdeer Mountains. Seawall and Dow left me the following morning, went back to the boats, and had no further difficulty, for the weather set in very warm, the ice went through with a rush, and they reached Mandan in about ten days, killing four beaver and five geese on the way, but lacking time to stop and do any regular hunting.

Meanwhile I took the three thieves in to

with them, except for the driver, of whom I knew nothing, I had to be doubly on my guard, and never let them come close to me. The little mares went so slowly, and the heavy road rendered any hope of escape by flogging up the horses so entirely out of the question, that I soon found the safest plan was to put the prisoners in the wagon and myself walk behind with the inevitable Winchester. Accordingly I trudged steadily the whole time behind the wagon through the ankle-deep mud. It was a gloomy walk. Hour after hour went by always the same, while I plodded along through the dreary landscape—hunger,



ON THE ROAD TO DICKINSON.

Dickinson, the nearest town. The going was bad, and the little mares could only drag the wagon at a walk, so, though we drove during the daylight, it took us two days and a night to make the journey. It was a most desolate drive. The prairie had been burned the fall before, and was a mere bleak waste of blackened earth, and a cold, rainy mist lasted throughout the two days. The only variety was where the road crossed the shallow headwaters of Knife and Green rivers. Here the ice was high along the banks, and the wagon had to be taken to pieces to get it over. My three captives were unarmed, but as I was alone

cold, and fatigue struggling with a sense of dogged, weary resolution. At night, when we put up at the squalid hut of a frontier granger, the only habitation on our road, it was even worse. I did not dare to go to sleep, but making my three men get into the upper bunk, from which they could get out only with difficulty, I sat up with my back against the cabin-door and kept watch over them all night long. So, after thirty-six hours' sleeplessness, I was most heartily glad when we at last jolted into the long, straggling main street of Dickinson, and I was able to give my unwilling companions into the hands of the sheriff.

Theodore Roosevelt.



Kemble
1897

And to think I used to scold him for his everlasting noise! —

THE ABSENCE OF LITTLE WESLEY.

SENCE little Wesley went, the place seems all so strange and still—
W'y, I miss his yell o' "Gran'pap!" as I 'd miss the whipperwill!
And to think I ust to scold him fer his everlastin' noise,
When I on'y rickollect him as the best o' little boys!
I wisht a hundred times a day 'at he 'd come trompin' in,
And all the noise he ever made was twic't as loud ag'in!—
It 'ud seem like some soft music played on some fine instrument,
'Longside o' this loud lonesomeness, sence little Wesley went!

Of course the clock don't tick no louder than it ust to do—
Yit now they 's times it 'pears like it 'ud bu'st itself in-two!
And, let a rooster, sudden-like, crow som'ers clo'st around,
And seems 's ef, mighty nigh it, it 'ud lift me off the ground!
And same with all the cattle when they bawl around the bars,
In the red o' airly mornin', er the dusk and dew and stars,
When the neighbors' boys 'at passes never stop, but jes go on,
A-whistlin' kind o' to theirse'v's — sence little Wesley 's gone!

And then, o' nights when Mother 's settin' up oncommon late,
A-bilin' pears er somepin, and I set and smoke and wait,
Tel the moon out through the winder don't look bigger 'n a dime,
And things keeps gittin' stiller — stiller — stiller all the time,—
I 've ketched myse'f a-wishin' like — as I climb on the cheer
To wind the clock, as I hev done fer more 'n fifty year'—
A-wishin' 'at the time hed come fer us to go to bed,
With our last prayers, and our last tears, sence little Wesley 's dead!

James Whitcomb Riley.

MILTON.*

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.



HE most eloquent voice of our century uttered, shortly before leaving the world, a warning cry against "the Anglo-Saxon contagion." The tendencies and aims, the view of life and the social economy of the ever-multiplying and spreading Anglo-Saxon race, would be found congenial, this prophet feared, by all the prose, all the vulgarity amongst mankind, and would invade and overpower all nations. The true ideal would be lost, a general sterility of mind and heart would set in.

The prophet had in view, no doubt, in the warning thus given, us and our colonies, but the United States still more. There the Anglo-Saxon race is already most numerous, there it increases fastest; there material interests are

most absorbing and pursued with most energy; there the ideal, the saving ideal, of a high and rare excellence, seems perhaps to suffer most danger of being obscured and lost. Whatever one may think of the general danger to the world from the Anglo-Saxon contagion, it appears to me difficult to deny that the growing greatness and influence of the United States does bring with it some danger to the ideal of a high and rare excellence. The *average man* is too much a religion there; his performance is unduly magnified, his shortcomings are not duly seen and admitted. A lady in the State of Ohio sent to me only the other day, a volume on American authors; the praise given throughout was of such high pitch that in thanking her I could not forbear saying that for only one or two of the authors named was such a strain of praise admissible, and that

* An address delivered in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, on the 13th of February, 1888, at the un-

we lost all real standard of excellence by praising so uniformly and immoderately. She answered me with charming good temper, that very likely I was quite right, but it was pleasant to her to think that excellence was common and abundant. But excellence is not common and abundant; on the contrary, as the Greek poet long ago said, excellence dwells among rocks hardly accessible, and a man must almost wear his heart out before he can reach her. Whoever talks of excellence as common and abundant, is on the way to lose all right standard of excellence. And when the right standard of excellence is lost, it is not likely that much which is excellent will be produced.

To habituate ourselves, therefore, to approve as the Bible says, things that are really excellent, is of the highest importance. And some apprehension may justly be caused by a tendency in Americans to take, or, at any rate, attempt to take, profess to take, the average man and his performances too seriously, to over-rate and over-praise what is not really superior.

But we have met here to-day to witness the unveiling of a gift in Milton's honor, and a gift bestowed by an American, Mr. Childs of Philadelphia; whose cordial hospitality so many Englishmen, I myself among the number, have experienced in America. It was only last autumn that Stratford upon Avon celebrated the reception of a gift from the same generous donor in honor of Shakspere. Shakspere and Milton—he who wishes to keep his standard of excellence high, cannot choose two better objects of regard and honor. And it is an American who has chosen them, and whose beautiful gift in honor of one of them, Milton, with Mr. Whittier's simple and true lines inscribed upon it, is unveiled to-day. Perhaps this gift in honor of Milton, of which I am asked to speak, is, even more than the gift in honor of Shakspere, one to suggest edifying reflections to us.

Like Mr. Whittier, I treat the gift of Mr. Childs as a gift in honor of Milton, although the window given is in memory of his second wife, Catherine Woodcock, the "late espoused saint" of the famous sonnet, who died in childbed at the end of the first year of her marriage with Milton, and who lies buried here with her infant. Milton is buried in Cripplegate, but he lived for a good while in this parish of St. Margaret's, Westminster, and here he composed part of "Paradise Lost," and the whole of "Paradise Regained" and "Samson Agonistes." When death deprived him of the Catherine whom the new window commemorates, Milton had still some eighteen years to live, and Cromwell, his "chief of men," was yet ruling

England. But the Restoration, with its "Sons of Belial," was not far off; and in the mean time Milton's heavy affliction had laid fast hold upon him, his eyesight had failed totally, he was blind. In what remained to him of life he had the consolation of producing the "Paradise Lost" and the "Samson Agonistes," and such a consolation we may indeed count as no slight one. But the daily life of happiness in common things and in domestic affections—a life of which, to Milton as to Dante, too small a share was given—he seems to have known most, if not only, in his one married year with the wife who is here buried. Her form "vested all in white," as in his sonnet he relates that after her death she appeared to him, her face veiled, but, with "love, sweetness and goodness" shining in her person,—this fair and gentle daughter of the rigid sectarist of Hackney, this lovable companion with whom Milton had rest and happiness one year, is a part of Milton indeed, and in calling up her memory, we call up his.

And in calling up Milton's memory we call up, let me say, a memory upon which, in prospect of the Anglo-Saxon contagion and of its dangers supposed and real, it may be well to lay stress even more than upon Shakspere's. If to our English race an inadequate sense for perfection of work is a real danger, if the discipline of respect for a high and flawless excellence is peculiarly needed by us, Milton is of all our gifted men the best lesson, the most salutary influence. In the sure and flawless perfection of his rhythm and diction he is as admirable as Virgil or Dante, and in this respect he is unique amongst us. No one else in English literature and art possesses the like distinction.

Thomson, Cowper, Wordsworth, all of them good poets who have studied Milton, followed Milton, adopted his form, fail in their diction and rhythm if we try them by that high standard of excellence maintained by Milton constantly. From style really high and pure Milton never departs; their departures from it are frequent.

Shakspere is divinely strong, rich, and attractive. But sureness of perfect style Shakspere himself does not possess. I have heard a politician express wonder at the treasures of political wisdom in a certain celebrated scene of "Troilus and Cressida"; for my part I am at least equally moved to wonder at the fantastic and false diction in which Shakspere has in that scene clothed them. Milton, from one end of "Paradise Lost" to the other, is in his diction and rhythm constantly a great artist in the great style. Whatever may be said as to the subject of his poem, as to the conditions under which he received his subject

and treated it, that praise, at any rate, is assured to him.

For the rest, justice is not at present done, in my opinion, to Milton's management of the inevitable matter of a Puritan epic, a matter full of difficulties, for a poet. Justice is not done to the *architectonics*, as Goethe would have called them, of "Paradise Lost"; in these, too, the power of Milton's art is remarkable. But this may be a proposition which requires discussion and development for establishing it, and they are impossible on an occasion like the present.

That Milton, of all our English race, is by his diction and rhythm the one artist of the highest rank in the great style whom we have; this I take as requiring no discussion, this I take as certain.

The mighty power of poetry and art is generally admitted. But where the soul of this power, of this power at its best, chiefly resides, very many of us fail to see. It resides chiefly in the refining and elevation wrought in us by the high and rare excellence of the great style. We may feel the effect without being able to give ourselves clear account of its cause, but the thing is so. Now, no race needs the influences mentioned, the influences of refining and elevation, more than ours; and in poetry and art our grand source for them is Milton.

To what does he owe this supreme distinction? To nature first and foremost, to that bent of nature for inequality which to the worshipers of the average man is so unacceptable; to a gift, a divine favor. "The older one grows," says Goethe, "the more one prizes natural gifts, because by no possibility can they be procured and stuck on." Nature formed Milton to be a great poet. But what other poet has shown so sincere a sense of the grandeur of his vocation, and a moral effort so constant and sublime to make and keep himself worthy of it? The Milton of religious and political controversy, and perhaps of domestic life also, is not seldom disfigured by want of amenity, by acerbity. The Milton of poetry, on the other hand is one of those great men, "who are modest" — to quote a fine remark of Leopardi, that gifted and stricken young Italian, who in his sense for poetic style is worthy to be named with Dante and Milton — "who are modest, because they continually compare themselves, not with other men, but with that idea of the perfect which they have before their mind." The Milton of poetry is the man, in his own magnificent phrase, of "devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit that can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his Seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and pu-

rify the lips of whom he pleases." And finally, the Milton of poetry is, in his own words again, the man of "industrious and select reading." Continually he lived in companionship with high and rare excellence, with the great Hebrew poets and prophets, with the great poets of Greece and Rome. The Hebrew compositions were not in verse, and can be not inadequately represented by the grand, measured prose of our English Bible. The verse of the poets of Greece and Rome no translation can adequately reproduce. Prose cannot have the power of verse; verse-translation may give whatever of charm is in the soul and talent of the translator himself, but never the specific charm of the verse and poet translated. In our race are thousands of readers, presently there will be millions, who know not a word of Greek and Latin and will never learn those languages. If this host of readers are ever to gain any sense of the power and charm of the great poets of antiquity, their way to gain it is not through translations of the ancients, but through the original poetry of Milton, who has the like power and charm, because he has the like great style.

Through Milton they may gain it, for, in conclusion, Milton is English; this master in the great style of the ancients is English. Virgil, whom Milton loved and honored, has at the end of the "Æneid" a noble passage, where Juno, seeing the defeat of Turnus and the Italians imminent, the victory of the Trojan invaders assured, entreats Jupiter that Italy may nevertheless survive and be herself still, may retain her own mind, manners, and language, and not adopt those of the conqueror.

Sit Latium, sint Albani per secula reges!

Jupiter grants the prayer; he promises perpetuity and the future to Italy — Italy re-enforced by whatever virtue the Trojan race has, but Italy, not Troy. This we may take as a sort of parable suiting ourselves. All the Anglo-Saxon contagion, all the flood of Anglo-Saxon commonness, beats vainly against the great style but cannot shake it, and has to accept its triumph. But it triumphs in Milton, in one of our own race, tongue, faith, and morals. Milton has made the great style no longer an exotic here; he has made it an inmate amongst us, a leaven, and a power. Nevertheless he, and his hearers on both sides of the Atlantic, are English and will remain English:

Sermonem Ausionii patrum moresque tenebunt.

The English race overspreads the world, and at the same time the ideal of an excellence the most high and the most rare abides a possession with it forever.

Matthew Arnold.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.*

THE BORDER STATES.

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

REBELLIOUS MARYLAND.



O sooner had the secession ordinance been secretly passed by the convention of Virginia than Governor Letcher notified Jefferson Davis of the event, and (doubtless by preconcert) invited him to send a commissioner from Montgomery to Richmond to negotiate an alliance. The adhesion of Virginia was an affair of such magnitude and pressing need to the cotton-States, that Davis made the Vice-President of the new Confederacy, Alexander H. Stephens, his plenipotentiary, who accordingly arrived at Richmond on the 22d of April. Here he found everything as favorable to his mission as he could possibly wish. The convention was filled with a newborn zeal of insurrection; many lately stubborn Union members were willingly accepting offices in the extemporized army of the State; the governor had that day appointed Robert E. Lee commander-in-chief of the Virginia forces, which choice the convention immediately confirmed. Stephens was shrewd enough to perceive that his real negotiation lay neither with the governor nor the convention, but with this newly created military chieftain. That very evening he invited Lee to a conference, at which the late Federal colonel forgot the sentiment written by his own hand two days before, that he never again desired to draw his sword except in defense of his native State,† and now expressed great eagerness for the proposed alliance. Lee being willing, the remainder of the negotiation was easy; and two days afterward (April 24) Stephens and certain members of the convention signed a formal military league, making Virginia an immediate member of the "Confederate States," and placing her armies under the command of Jefferson Davis — thus treating with contempt the convention proviso that the secession ordinance should only take effect after ratification by the people, the vote on which had been set for the fourth Thursday of May. Lee and others endured this military usurpation, under which they became

beneficiaries, without protest. No excuse for it could be urged. Up to this time not the slightest sign of hostility to Virginia had been made by the Lincoln administration — no threats, no invasion, no blockade; the burning of Harper's Ferry and Gosport were induced by the hostile action of Virginia herself. On the contrary, even after these, Mr. Lincoln repeated in writing, in a letter to Reverdy Johnson which will be presently quoted, the declarations made to the Virginia commissioners on the 13th, that he intended no war, no invasion, no subjugation — nothing but defense of the Government.

At the time of the Baltimore riot the telegraph was still undisturbed; and by its help, as well as by personal information and private letters, that startling occurrence and the succeeding insurrectionary uprising were speedily made known throughout the entire South, where they excited the liveliest satisfaction and most sanguine hopes. All the Southern newspapers immediately became clamorous for an advance on Washington; some of the most pronounced Richmond conspirators had all along been favorable to such an enterprise; and extravagant estimates of possibilities were telegraphed to Montgomery. They set forth that Baltimore was in arms, Maryland rising, Lincoln in a trap, and not more than 1200 regulars and 3000 volunteers in Washington; that the rebels had 3000 men at Harper's Ferry; that Governor Letcher had seized three to five steamers on the James River; that the connecting Southern railroads could carry 5000 to 7000 men daily at the rate of 350 miles per day.

As a leader we want Davis. An hour now is worth years of common fighting. One dash, and Lincoln is taken, the country saved, and the leader who does it will be immortalized.‡

This, from a railroad superintendent supposed to have practical skill in transportation, looked plausible. The Montgomery cabinet caught the enthusiasm of the moment, and on April 22 Jefferson Davis telegraphed to Governor Letcher at Richmond:

In addition to the forces heretofore ordered, requisitions have been made for 13 regiments; 8 to rendezvous at Lynchburg, 4 at Richmond, and 1 at Harper's Ferry. Sustain Baltimore, if practicable. We reinforce you.

* Lee to General Scott, April 20, 1861.

† Bird to Walker, April 20, 1861. War Records.

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This dispatch shows us what a farce even the Virginia military league was, since two days before its conclusion "foreign" rebel troops were already ordered to the "sacred soil" of the Old Dominion. Governor Letcher was doubtless willing enough to respond to the suggestion of Davis, but apparently had neither the necessary troops nor preparation. He had as yet been able to muster but a shadowy force on the line of the Potomac, notwithstanding his adjutant-general's pretentious report of the previous December. Nevertheless, hoping that events might ripen the opportunity into better conditions for success, he lost no time in sending such encouragement and help as were at his control. The rebel commander at Harper's Ferry had already communicated with the Baltimore authorities and effected a cordial understanding with them, and they promised to notify him of hostile menace or approach.* Mason, late senator, appears thereupon to have been dispatched to Baltimore.† He seems to have agreed to supply the Maryland rebels with such arms as Virginia could spare; and some 2000 muskets actually found their way to Baltimore from this source during the following week,‡ though an arrangement to send twenty cannon (32-pounders) to the same city from the Gosport navy yard § apparently failed.

But it would appear that the project of a dash at Washington found an unexpected obstacle in the counsels of Virginia's new military chief, Robert E. Lee, who assumed command of the State forces April 23.|| He instructed the officers at Alexandria and along the Potomac to act on the defensive, to establish camps of instruction, and collect men and provisions.¶ This course was little to the liking of some of the more ardent rebels. They telegraphed (in substance) that Davis's immediate presence at Richmond was essential; that his non-arrival was causing dissatisfaction; that the troops had no confidence in Lee and were murmuring; that there were signs of temporizing, hopes of a settlement without collision, and consequent danger of demoralization; that Lee "dwelt on enthusiasm North and against aggression from us." Said another dispatch:

Have conversed with General Robert E. Lee. He wishes to repress enthusiasm of our people. His troops not ready, although pouring in every hour. They remain here. General Cocke has three hundred and no more. Corps of observation on Potomac near Alexandria. He considers Maryland helpless, needing encouragement and succor. Believes twenty thousand men in and near Washington.**

* Harper to Richardson, April 21, 1861. War Records.

† Blanchard to Howard, April 23, 1861. McPherson, "History of the Rebellion."

‡ Stuart to Police Board, May 2, 1861. *Ibid.*, p. 394.

In no State were the secession plottings more determined or continuous than in Maryland. From the first a small but able and unwearying knot of Baltimore conspirators sought to commit her people to rebellion by the empty form of a secession ordinance. They made speeches, held conventions, besieged the governor with committees; they joined the Washington conspirators in treasonable caucus; they sent recruits to Charleston; they incited the Baltimore riot; and there is no doubt that in these doings they reflected a strong minority sentiment in the State. With such a man as Pickens or Letcher in the executive chair they might have succeeded, but in Governor Hicks they found a constant stumbling-block and an irremovable obstacle. He gave Southern commissioners the cold shoulder. He refused at first to call the legislature. He declined to order a vote on holding a convention. He informed General Scott of the rebel plots of Maryland, and testified of the treasonable designs before the investigating committee of Congress. His enemies have accused him of treachery, and cite in proof a letter which they allege he wrote a few days after Lincoln's election in which he inquired whether a certain militia company would be "good men to send out to kill Lincoln and his men." If the letter be not a forgery, it was at most an ill-judged and awkward piece of badinage; for his repeated declarations and acts leave no doubt that from first to last his heart was true to the Union. He had the serious fault of timidity, and in several instances foolishly gave way to popular clamor; but in every case he soon recovered and resumed his hostility to secession.

The Baltimore riot, as we have seen, put a stop to the governor's arrangements to raise and arm four regiments of Maryland volunteers, of picked Union men, for United States service within the State or at Washington. Instead of this, he, in the flurry of the uprising, called out the existing militia companies, mainly disloyal in sentiment and officered by secessionists. The Baltimore authorities collected arms, bought munitions, and improvised companies to resist the passage of troops; they forbade the export of provisions, regulated the departure of vessels, controlled the telegraph. General Stewart, commanding the State militia, established posts and patrols, and in effect Maryland became hostile territory to the North and to the Government. The Union flag disappeared from her soil. For three or

§ Watts to Lee, April 27, 1861. MS.

|| Lee, General Orders, April 23, 1861. War Records.

¶ Lee to Cocke, April 24, 1861. War Records.

** Duncan to Walker, April 26, 1861. MS.

four days treason was rampant; all Union men were intimidated; all Union expression or manifestation was suppressed by mob violence. The hitherto fearless Union newspapers, in order to save their offices and materials from destruction, were compelled to drift with the flood, and print editorials advising, in vague terms, that all must now unite in the defense of Maryland. It was in this storm and stress of insurrection that Governor Hicks protested against Butler's landing, and sent Lincoln his proposal of mediation;* and on the same day (April 22), and by the same influence, he was prevailed upon to notify the legislature to meet on the 26th. It so happened that the seats of the Baltimore members were vacant. A special election, dominated by the same passions, was held on the 24th. Only a "States Rights" ticket was voted for; and of the 30,000 electors in the city 9244, without opposition, elected the little knot of secession conspirators—the Union men not daring to nominate candidates or come to the polls.

For the moment the leading Unionists of Maryland deemed their true rôle one of patience and conciliation. In this spirit Reverdy Johnson, a lawyer and statesman of fame and influence both at home and abroad, came to Lincoln upon the stereotyped errand to obtain some assurance in writing that he mediated no invasion or subjugation of the South; to which the President confidentially replied:

I forebore to answer yours of the 22d because of my aversion (which I thought you understood) to getting on paper and furnishing new grounds for misunderstanding. I do say the sole purpose of bringing troops here is to defend this Capital. I do say I have no purpose to invade Virginia with them or any other troops, as I understand the word invasion. But suppose Virginia sends her troops, or admits others through her borders, to assail this Capital, am I not to repel them even to the crossing of the Potomac, if I can? Suppose Virginia erects, or permits to be erected, batteries on the opposite shore to bombard the city, are we to stand still and see it done? In a word, if Virginia strikes us, are we not to strike back, and as effectively as we can? Again, are we not to hold Fort Monroe (for instance), if we can? I have no objection to declare a thousand times that I have no purpose to invade Virginia or any other State, but I do not mean to let them invade us without striking back.^t

Mr. Johnson replied, thanking the President for his frankness, and indorsing all his

* War Records.

^t Lincoln to Johnson, April 24, 1861. Unpublished MS.

^t Johnson to Lincoln, April 24, 1861. Unpublished MS.

^g Campbell to Davis, April 28, 1861. Unpublished MS.

^{||} As the legislature, at its last session, had unseated

policy. "In a word," said he, "all that your note suggests would be my purpose were I intrusted with your high office." He also promised that the President's note should "be held perfectly confidential."^f But it appears that Mr. Johnson chose his confidants with very poor judgment; for within four days its substance was written from Washington direct to Jefferson Davis.^g

By no means the least of the difficult problems before Mr. Lincoln and his Cabinet was the question how to deal with the Maryland legislature, so unexpectedly called to assemble. The special election in Baltimore,^{||} held under secession terrorism, had resulted in the unopposed choice of ten delegates from the city, all believed to be disloyal, and several of them known to be conspicuous secessionists. With this fresh element of treason suddenly added to a legislative body so small in numbers, it seemed morally certain that its first act would be to arm the State, and pass something equivalent to a secession ordinance. Should this be permitted? How could it best be prevented? Ought the legislature to be arrested? Should it be dispersed by force? General Butler was at Annapolis, where it was expected that the session would be held, and signified his more than willingness to act in the matter. The plans were discussed in Cabinet with great contrariety of opinion. Some of the least belligerent of the President's councilors were by this time in hot blood over the repeated disasters and indignities which the Government had suffered, and began to indulge in the unreasoning temper and impatience of the irritated public opinion of the North, where one of the largest and most influential journals had already declared that the country needed a dictator. Mr. Bates filed a written opinion—in spirit a protest—declaring that the treasonable acts in Virginia and Maryland were encouraged by the fact that "we frighten nobody, we hurt nobody"; though he failed to suggest any other than merely vindictive remedies that were immediately feasible. Mr. Chase also partook of this frame of mind, and wrote the President a curt little note of querulous complaint, eminently prophetic of his future feelings towards and relations to Mr. Lincoln:

Let me beg you to remember that the disunionists have anticipated us in everything, and that as yet we

the delegates from Baltimore, a special election was held in that city on April 24. But one ticket was presented, and 9244 ballots were cast for Messrs. John C. Brune, Ross Winans, Henry M. Warfield, J. Hanson Thomas, T. Parkin Scott, H. M. Morfit, S. Teackle Wallis, Charles H. Pitts, Wm. G. Harrison, and Lawrence Sangston, the States Rights candidates.—Scharf, "History of Maryland," Vol. III., p. 424.

have accomplished nothing but the destruction of our own property. Let me beg you to remember also that it has been a darling object with the disunionists to secure the passage of a secession ordinance by Maryland. The passage of that ordinance will be the signal for the entry of disunion forces into Maryland. It will give a color of law and regularity to rebellion and thereby triple its strength. The custom-house in Baltimore will be seized and Fort McHenry attacked—perhaps taken. What next? Do not, I pray you, let this new success of treason be inaugurated in the presence of American troops. Save us from this new humiliation. A word to the brave old commanding general will do the work of prevention. You alone can give the word.*

The bad taste and injustice of such language consisted in its assumption that the President was somehow culpable for what had already occurred, whereas Mr. Chase had in the beginning been more conciliatory towards the rebels than had Mr. Lincoln.

With a higher conception of the functions of the presidential office, Mr. Lincoln treated public clamor and the fretfulness of Cabinet ministers with the same quiet toleration. Again, as before, and as ever afterward, he listened attentively to such advice as his Cabinet had to give, but reserved the decision to himself. He looked over the Attorney-General's legal notes, weighed the points of political expediency, canvassed carefully the probabilities of military advantage, and embodied his final directions in a letter to General Scott:

MY DEAR SIR: The Maryland legislature assembles to-morrow at Annapolis, and not improbably will take action to arm the people of that State against the United States. The question has been submitted to and considered by me, whether it would not be justifiable, upon the ground of necessary defense, for you, as Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army, to arrest or disperse the members of that body. I think it would not be justifiable, nor efficient for the desired object. *First*, they have a clearly legal right to assemble; and we cannot know in advance that their action will not be lawful and peaceful. And if we wait until they shall have acted, their arrest or dispersion will not lessen the effect of their action.

Secondly, we cannot permanently prevent their action. If we arrest them, we cannot long hold them as prisoners; and, when liberated, they will immediately reassemble and take their action. And precisely the same if we simply disperse them. They will immediately reassemble in some other place.

I therefore conclude that it is only left to the commanding general to watch and await their action, which, if it shall be to arm their people against the United States, he is to adopt the most prompt and efficient means to counteract, even if necessary to the bombardment of their cities; and, in the extremest necessity, the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*.†

* Chase to Lincoln, April 24, 1861. Schuckers, "Life of S. P. Chase."

† Lincoln to Scott, April 25, 1861. Unpublished MS.

‡ Scott to Butler, April 26, 1861. War Records.

§ Hicks, Special Message, April 27, 1861. "Rebellion Record."

Thus directed, General Scott wrote to General Butler on the following day:

In the absence of the undersigned, the foregoing instructions are turned over to Brigadier-General B. F. Butler of the Massachusetts Volunteers, or other officer commanding at Annapolis, who will carry them out in a right spirit; that is, with moderation and firmness. In the case of arrested individuals notorious for their hostility to the United States, the prisoners will be safely kept and duly cared for, but not surrendered except on the order of the commander aforesaid. †

At the last moment, however, conscious of the offenses which some of their members were meditating against the Government, the Maryland legislature abandoned the idea of meeting at Annapolis, and induced the governor to convene their special session at the town of Frederick. Here Governor Hicks sent them his special message on the 27th, reciting the recent occurrences, transmitting his correspondence with the various Federal authorities, and expressing the conviction "that the only safety of Maryland lies in preserving a neutral position between our brethren of the North and of the South." At the same time he admitted the right of transit for Federal troops, and counseled "that we shall array ourselves for Union and peace." § The lack of coherence and consistency in the message was atoned for by its underlying spirit of loyalty.

Meanwhile the plentiful arrival of volunteers enabled the Government to strengthen its hold upon Annapolis and the railroad.|| The military "Department of Annapolis" was created, and General Butler assigned to its command. This embraced twenty miles on each side of the railroad from Annapolis to Washington; ¶ and all of Maryland not included in these limits was left in General Patterson's "Department of Pennsylvania." Measures were taken to concentrate sufficient troops at Harrisburg and at Philadelphia to approach Baltimore in force from those quarters and permanently to occupy the city; and to give the military ample authority for every contingency, the President issued the following additional order to General Scott:

You are engaged in suppressing an insurrection against the laws of the United States. If at any point on or in the vicinity of any military line which is now or which shall be used between the city of Philadelphia and the city of Washington you find resistance which renders it necessary to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus* for the public safety, you personally, or through the officer in command at the point at which resistance occurs, are authorized to suspend that writ.**

|| Butler to Scott, April 27, 1861. War Records.

¶ General Orders, No. 12, April 27, 1861. War Records.

** Lincoln to Scott, April 27, 1861. McPherson,

"History of the Rebellion."

Having run its course about a week or ten days, the secession frenzy of Baltimore rapidly subsided. The railroad managers of that city once more tendered their services to the War Department; but Secretary Cameron, instead of giving them immediate encouragement, ordered that the Annapolis route be opened for public travel and traffic. Their isolation, first created by the bridge-burning, was thus continued and soon began to tell seriously upon their business interests, as well as upon the general industries and comfort of the city. On the 4th of May General Butler, under Scott's orders, moved forward and took post with two regiments at the Relay House, eight miles from Baltimore, where he could control the westward trains and cut off communication with Harper's Ferry. The significance of all these circumstances did not escape the popular observation and instinct. The Union newspapers took courage and once more printed bold leaders; the city government dismissed the rebel militia and permitted bridges and telegraphs to be repaired. Governor Hicks issued a proclamation for the election of members of Congress to attend the coming special session on the 4th of July; and also, by special message to the legislature and publication in the newspapers, repudiated the charge that he had consented to the bridge-burning. More than all, the Unionists of both city and State, gaining confidence with the strong evidences of reaction, began to hold meetings and conventions vigorously to denounce secession, and to demonstrate that they were in a decided majority.

Little by little loyalty and authority asserted themselves. About the 1st of May General Scott began preparing to reestablish the transit of troops through Baltimore, and on the 9th the first detachment since the riot of April 19 successfully made the journey. Some 1300 men in all, including Sherman's regular battery from Minnesota and 500 regulars from Texas, were brought in transports from Perryville and landed at Locust Point under the guns of the *Harriet Lane*, embarked in cars, and carried through South Baltimore. The city authorities, police, and a large concourse of people were present; and the precautions and arrangements were so thorough that not the slightest disturbance occurred. Four days after this (May 13) the railroad brought the first train from Philadelphia over its repaired track and restored bridges.

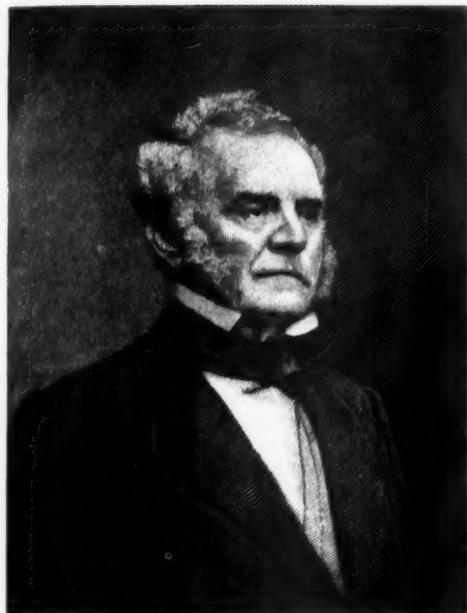
The Maryland legislature, finding its occupation gone, and yet nursing an obstinate secession sympathy, adjourned on May 14 to meet again on the 4th of June. About the same time the people of Baltimore underwent a surprise. Late on the evening of May 13,

under cover of an opportune thunder-storm, General Butler moved from the Relay House into the city with about a thousand men, the bulk of his force being the famous Massachusetts 6th, which had been mobbed there on the 19th of April. The movement was entirely unauthorized and called forth a severe rebuke from General Scott; but it met no opposition and was loudly applauded by the impatient public opinion of the North, which could ill comprehend the serious military risk it involved. The general carried his spirit of bravado still farther. He made his camp on Federal Hill, which he proceeded to fortify; and on the afternoon of the 14th sent a detachment of only thirty-five men to seize a lot of arms stored near the locality of the riot. The little squad of volunteers found the warehouse and were given possession of the arms,—2200 muskets sent from Virginia, and 4020 pikes of the John Brown pattern, made for the city by the Winans establishment during the riot week,—and loading them on thirty-five wagons and drays started for Fort McHenry over some of the identical streets where the Massachusetts men had been murdered by the mob. It was already late when this long procession got under way; large crowds collected, and riotous demonstrations of a threatening character were made at several points. Fortunately, the police gave efficient assistance, and what might easily have become an unnecessary sacrifice of life was by their vigilance averted.

Also coincident with this, the Union cause gained another signal advantage in Maryland. Governor Hicks's courage had risen with the ebb of disloyalty throughout the State; and as soon as the legislature was adjourned he issued his proclamation calling into the service of the United States the four regiments he originally promised under the President's call. These were rapidly formed, and became a part of the Union army under a new call. Amidst these fluctuations the more belligerent Maryland rebels also formed companies and went South—some to Richmond, some to the rebel camp at Harper's Ferry. But the fraction of military aid which Maryland finally gave to the rebellion rose to no special significance.

Out of these transactions, however, there arose a noteworthy judicial incident. A man named John Merryman, found recruiting as a lieutenant for one of these rebel companies, was arrested (May 25) and imprisoned in Fort McHenry. Chief-Judge Taney, then in Baltimore, being applied to, issued a writ of *habeas corpus* to bring the prisoner before him.* General Cadwalader, at this time in command, made a respectful reply to the writ, alleging

* Tyler, "Memoir R. B. Taney," pp. 640-642.



GOVERNOR T. H. HICKS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

Merryman's treason, and stating further that the President had authorized him to suspend the writ in such cases; and requested the Chief-Justice to postpone further action till the matter could be referred to the President.* This avowal aroused all the political ire of the Chief-Justice; he was struck with a judicial blindness which put disloyalty, conspiracy, treason, and rebellion utterly beyond his official contemplation. He saw not with the eye of a great judge the offended majesty of the law commanding the obedience of all citizens of the republic, but only, with a lawyer's microscopic acuteness, the disregard of certain technical forms and doubtful professional dicta. The personal restraint of one traitor in arms became of more concern to him than the endangered fate of representative government to the world.

The Chief-Justice immediately ordered an attachment to issue against General Cadwalader for contempt; upon which the marshal made return that he was unable to serve it, being denied entrance to Fort McHenry. Thereupon the Chief-Justice admitted the existence of a superior military force, but declared "that the President, under the Constitution of the United States, cannot suspend the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus*, nor authorize a military officer to do it," and

that Merryman ought therefore to be immediately discharged; and went on to say "that he should cause his opinion when filed, and all the proceedings, to be laid before the President, in order that he might perform his constitutional duty to enforce the laws by securing obedience to the process of the United States."

To this general purport the Chief-Justice filed his written opinion on the 1st of June,† and caused a copy to be transmitted to the President.

Of that opinion it will not be irrelevant to quote the criticism of one of the profoundest and most impartial jurists of that day:

Chief-Justice Taney's opinion in Merryman's case is not an authority. This, of course, is said in the judicial sense. But it is not even an argument, in the full sense. He does not argue the question from the language of the clause, nor from the history of the clause, nor from the principles of the Constitution, except by an elaborate depreciation of the President's office, even to the extent of making him, as Commander-in-Chief of the army, called from the States into the service of the United States, no more than an assistant to the marshal's posse—the deepest plunge of judicial rhetoric. The opinion, moreover, has a tone, not to say a ring, of disaffection to the President, and to the Northern and Western side of his house, which is not comfortable to suppose in the person who fills the central seat of impersonal justice.‡

To this estimate of the spirit of Chief-Justice Taney's view we may properly, by way of anticipation, here add President Lincoln's own official answer to its substance. No attention was of course paid to the transmitted papers; but the President at the time of their receipt was already engaged in preparing his message to the coming special session of Congress, and in that document he presented the justification of his act. The original draft of the message, in Lincoln's autograph manuscript, thus defines the executive authority with that force of statement and strength of phraseology of which he was so consummate a master:

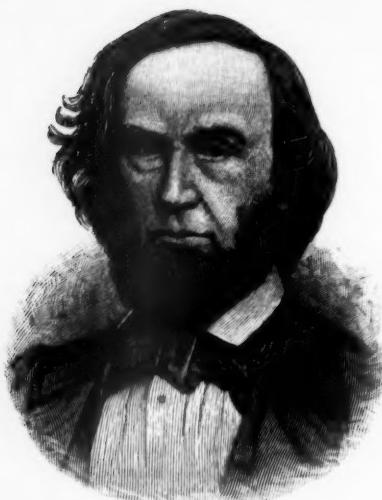
Soon after the first call for militia, I felt it my duty to authorize the commanding general, in proper cases, according to his discretion, to suspend the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus*—or, in other words, to arrest and detain, without resort to the ordinary processes and forms of law, such individuals as he might deem dangerous to the public safety. At my verbal request, as well as by the general's own inclination, this authority has been exercised but very sparingly. Nevertheless, the legality and propriety of what has been done under it are questioned; and I have been reminded from a high quarter that one who is sworn to "take care that the laws be faithfully executed" should not himself be one to violate them. Of course I gave some consideration to the questions of power and

* Tyler, "Memoir R. B. Taney," pp. 643, 644.

† Ibid., pp. 644-659.

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‡ Horace Binney, "The Privilege of the Writ of Habeas Corpus," Part I., p. 36.



GOVERNOR CLAIBORNE F. JACKSON.

propriety before I acted in this matter. The whole of the laws which I have sworn to take care that they be faithfully executed were being resisted, and failing to be executed, in nearly one-third of the States. Must I have allowed them to finally fail of execution, even had it been perfectly clear that by the use of the means necessary to their execution some single law, made in such extreme tenderness of the citizen's liberty, that practically it relieves more of the guilty than the innocent, should, to a very limited extent, be violated? To state the question more directly, are all the laws but one to go unexecuted, and the Government itself go to pieces, lest that one be violated? Even in such a case I should consider my official oath broken, if I should allow the Government to be overthrown, when I might think the disregarding the single law would tend to preserve it. But in this case I was not, in my own judgment, driven to this ground. In my opinion, I violated no law. The provision of the Constitution that "The privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* shall not be suspended unless when, in cases of rebellion or invasion, the public safety may require it," is equivalent to a provision — is a provision — that such privilege may be suspended when, in cases of rebellion or invasion, the public safety does require it. I decided that we have a case of rebellion, and that the public safety does require the qualified suspension of the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus*, which I authorized to be made. Now it is insisted that Congress, and not the executive, is vested with this power. But the Constitution itself is silent as to which, or who, is to exercise the power; and as the provision plainly was made for a dangerous emergency, I cannot bring myself to believe that the framers of that instrument intended that in every case the danger should run its course until Congress could be called together, the very assembling of which might be prevented, as was intended in this case by the rebellion.*

The alterations and corrections from this first draft into the more impersonal form as finally sent to Congress and officially printed,

* Lincoln, Special Message, July 4, 1861. Autograph MS. of original draft.

but nowise changing its argument or substance, are also entirely in Lincoln's handwriting. That second and corrected form better befits the measured solemnity of a State paper. But in the language quoted above we seem brought into direct contact with the living workings of Lincoln's mind, and in this light the autograph original possesses a peculiar biographical interest and value.

MISSOURI.

THE governor of Missouri, Claiborne F. Jackson, was early engaged in the secession conspiracy, though, like other border-State executives, he successfully concealed his extreme designs from the public. There was an intolerant pro-slavery sentiment throughout the State; but, unlike other border States, it contained a positive and outspoken minority of equally strong antislavery citizens in a few localities, chiefly in the great commercial city of St. Louis, and made up mainly of its German residents and voters, numbering fully one-half the total population, which in 1860 was 160,000. This was the solitary exception to the general pro-slavery reaction in the whole South during the decade. Here, in 1856, a young, talented, courageous leader and skillful politician, Francis P. Blair, Jr., though himself a slaveholder, had dared to advocate the doctrine and policy of gradual emancipation, and on that issue secured an election to Congress. The same issue repeated in 1858 brought him sufficiently near an election to entitle him to contest his opponent's seat. In 1860 Blair and his followers, now fully acting with the Republican party, cast 17,028 votes for Lincoln, while the remaining votes in the State were divided as follows: Douglas, 58,801; Bell, 58,372; Breckinridge, 31,317. Blair was also again elected to Congress. The combined Lincoln, Douglas, and Bell vote showed an overwhelming Union majority; but the governor elected by the Douglas plurality almost immediately became a disunionist and secession conspirator.

With Blair as a leader, and such an organized minority at his call, the intrigues of Governor Jackson to force Missouri into secession met from the outset with many difficulties, notwithstanding the governor's official powers, influential following, and the prevalent pro-slavery opinion of the State. The legislature was sufficiently subservient; it contained a majority of radical secessionists, and only about fifteen unconditional Union members, who, however, were vigilant and active, and made the most of their minority influence. The same general expedients resorted to in other States by the conspirators were used in

Missouri—visits and speeches from Southern commissioners; messages and resolutions of "Southern" rights and sympathy and strong enunciation of the doctrine of non-coercion; military bills and measures to arm and control the State; finally, a "sovereign" State Convention. Here they overshot their mark. A strong majority of Union members was elected. The convention met at Jefferson City, the State capital, adjourned to the healthier atmosphere of St. Louis, and by an outspoken report and decided votes condemned secession and took a recess till December following.

The secession leaders, however, would not accept their popular defeat. In the interim Sumter fell, and Lincoln issued his call for troops. Governor Jackson, as we have seen, insultingly denounced the requisition as "illegal, unconstitutional, revolutionary, inhuman, and diabolical," and again convened his rebel legislature in extra session to do the revolutionary work which the "sovereign" Missouri convention had so recently condemned.

It was an essential feature of Governor Jackson's programme to obtain possession of the St. Louis arsenal, and as early as January he had well-nigh completed his intrigue for its surrender to the State by a treacherous officer. But suspicion was aroused, the commandant changed, and the arsenal reënforced; by the middle of February the garrison had been increased to 488 regulars and recruits. In the mean time local intrigue was active. The secessionists organized bodies of "Minute men" to capture it, while the Union men with equal alertness formed a safety committee, and companies of Home Guards to join in its defense. These latter were largely drawn from the German part of the city, to which the arsenal lay contiguous, and their guardianship over it was therefore more direct and effective. Lincoln was inaugurated, and making Montgomery Blair his postmaster-general and Edward Bates his attorney-general, Missouri had virtually two representatives in the Cabinet. Francis P. Blair, Jr., brother of Montgomery, therefore found no great difficulty in having the command of the arsenal given to Captain Nathaniel Lyon, not only a devoted soldier, but a man of thorough anti-slavery convictions. Lyon was eager to forestall the secession conspiracy by extensive preparation and swift repression; but the depart-

ment commander, General Harney, and the ordnance officer, Major Hagner, whom Lyon had displaced, both of more slow and cautious temper, and reflecting the local political conservatism, thwarted and hampered Lyon and Blair, who from the beginning felt and acted in concert. No great difficulty grew out of this antagonism till the President's call for troops; then it created discussion, delay, want of coöperation. Blair could not get his volunteers mustered into service, and Governor Yates of Illinois could get no arms. The President finally grew impatient. Harney was relieved and called to Washington, and Lyon



MAJOR-GENERAL FRANCIS P. BLAIR, JR. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

directed to muster-in and arm the four Missouri regiments of volunteers with all expedition, and to send the extra arms to Springfield, Illinois, while three Illinois regiments were ordered to St. Louis to assist in guarding the arsenal.

These orders were issued in Washington on April 20. By this time St. Louis, like the whole Union, was seething with excitement, except that public opinion was more evenly divided than elsewhere. There were Union speeches and rebel speeches; cheers for Lin-

coln and cheers for Davis; Union flags and rebel flags; Union headquarters and rebel headquarters. With this also there was mingled a certain antipathy of nationality, all the Germans being determined Unionists. The antagonism quickly grew into armed organizations. The Unionists were mustered, armed, and drilled at the arsenal as United States volunteers. On the other hand Governor Jackson, having decided on revolution, formed at St. Louis a nominal camp of instruction under the State militia laws. The camp was established at Lindell's Grove, was christened "Camp Jackson," in honor of the governor, and was commanded by Brigadier-General D. M. Frost, a West Point graduate. Two regiments quickly assembled, and a third was in process of formation. The flag of the United States still floated over it and many Unionists were in the ranks of the old holiday parade militia companies, but the whole leadership and animating motive were in aid of rebellion: it was already literally one of Jefferson Davis's outposts. As soon as Governor Jackson had avowed his treason, he dispatched two confidential agents to Montgomery to solicit arms and aid, by whom Jefferson Davis wrote in reply:

After learning as well as I could from the gentlemen accredited to me what was most needful for the attack on the arsenal, I have directed that Captains Green and Duke should be furnished with two 12-pounder howitzers and two 32-pounder guns, with the proper ammunition for each. These from the commanding hills will be effective, both against the garrison and to breach the inclosing walls of the place. I concur with you as to the great importance of capturing the arsenal and securing its supplies, rendered doubly important by the means taken to obstruct your commerce and render you unarmed victims of a hostile invasion. We look anxiously and hopefully for the day when the star of Missouri shall be added to the constellation of the Confederate States of America.*

In reality he already regarded the "star" as in the "constellation." Three days later the rebel Secretary of War wrote to the governor:

Can you arm and equip one regiment of infantry for service in Virginia to rendezvous at Richmond? Transportation will be provided by this Government. The regiment to elect its own officers, and must enlist for not less than twelve months, unless sooner discharged.†

In face of the overwhelming Union sentiment of Missouri, so lately manifested by the

* Davis to Jackson, April 23, 1861. War Records.
† Walker to Jackson, April 26, 1861. War Records.
‡ Jackson to Walker, May 5, 1861. War Records.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL NATHANIEL LYON.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

action of the State convention, Governor Jackson was not prepared for so bold a proceeding, and therefore wrote in reply:

Yours of the 26th ultimo, *via* Louisville, is received. I have no legal authority to furnish the men you desire. Missouri, you know, is yet under the tyranny of Lincoln's government—so far, at least, as forms go. We are woefully deficient here in arms and cannot furnish them at present; but so far as men are concerned we have plenty of them ready, willing, and anxious to march at any moment to the defense of the South. Our legislature has just met, and I doubt not will give me all necessary authority over the matter. If you can arm the men they will go whenever wanted, and to any point where they may be most needed. I send this to Memphis by private hand, being afraid to trust our mails or telegraphs. Let me hear from you by the same means. Missouri can and will put one hundred thousand men in the field if required. We are using every means to arm our people, and until we are better prepared must move cautiously. I write this in confidence. With my prayers for your success, etc.‡

First to capture the arsenal and then to reinforce the armies of Jefferson Davis was doubtless the immediate object of Camp Jackson. It would be a convenient nucleus which at the given signal would draw to itself similar elements from different parts of the State. Already the arsenal at Liberty—the same one from which arms were stolen to overawe Kansas in 1855—had been seized on April 20 and its contents appropriated by secessionists in western Missouri. Jeff M. Thompson had been for some weeks drilling a rebel camp at St. Joseph, and threatening the neighboring arsenal at Leavenworth. The legislature was maturing a comprehensive military bill which would give the governor power to concentrate and use these scattered fractions of regiments. Until this was passed, Camp Jackson had a lawful existence under the old militia laws.

But the Union Safety Committee, and especially Mr. Blair and Captain Lyon, followed the governor's intrigue at every step, and reporting the growing danger to Washington received from President Lincoln extraordinary powers to overcome it. An order to Captain Lyon read as follows:

The President of the United States directs that you enroll in the military service of the United States the loyal citizens of St Louis and vicinity, not exceeding, with those heretofore enlisted, ten thousand in number, for the purpose of maintaining the authority of the United States for the protection of the peaceable inhabitants of Missouri; and you will, if deemed necessary for that purpose by yourself and by Messrs. Oliver T. Filley, John How, James O. Broadhead, Samuel T. Glover, J. Witzig, and Francis P. Blair, Jr., proclaim martial law in the city of St. Louis, etc.*

It was upon this order, with certain additional details, that General Scott made the indorsement, "It is revolutionary times, and therefore I do not object to the irregularity of this."

The Union Safety Committee soon had indisputable evidence of the insurrectionary purposes and preparations. On the night of May 8 cannon, ammunition, and several hundred muskets, sent by Jefferson Davis, were landed at the St. Louis levee from a New Orleans steamer, and at once transferred to Camp Jackson. They had been brought from the arsenal at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and were a part of the United States arms captured there in January by the governor of that State. The proceeding did not escape the vigilance of the Safety Committee, but the material of war was allowed to go unobstructed to the camp. The next day Captain Lyon visited Camp Jackson in disguise, and thus acquainting himself personally with its condition, strategical situation, and surroundings matured his plan for its immediate capture. All legal obstacles which had been urged

against such a summary proceeding were now removed by the actual presence in the camp of the hostile supplies brought from Baton Rouge.

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon of May 10 a strong battalion of regulars with six pieces of artillery, four regiments of Missouri Volunteers, and two regiments of Home Guards, all under command of Captain Lyon, were rapidly marching through different streets to Camp Jackson. Arrived there, it was but a moment's work to gain the appointed positions surrounding the camp, and to plant the batteries, ready for action, on commanding elevations. General Frost heard of their coming, and undertook to avert the blow by sending Lyon a letter denying that he or his command, or "any other part of the State forces," meant any hostility to the United States—though it was himself who had endeavored to corrupt the commandant of the arsenal in January,† and who, in a letter to the governor,‡ had outlined and recommended these very military proceedings in Missouri, convening the legislature, obtaining heavy guns from Baton Rouge, seizing the Liberty arsenal, and establishing this camp of instruction, expressly to oppose President Lincoln.

So far from being deterred from his purpose, Lyon refused to receive Frost's letter; and, as soon as his regiments were posted, sent a written demand for the immediate surrender of Camp Jackson, "with no other condition than that all persons surrendering under this demand shall be humanely and kindly treated." The case presented no alternative; and seeing that he was dealing with a resolute man, Frost surrendered with the usual protest. Camp and property were taken in possession; arms were stacked, and preparation made to march the prisoners to the arsenal, where on the following day they were paroled and disbanded.

Up to this time everything had proceeded without casualty, or even turbulent disorder; but an immense assemblage of the street populace followed the march and crowded about the camp. Most of them were peaceful spectators whose idle curiosity rendered them forgetful of danger; but among the number was the usual proportion of lawless city rowdies, of combative instincts, whose very nature impelled them to become the foremost elements of disorder and revolution. Many of them had rushed to the scene of expected conflict with such weapons as they could seize; and now as the homeward march began they pressed defiantly upon the troops, with cheers for Jeff Davis and

* Cameron to Lyon, April 30, 1861. War Records.

† Frost to Jackson, January 24, 1861. Peckham, "General Nathaniel Lyon," p. 43.

‡ Frost to Jackson, April 15, 1861. Ibid., p. 147.

insults and bitter imprecations upon the soldiers. It seems a fatality that when a city mob in anger and soldiers with loaded guns are by any circumstances thrown into close contact it produces the same incidents and results. There are insult and retort, a rush and a repulse; then comes a shower of missiles, finally a pistol-shot, and after it a return volley from the troops, followed by an irregular fusilade from both sides. Who began it, or how it was done, can never be ascertained. It so happened on this occasion, both at the head and rear of the marching column and during a momentary halt; and, as usual, the guilty escaped, and innocent men, women, and children fell in their blood, while the crowd fled pell-mell in mortal terror. Two or three soldiers and some fifteen citizens were killed and many wounded.

As at Baltimore, the event threw St. Louis into the excitement of a general riot. Gun stores were broken into and newspaper offices threatened; but the police checked the outbreak, though public tranquillity and safety were not entirely restored for several days.

Aside from its otherwise deplorable results, the riot produced, or rather magnified, a military and political complication. On the day after the capture of Camp Jackson, General Harney returned from Washington, and once more assumed command. His journey also was eventful. Arrested by the rebels at Harper's Ferry, he had been sent to Richmond; there the authorities, anxious to win him over to secession by kindness, set him at liberty. Proof against their blandishments, however, he merely thanked them for their courtesy, and, loyal soldier as he was, proceeded to his superiors and his duty at Washington. This circumstance greatly aided his explanations and excuses before General Scott, President Lincoln, and the Cabinet, and secured his restoration as Department Commander.

But his return to St. Louis proved ill timed. His arrival there in the midst of the excitement over the capture of Camp Jackson and the riot emphasized and augmented the antagonism between the radical Unionists, led by Blair and Lyon, and the pro-slavery and conservative Unionists, who now made the general their rallying point. Paying too much attention to the complaints and relying too blindly upon the false representations and promises of secession conspirators like Frost, and greatly underrating the active elements of rebellion in Missouri, Harney looked coldly upon the volunteers and talked of disbanding the Home Guards. This brought him into conflict with the Union Safety Committee and President Lincoln's orders. Delegations of equally influential citizens representing both sides went to

Washington, in a stubborn mistrust of each other's motives. In their appeal to Lincoln, Lyon's friends found a ready advocate in Mr. Blair, Postmaster-General, and Harney's friends in Mr. Bates, the Attorney-General; and the Missouri discord was thus in a certain degree, and at a very early date, transplanted into the Cabinet itself. This local embitterment in St. Louis beginning here ran on for several years, and in its varying and shifting phases gave the President no end of trouble in his endeavor from first to last to be just to each faction.

Harney was strongly intrenched in the personal friendship of General Scott; besides, he was greatly superior in army rank, being a brigadier-general, while Lyon was only a captain. On the other hand, Lyon's capture of Camp Jackson had shown his energy, courage, and usefulness, and had given him great popular éclat. Immediately to supersede him seemed like a public censure. It was one of the many cases where unforeseen circumstances created a dilemma, involving irritated personal susceptibilities and delicate questions of public expediency.

President Lincoln took action promptly and firmly, though tempered with that forbearance by which he was so constantly enabled to extract the greatest advantage out of the most perplexing complications. The delegations from Missouri with their letters arrived on May 16, a week after the Camp Jackson affair. Having heard both sides, Lincoln decided that in any event Lyon must be sustained. He therefore ordered that Harney should be relieved, and that Lyon be made a brigadier-general of volunteers. In order, however, that this change might not fall too harshly, Lincoln did not make his decision public, but wrote confidentially to Frank Blair, under date of May 18:

MY DEAR SIR: We have a good deal of anxiety here about St. Louis. I understand an order has gone from the War Department to you, to be delivered or withheld in your discretion, relieving General Harney from his command. I was not quite satisfied with the order when it was made, though on the whole I thought it best to make it; but since then I have become more doubtful of its propriety. I do not write now to countermand it, but to say I wish you would withhold it, unless in your judgment the necessity to the contrary is very urgent. There are several reasons for this. We had better have him a friend than an enemy. It will dissatisfy a good many who otherwise would be quiet. More than all, we first relieve him, then restore him, and now if we relieve him again the public will ask, "Why all this vacillation?" Still, if in your judgment it is indispensable, let it be so.

Upon receipt of this letter both Blair and Lyon, with commendable prudence, determined to carry out the President's suggestion. Since Harney's return from Washington his words and acts had been more in conformity

with their own policy. He had published a proclamation defending and justifying the capture of Camp Jackson, and declaring that "Missouri must share the destiny of the Union," and that the whole power of the United States would be exerted to maintain her in it. Especially was the proclamation unsparing in its denunciation of the recent military bill of the rebel legislature.

This bill cannot be regarded in any other light than an indirect secession ordinance, ignoring even the forms resorted to by other States. Manifestly its most material provisions are in conflict with the Constitution and laws of the United States. To this extent it is a nullity, and cannot, and ought not to, be upheld. . . . Within the field and scope of my command and authority the supreme law of the land must and shall be maintained, and no subterfuges, whether in the form of legislative acts or otherwise, can be permitted to harass or oppress the good and law-abiding people of Missouri. I shall exert my authority to protect their persons and property from violations of every kind, and I shall deem it my duty to suppress all unlawful combinations of men, whether formed under pretext of military organizations, or otherwise.*

He also suggested to the War Department the enlistment of Home Guards and the need of additional troops in Missouri. So far as mere theory and intention could go, all this was without fault. There can be no question of Harney's entire loyalty, and of his skill and courage as a soldier dealing with open enemies. Unfortunately, he did not possess the adroitness and daring necessary to circumvent the secret machinations of traitors.

Governor Jackson, on the contrary, seems to have belonged by nature and instinct to the race of conspirators. He and his rebel legislature, convened in special session at Jefferson City, were panic-stricken by the news of the capture of Camp Jackson. On that night of May 10 the governor, still claiming and wielding the executive power of the State, sent out a train to destroy the telegraph and to burn the railroad bridge over the Osage River, in order to keep the bayonets of Lyon and Blair at a safe distance. At night the legislature met for business, the secession members belted with pistols and bowie-knives, with guns lying across their desks or leaning against chairs and walls, while sentinels and soldiers filled the corridors and approaches. The city was in an uproar; the young ladies of the female seminary and many families were moved across the river for security.† All night long the secession governor and his secession majority hurried their treasonable legislation through the mere machinery of parliamentary forms. It was under these conditions that the

famous military bill and kindred acts were passed. It appropriated three millions; authorized the issue of bonds; diverted the school fund; anticipated two years' taxes; made the governor a military dictator, and ignored the Federal Government. It was in truth, as Harney called it, "an indirect secession ordinance."

Armed with these revolutionary enactments, but still parading his State authority, Governor Jackson undertook cautiously to consolidate his military power. Ex-Governor Sterling Price was appointed Major-General commanding the Missouri State Guard; who, more conveniently to cloak the whole conspiracy, now sought an interview with Harney, and entered with him into a public agreement, vague and general in its terms, "of restoring peace and good order to the people of the State in subordination to the laws of the general and State governments."

General Price, having by commission full authority over the militia of the State of Missouri, undertakes, with the sanction of the governor of the State, already declared, to direct the whole power of the State officers to maintain order within the State among the people thereof, and General Harney publicly declares that, this object being thus assured, he can have no occasion, as he has no wish, to make military movements which might otherwise create excitements and jealousies, which he most earnestly desires to avoid.‡

Blinded and lulled by treacherous professions, Harney failed to see that this was evading the issue and committing the flock to the care of the wolf. Price's undertaking to "maintain order" was, in fact, nothing else than the organization of rebel companies at favorable points in the State, and immediately brought a shower of Union warnings and complaints to Harney. Within a week the information received caused him to notify Price of these complaints, and of his intention to organize Union Home Guards for protection.§ More serious still, reliable news came that an invasion was threatened from the Arkansas border. Price replied with his blandest assurances, denying everything. The aggressions, he said, were acts of irresponsible individuals. To organize Home Guards would produce neighborhood collision and civil war. He should carry out the agreement to the letter. Should troops enter Missouri from Arkansas or any other State he would "cause them to return instanter."||

Harney, taking such declarations at their surface value, and yielding himself to the suggestions and advice of the St. Louis conservatives who disliked Lyon and hated Blair, remained inactive, notwithstanding a sharp

* Harney, Proclamation, May 14, 1861. War Records.

† Peckham, "General Nathaniel Lyon," pp. 168-178.
‡ Price, Harney Agreement, May 21, 1861. War Records.

§ Harney to Price, May 27, 1861. War Records.

|| Price to Harney, May 28 and May 29. War Records.

admonition from Washington. The Adjutant-General wrote :

The President observes with concern that notwithstanding the pledge of the State authorities to coöperate in preserving peace in Missouri, loyal citizens in great numbers continue to be driven from their homes. . . . The professions of loyalty to the Union by the State authorities of Missouri are not to be relied upon. They have already falsified their professions too often, and are too far committed to secession, to be entitled to your confidence, and you can only be sure of their desisting from their wicked purposes when it is out of their power to prosecute them. You will therefore be unceasingly watchful of their movements, and not permit the clamors of their partisans and opponents of the wise measures already taken to prevent you from checking every movement against the Government, however disguised, under the pretended State authority. The authority of the United States is paramount, and whenever it is apparent that a movement, whether by color of State authority or not, is hostile, you will not hesitate to put it down.*

Harney had announced this identical policy in his proclamation of May 14. The difficulty was that he failed to apply and enforce his own doctrines, or rather that he lacked penetration to discern the treachery of the State authorities. He replied to the War Department:

My confidence in the honor and integrity of General Price, in the purity of his motives, and in his loyalty to the Government remains unimpaired. His course as President of the State Convention that voted by a large majority against submitting an ordinance of secession, and his efforts since that time to calm the elements of discord, have served to confirm the high opinion of him I have for many years entertained.†

Lyon and Blair were much better informed, and the latter wrote to Lincoln:

. . . I have to-day delivered to General Harney the order of the 16th of May above mentioned relieving him, feeling that the progress of events and condition of affairs in this State make it incumbent upon me to assume the grave responsibility of this act, the discretionary power in the premises having been given me by the President.‡

The President and the Secretary of War duly sustained the act.

This change of command soon brought matters in Missouri to a crisis. The State authorities were quickly convinced that Lyon would tolerate no evasion, temporizing, or misunderstanding. They therefore asked an interview; and Lyon sent Governor Jackson

and General Price a safeguard to visit St. Louis. They on the one part, and Lyon and Blair on the other, with one or two witnesses, held an interview of four hours on June 11. The governor proposed that the State should remain neutral; that he would not attempt to organize the militia under the military bill, on condition that the Union Home Guards should be disarmed and no further Federal troops should be stationed in Missouri. Lyon rejected this proposal, insisting that the governor's rebel "State Guards" should be disarmed and the military bill abandoned, and that the Federal Government should enjoy its unrestricted right to move and station its troops throughout the State, to repel invasion or protect its citizens. This the governor refused.

So the discussion terminated. Jackson and Price hurried by a special train back to Jefferson City, burning bridges as they went. Arrived at the capital, the governor at once published a proclamation of war. He recited the interview and its result, called fifty thousand militia into the active service of the State, and closed his proclamation by coupling together the preposterous and irreconcilable announcements of loyalty to the United States and declaration of war against them — a very marvel of impudence, even among the numerous kindred curiosities of secession literature.§

This sudden announcement of active hostility did not take Lyon by surprise. Thoroughly informed of the conspirators' plans, he had made his own preparations for equally energetic action. Though Jackson had crippled the railroad, the Missouri River was an open military highway, and numerous swift steam-boats lay at the St. Louis wharf. On the afternoon of June 13 he embarked one of his regular batteries and several battalions of his Missouri Volunteers, and steamed with all possible speed up the river to Jefferson City, the capital of the State, leading the movement in person. He arrived on the 15th of June, and, landing, took possession of the town without resistance, and raised the Union flag over the State-house. The governor and his adherents hurriedly fled, his Secretary of State carrying off the great seal with which to certify future pretended official acts.

But it is equally my duty to advise you that your first allegiance is due to your own State, and that you are under no obligation whatever to obey the unconstitutional edicts of the military despotism which has enthroned itself at Washington, nor to submit to the infamous and degrading sway of its wicked minions in this State. No brave and true-hearted Missourian will obey one or submit to the other. Rise, then, and drive out ignominiously the invaders who have dared to desecrate the soil which your labors have made fruitful, and which is consecrated by your homes. [Jackson, Proclamation, June 12, 1861. Peckham, "General Nathaniel Lyon," p. 252.]

* Thomas to Harney, May 27, 1861. War Records.

† Harney to Thomas, June 5, 1861. War Records.

‡ F. P. Blair, Jr., to the President, May 30, 1861. Peckham, "General Nathaniel Lyon," p. 223.

§ In issuing this proclamation I hold it to be my solemn duty to remind you that Missouri is still one of the United States; that the Executive Department of the State government does not arrogate to itself the power to disturb that relation; that that power has been wisely vested in a convention which will at the proper time express your sovereign will; and that meanwhile it is your duty to obey all constitutional requirements of the Federal Government.

There had been no time for the rebellion to gather any head at the capital; but at the town of Boonville, fifty miles farther up the river, General Price was collecting some fragments of military companies. This nucleus of opposition Lyon determined also to destroy. Leaving but a slight guard at the capital, he reembarked his force next day, and reaching Boonville on the 17th landed without difficulty, and put the half-formed rebel militia to flight after a spirited but short skirmish. General Price prudently kept away from the encounter; and Governor Jackson, who had come hither, and who witnessed the disaster from a hill two miles distant, once more betook himself to flight. Two on the Union and fifteen on the rebel side were killed.

This affair at Boonville was the outbreak of open warfare in Missouri, though secret military aggression against the United States Government had been for nearly six months carried on by the treasonable State officials, aided as far as possible by the conspiracy in the cotton-States.

The local State government of Missouri, thus broken by the hostility of Governor Jackson and subordinate officials, was soon regularly restored. It happened that the Missouri State convention, chosen, as already related, with the design of carrying the State into rebellion, but which, unexpectedly to the conspirators, remained true to the Union, had, on adjourning its sessions from March to December, wisely created an emergency committee with power to call it together upon any necessary occasion. This committee now issued its call, under which the convention assembled in Jefferson City on the 22d of July. Many of its members had joined the rebellion, but a full constitutional quorum remained, and took up the task of reconstituting the disorganized machinery of civil administration. By a series of ordinances it declared the State offices vacant, abrogated the military bill and other treasonable legislation, provided for new elections, and finally, on the 31st of July, inaugurated a provisional government, which thereafter made the city of St. Louis its official headquarters. Hamilton R. Gamble, a conservative, was made governor. He announced his unconditional adherence to the Union, and his authority was immediately recognized by the greater portion of the State. Missouri thus remained through the entire war, both in form and in substance, a State in the Union.

Nevertheless a considerable minority of its population, scattered in many parts, was strongly tintured with sympathy for the rebellion. The conspiracy so long nursed by Governor Jackson and his adherents had taken

deep and pernicious root. An anomalous condition of affairs suddenly sprung up. Amidst a strongly dominant loyalty there smoldered the embers of rebellion, and during the whole civil war there blazed up fitfully, often where least expected, the flames of neighborhood strife and guerrilla warfare to an extent and with a fierceness not equaled in any other State. We shall have occasion to narrate how, under cover of this sentiment, the leaders of secession bands and armies made repeated and desolating incursions; and how, some months later, Governor Jackson with his perambulating State seal set up a pretended legislature and State government, and the Confederate authorities at Richmond enacted the farce of admitting Missouri to the Southern Confederacy. It was, however, from first to last, a palpable sham; the pretended Confederate officials in Missouri had no capital or archives, controlled no population, permanently held no territory, collected no taxes; and Governor Jackson was nothing more than a fugitive pretender, finding temporary refuge within Confederate camps.

KENTUCKY.

THE three States of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, forming McClellan's department, were bounded south of the Ohio River by the single State of Kentucky, stretching from east to west, and occupying at least four-fifths of the entire Ohio line. Kentucky was a slave State. This domestic institution allied her naturally to the South, and created among her people a pervading sympathy with Southern complaints and demands. Her geographical position and her river commerce also connected her strongly with the South. On the other hand, the traditions of her local politics bound her indissolubly to the Union. The fame of her great statesman, Henry Clay, rested upon his lifelong efforts for its perpetuity. The compromise of 1850, which thwarted and for ten years postponed the Southern rebellion, was his crowning political triumph. But Henry Clay's teaching and example were being warped and perverted. A feebler generation of disciples, unable, as he would have done, to distinguish between honorable compromise and ruinous concession, undertook now to quell war by refusing to take up arms; desired an appeal from the battlefield to moral suasion; proposed to preserve the Government by leaving revolution unchecked.

The legislature, though appealing to the South to stay secession, and though firmly refusing to call a State convention, nevertheless protested against the use of force or

coercion by the General Government against the seceding States. John J. Crittenden took similar ground, counseling Kentucky to stand by the Union and correctly characterizing secession as simple revolution. Nevertheless he advised against the policy of coercion, and said of the seceded States, "Let them go on in peace with their experiment."^{*} A public meeting of leading citizens at Louisville first denounced secession and then denounced the President for attempting to put down secession. They apostrophized the flag and vowed to maintain the Union, but were ready to fight Lincoln.[†] It makes one smile to read again the childish contradictions which eminent Kentucky statesmen uttered in all seriousness.

A people that have prospered beyond example in the records of time, free and self-governed, without oppression, without taxation to be felt, are now going to cut each other's throats; and why? Because Presidents Lincoln and Davis could n't settle the etiquette upon which the troops were to be withdrawn from Fort Sumter. [‡]

This was the analysis of one. Another was equally infelicitous:

Why this war? . . . Because Mr. Lincoln has been elected President of the country and Mr. Davis could not be, and therefore a Southern Confederacy was to be formed by Southern demagogues, and now they are attempting to drag you on with them. . . . Let us not fight the North or South, but, firm in our position, tell our sister border States that with them we will stand to maintain the Union, to preserve the peace, and uphold our honor and our flag, which they would trample in the dust. . . . If we must fight, let us fight Lincoln and not our Government.[§]

The resolutions of the meeting were quite as illogical. They declared that

the present duty of Kentucky is to maintain her present independent position, taking sides not with the Administration, nor with the seceding States, but with the Union against them both; declaring her soil to be sacred from the hostile tread of either; and, if necessary, to make the declaration good with her strong right arm. ^{||}

The preposterous assumption was also greatly strengthened in the popular mind by the simultaneous publication of an address of the same tenor in Tennessee, from John Bell and others. He had been one of the four candidates for President in the election of 1860—the one for whom both Kentucky and Tennessee cast their electoral votes; and as the standard-bearer of the "Constitutional Union" party had in many ways reiterated his and their devotion to "the Union, the

Constitution, and the enforcement of the laws." The address distinctly disapproved secession; it condemned the policy of the Administration; it unequivocally avowed the duty of Tennessee to resist by force of arms the subjugation of the South.^{|||} What shall be said when men of reputed wisdom and experience proclaim such inconsistencies? All these incidents are the ever-recurring signs of that dangerous demoralization of public sentiment, of that utter confusion of political principles, of that helpless bewilderment of public thought, into which portions of the country had unconsciously lapsed.

Governor Magoffin of Kentucky and his personal adherents seem to have been ready to rush into overt rebellion. His official message declared that Kentucky would resist the principles and policy of the Republican party "to the death, if necessary"; that the Union had practically ceased to exist; and that she would not stand by with folded arms while the seceded States were being "subjugated to an anti-slavery Government." With open contumacy he replied to President Lincoln's official call, "Kentucky will furnish no troops for the wicked purpose of subduing her sister Southern States."^{|||} He applied to Jefferson Davis for arms, and to the Louisville banks for money, but neither effort succeeded. The existing legislature contained too many Union members to give him unchecked control of the public credit of the State. He was therefore perforce driven to adhere to the policy of "neutrality," as the best help he could give the rebellion. Nevertheless, he was not without power for mischief. The militia of Kentucky had recently been reorganized under the personal influence and direction of S. B. Buckner, who, as inspector-general, was the legal and actual general-in-chief. Buckner, like the governor, ex-Vice-President Breckinridge, and others, was an avowed "neutral" but a predetermined rebel, who in the following September entered the military service of Jefferson Davis. For the present his occupation was rather that of political intrigue to forward the secession of Kentucky, which he carried on under pretense of his formal and assumed instructions from the governor to employ the "State Guard," or rather its shadow of authority, to prevent the violation of "State neutrality" by either the Southern or the Northern armies.

The public declarations and manifestations in Kentucky were not reassuring to the people

^{*} Crittenden, speech before Kentucky legislature, March 26, 1861. New York "Tribune," March 30.

[†] "Rebellion Record."

[‡] James Guthrie, speech at Louisville, Ky., April 18, 1861. *Ibid.*

[§] Archibald Dixon, speech at Louisville, April 18, 1861. *Ibid.*

^{||} "Rebellion Record."

^{|||} *Ibid.*

^{**} Magoffin to Cameron, April 15, 1861. War Records.

north of the Ohio line. Governor Morton of Indiana wrote :

The country along the Ohio River bordering on Kentucky is in a state of intense alarm. The people entertain no doubt but that Kentucky will speedily go out of the Union. They are in daily fear that marauding parties from the other side of the river will plunder and burn their towns.*

Even after the lapse of some weeks this fear was not dissipated. General McClellan wrote :

The frontier of Indiana and Illinois is in a very excited and almost dangerous condition. In Ohio there is more calmness. I have been in more full communication with the people. A few arms have been supplied, and all means have been taken to quiet them along the frontier. Special messengers have reached me from the governors of Indiana and Illinois, demanding heavy guns and expressing great alarm. I sent Lieutenant Williams to confer with Governor Morton, to tell him that I have no heavy guns, and to explain to him the impropriety of placing them in position along the frontier just at the present time. I have promised Governor Yates some heavy guns at Cairo as soon as I can get them.

McClellan himself was not free from apprehension :

I am very anxious to learn the views of the General [Scott] in regard to western Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri. At any moment it may become necessary to act in some one of these directions. From reliable information I am sure that the governor of Kentucky is a traitor. Buckner is under his influence, so it is necessary to watch them. I hear to-night that one thousand secessionists are concentrating at a point opposite Gallipolis. Cairo is threatened.†

He proposed, therefore, to reënforce and fortify Cairo, place several gunboats on the river, and in case of need to cross into Kentucky and occupy Covington Heights for the better defense of Cincinnati.

This condition of affairs brought another important question to final decision. The governor of Illinois had ordered the summary seizure of war material at Cairo, and President Lincoln formally approved it. Ordinary river commerce was more tenderly dealt with. Colonel Prentiss wrote :

No boats have been searched unless I had been previously and reliably informed that they had on board munitions of war destined to the enemies of the Government, and in all cases where we have searched we have found such munitions. My policy has been such that no act of my command could be construed as an insult, or cause to any State for secession.‡

But the threatening demonstrations from the South were beginning to show that this was a dangerous leniency. McClellan there-

fore asked explicitly whether provisions destined for the seceded States or for the Southern army should longer be permitted to be sent,§ to which an official order came on May 8: "Since the order of the 2d, the Secretary of War decides that provisions must be stopped at Cairo."||

In reality matters in Kentucky were not quite so bad as they appeared to the public eye. With sober second thought, the underlying loyalty of her people began to assert itself. Breckinridge and his extreme Southern doctrines had received only a little more than one-third the votes of the State.¶ Mr. Lincoln was a Kentuckian by birth, and had been a consistent Whig; their strong clanship could not quite give him up as hopelessly lost in abolitionism. Earnest Unionists also quickly perceived that "armed neutrality" must soon become a practical farce; many of them from the first used it as an artful contrivance to kill secession. The legislature indeed declared for "strict neutrality," and approved the governor's refusal to furnish troops to the President.** Superficially, this was placing the State in a contumacious and revolutionary attitude. But this official action was not a true exponent of the public feeling. The undercurrent of political movement is explained by a letter of John J. Crittenden, at that time the most influential single voice in the State. On the 17th of May he wrote to General Scott :

The position of Kentucky, and the relation she occupies toward the government of the Union, is not, I fear, understood at Washington. It ought to be well understood. Very important consequences may depend upon it and upon her proper treatment. Unfortunately for us, our governor does not sympathize with Kentucky in respect to the secession. His opinions and feelings incline him strongly to the side of the South. His answer to the requisition for troops was in its terms hasty and unbecoming, and does not correspond with usual and gentlemanly courtesy. But while she regretted the language of his answer, Kentucky acquiesced in his declining to furnish the troops called for, and she did so, not because she loved the Union the less, but she feared that if she had parted with those troops, and sent them to serve in your ranks, she would have been overwhelmed by the secessionists at home and severed from the Union; and it was to preserve, substantially and ultimately, our connection with the Union that induced us to acquiesce in the partial infraction of it by our governor's refusal of the troops required. This was the most prevailing and general motive. To this may be added the strong indisposition of our people to a civil war with the South, and the apprehended consequences of a civil war within our State and among our own people. I could elaborate and strengthen all this, but I will leave the subject to your own reflection; with this only remark, that I think Kentucky's excuse

* Morton to Cameron, April 28, 1861. War Records.
† McClellan to Townsend, May 10, 1861. War Records.

‡ Prentiss to Headquarters.

§ McClellan to Scott, May 7, 1861. War Records.
|| Townsend to McClellan, May 8, 1861. Ibid.

¶ The vote of Kentucky in 1860 was : Lincoln, 1364; Douglas, 25,651; Breckinridge, 53,143; Bell, 66,058. ["Tribune Almanac," 1861.]

** Resolutions, May 16, 1861. Van Horne, "History Army of the Cumberland," Vol. I., p. 7.

is a good one, and that, under all the circumstances of the complicated case, she is rendering better service in her present position than she could by becoming an active party in the contest.*

In truth, Kentucky was undergoing a severe political struggle. The governor was constantly stimulating the revolutionary sentiment. The legislature had once more met, on May 6, being a second time convened in special session by the governor's proclamation. The governor's special message now boldly accused the President of usurpation, and declared the Constitution violated, the Government subverted, the Union broken. He again urged that the State be armed and a convention be called. It was these more radical and dangerous measures which the Union members warded off with a legislative resolution of "neutrality." So also the military bill which was eventually passed was made to serve the Union instead of the secession cause. A Union Board of Commissioners was provided to control the governor's expenditures under it. A "Home Guard" was authorized, to check and offset Buckner's "State Guard" of rebellious proclivities. Privates and officers of both organizations were required to swear allegiance to both the State and the Union. Finally, it provided that the arms and munitions should be used neither against the United States nor against the Confederate States, unless to protect Kentucky against invasion. Such an attitude of qualified loyalty can only be defended by the plea of its compulsory adoption as a lesser evil. But it served to defeat the conspiracy to assemble a "sovereignty convention" to inaugurate secession; and the progress of the Kentucky legislature, from its "anti-coercion" protest in January to its merely defensive "neutrality" resolutions and laws in May, was an immense gain.

From the beginning of the rebellion, Lincoln felt that Kentucky would be a turning weight in the scale of war. He believed he knew the temper and fidelity of his native State, and gave her his special care and confidence. Though Governor Magoffin refused him troops, there came to him from private sources the unmistakable assurance that many Kentuckians were ready to fight for the Union. His early and most intimate personal friend, Joshua F. Speed, was now an honored and influential citizen of Louisville. At Washington also he had taken into a cordial acquaintanceship a characteristic Kentuckian, William Nelson, a young, brave, and energetic lieutenant of the United States Navy. Nelson saw his usefulness, and perhaps also his opportunity, in an effort to redeem his State, rather than in active service on the quarter-deck. He possessed the social gifts, the free manners, the

impulsive temperament peculiar to the South. Mr. Lincoln gave him leave of absence, and sent him to Kentucky without instructions. At the same time the President brought another personal influence to bear. Major Anderson was the hero of the hour, and being a Kentuckian, that State rang with the praise of his prudence and valor in defending Sumter. On the 7th of May, Lincoln gave him a special commission, "To receive into the army of the United States as many regiments of volunteer troops from the State of Kentucky, and from the western part of the State of Virginia, as shall be willing to engage in the service of the United States,"† etc., and sent him to Cincinnati, convenient to both fields of labor. These three persons, Speed and Nelson at Louisville, and Anderson within easy consulting distance, formed a reliable rallying-point and medium of communication with the President. The Unionists, thus encouraged, began the formation of Union Clubs and Home Guards, while the Government gave them assurance of protection in case of need. Wrote General McClellan:

The Union men of Kentucky express a firm determination to fight it out. Yesterday Garrett Davis told me: "We will remain in the Union by voting if we can, by fighting if we must, and if we cannot hold our own, we will call on the General Government to aid us." He asked me what I would do if they called on me for assistance, and convinced me that the majority were in danger of being overpowered by a better-armed minority. I replied that if there were time I would refer to General Scott for orders. If there were not time, that I would cross the Ohio with 20,000 men. If that were not enough, with 30,000; and if necessary, with 40,000; but that I would not stand by and see the loyal Union men of Kentucky crushed. I have strong hopes that Kentucky will remain in the Union, and the most favorable feature of the whole matter is that the Union men are now ready to abandon the position of "armed neutrality," and to enter heart and soul into the contest by our side.‡

In a short time Nelson quietly brought five thousand Government muskets to Louisville, under the auspices and control of a committee of leading citizens. Wrote Anderson to Lincoln:

I had the pleasure to receive yesterday your letter of the 14th [May] introducing Mr. Joshua F. Speed, and giving me instructions about issuing arms to our friends in Kentucky. I will carefully attend to the performance of that duty. Mr. Speed and other gentlemen for whom he will vouch, viz., Hon. James Guthrie, Garrett Davis, and Charles A. Marshall, advise that I should not, at present, have anything to do with the raising of troops in Kentucky. The committee charged with that matter will go on with the organization and arming of the Home Guard, which they will see is composed of reliable men.§

* Unpublished MS.

† War Records.

‡ McClellan to Townsend, May 17, 1861. War Records.

§ Anderson to Lincoln, May 19, 1861. Unpublished MS.

Under date of May 28 Lincoln received further report of these somewhat confidential measures to counteract the conspiracy in his native State:

The undersigned, a private committee to distribute the arms brought to the State of Kentucky by Lieutenant William Nelson, of the United States Navy, among true, reliable Union men, represent to the Executive Department of the United States Government that members of this Board have superintended the distribution of the whole quantity of five thousand muskets and bayonets. We have been reliably informed and believe that they have been put in the hands of true and devoted Union men, who are pledged to support the Constitution of the United States and the enforcement of the laws; and, if the occasion should arise, to use them to put down all attempts to take Kentucky, by violence or fraud, out of the Union."

The committee added that this had greatly strengthened the cause, that twenty thousand more could be safely intrusted to the Union men, who were applying for them and eager to get them, and recommended that this system of arming Kentucky be resumed and widely extended.^f

The struggle between treason and loyalty in the Kentucky legislature had consumed the month of May, ending, as we have seen, by decided advantages gained for the Union, and attended by the important understanding and combination between prominent Kentucky citizens and President Lincoln whereby the loyalists were furnished with arms and assured of decisive military support. The Kentucky legislature adjourned *sine die* on May 24, and the issue was thereupon transferred to the people of the State. The contest took a double form: first an appeal to the ballot in an election for members of Congress, which the President's call for a special session on the 4th of July made necessary. A political campaign ensued of universal and intense excitement. Whatever the Union sentiment of the State had hitherto lacked of decision and boldness was largely aroused or created by this contest. The Unionists achieved a brilliant and conclusive triumph. The election was held on the 20th of June, and nine out of the ten Congressmen chosen were outspoken loyalists.

The second phase of the contest was, that it evoked a partial show of military force on both sides of the question. The military bill passed on the last day of the May session provided for organizing "Home Guards" for local defense. Whether by accident or design, Buckner's old militia law to organize the "State Guards" had required an oath of allegiance from the officers only. The new law

^e The report was signed by C. A. Wickliffe, Garrett Davis, J. H. Garrard, J. Harlan, James Speed, and Thornton F. Marshall; and also indorsed by J. F. Robinson, W. B. Houston, J. K. Goodloe, J. B. Brunner, and J. F. Speed.

^f Committee, Report, May 28, 1861. Unpublished MS.

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required all the members to swear fidelity to both Kentucky and the United States, and a refusal terminated their membership.^g This searching touchstone at once instituted a process of separating patriots from traitors. The organization of Home Guards and the reorganization of the State Guards went on simultaneously. It would perhaps be more correct to say disorganization of the State Guards; for many loyal members took advantage of the requirement to abandon the corps and to join the Home Guards, while disloyal ones seized the same chance to go to rebel camps in the South; and under the action of both public and private sentiment the State Guards languished and the Home Guards grew in numerical strength and moral influence.

Meanwhile, as a third military organization, Kentuckians were enlisting directly in the service of the United States. Even before the already mentioned commission to Anderson, Colonels Guthrie and Woodruff had established "Camp Clay," on the Ohio shore above Cincinnati, where a number of Kentuckians joined a yet larger proportion of Ohioans, and were mustered into the three-months' service as the 1st and 2d regiments Kentucky Volunteer Infantry.^h These regiments were afterward reorganized for the three-years' service; and this time, mainly filled with real Kentuckians, were on the 9th and 10th of June remustered under their old and now entirely appropriate designations. About this time also State Senator Rousseau, who had made a brilliant Union record in the legislature, obtained authority to raise a brigade. On consulting with the Union leaders, it was resolved still to humor the popular "neutrality" foible till after the congressional election; and to this end he established "Camp Joe Holt," on the Indiana shore, where he gathered his recruits.ⁱ The same policy kept the headquarters of Anderson yet in Cincinnati.

With the favorable change of public sentiment, and the happy issue of the congressional election, the Union men grew bolder. Nelson had all this while been busy, and had secretly appointed the officers and enrolled the recruits for four regiments from central Kentucky. At the beginning of July he threw off further concealment, and suddenly assembled his men in "Camp Dick Robinson," which he established between Danville and Lexington. His regiments were only partly full and indifferently armed, and the transmission of proper arms to his camp was persist-

^g Act of May 24, 1861. "Session Laws," p. 6.

^h Van Horne, "Army of the Cumberland," Vol. I., p. 14.

ⁱ Van Horne, "Army of the Cumberland," Vol. I., p. 16.

ently opposed by rebel intrigue, threats, and forcible demonstrations. Nevertheless the camp held firm, and by equal alertness and courage secured its guns, and so far sustained and strengthened the loyal party that at the general election of the 5th of August a new legislature was chosen giving the Union members a majority of three-fourths in each branch.

Thus in a long and persistent contest, extending from January to August, the secession conspirators of Kentucky, starting with the advantage of the governor's co-operation, military control, and general acceptance of the "neutrality" delusion, were, nevertheless, outgeneraled and completely baffled. Meanwhile the customary usurpations had carried Tennessee into active rebellion; and now, despairing of success by argument and intrigue, and inspirited by the rebel success at Bull Run, the local conspiracy arranged to call in the assistance of military force. On the 17th of August the conspirators assembled in caucus in Scott county,* and, it is alleged, arranged a three-fold programme: first, the governor should officially demand the removal of Union camps and troops from the State; secondly, under pretense of a popular "peace" agitation, a revolutionary rising in aid of secession should take place in central Kentucky; thirdly, a simultaneous invasion of rebel armies from Tennessee should crown and secure the work.

Whether or not the allegation was literally true, events developed themselves in at least an apparent conformity to the plan. Governor Magoffin wrote a letter to the President, under date of August 19, urging "the removal from the limits of Kentucky of the military force now organized and in camp within the State." In reply to this, President Lincoln, on August 24, wrote the governor a temperate but emphatic refusal:

I believe it is true that there is a military force in camp within Kentucky, acting by authority of the United States, which force is not very large, and is not now being augmented. I also believe that some arms have been furnished to this force by the United States. I also believe this force consists exclusively of Kentuckians, having their camp in the immediate vicinity of their own homes, and not assailing or menacing any of the good people of Kentucky. In all I have done in the premises I have acted upon the urgent solicitation of many Kentuckians, and in accordance with what I believed, and still believe, to be the wish of a majority of all the Union-loving people of Kentucky. While I have conversed on this subject with many eminent men of Kentucky, including a large majority of her members of Congress, I do not remember that any one of them or any other person, except your Excellency and the bearer of your Excellency's letter, has urged me to remove the military force from Kentucky, or to disband it. One other very worthy citizen of Kentucky did solicit me to have the augmenting of the force suspended for a time. Taking all the means within my reach to form a judgment, I do not believe it is the popular wish of Kentucky that this

force shall be removed beyond her limits, and with this impression I must respectfully decline to so remove it. I most cordially sympathize with your Excellency in the wish to preserve the peace of my own native State, Kentucky. It is with regret I search and cannot find in your not very short letter any declaration or intimation that you entertain any desire for the preservation of the Federal Union.

The other features of the general plot succeeded no better than Magoffin's application to Lincoln. Three public demonstrations were announced, in evident preparation and prompting of a popular rebel uprising in central Kentucky. Under pretense of an ovation to Vallandigham, an Ohio congressman and Democratic politician, who had already made himself notorious by speeches of a rebel tendency, a meeting was held in Owen county on September 5. On September 10 a large "peace" mass meeting was called at Frankfort, the capital, to overawe the newly assembled loyal legislature. Still a third gathering, of "States Rights" and "peace" men, was called at Lexington on September 20, to hold a camp drill of several days, under supervision of leading secessionists.[†]

The speeches and proceedings of these treacherous "peace" meetings sufficiently revealed their revolutionary object. They were officered and managed by men whose prior words and acts left no doubt of their sympathies and desires, and the most conspicuous of whom were soon after in important stations of command in the rebel armies. The resolutions were skillfully devised: though the phraseology was ambiguous, the arrangement and inference led to one inevitable conclusion. The substance and process were: Firstly, that peace should be maintained; secondly, to maintain peace we must preserve neutrality; thirdly, that it is incompatible with neutrality to tax the State "for a cause so hopeless as the military subjugation of the Confederate States"; fourthly, that a truce be called and commissioners appointed to treat for a permanent peace.

At the larger gatherings, where the proceedings were more critically scanned, prudence dictated that they should refrain from definite committal; but at some of the smaller preliminary meetings the full purpose was announced "that the recall of the invading armies, and the recognition of the separate independence of the Confederate States, is the true policy to restore peace and preserve the relations of fraternal love and amity between the States."

While these peace meetings were in course of development, the second branch of the plot was not neglected. In the county of Owen an

* "Danville Quarterly Review," June, 1862.

[†] "Danville Quarterly Review," June and September, 1862, pp. 245, 381, 385, and 388.

insurrectionary force was being organized by Humphrey Marshall. There was no concealment of his purpose to march upon Frankfort, where the legislature of the State had lately met, and by force of arms to scatter it and break up the session. Senator Garrett Davis of Kentucky related the attendant circumstances in a speech in the United States Senate:

I reached there to attend a session of the Court of Appeals on the very evening that it was said Humphrey Marshall was to make his incursion into Franklin county, and to storm the capital. Some members, especially secession members of the legislature, and some citizens of the town of Frankfort, and one or two judges of our Court of Appeals, left Frankfort hurriedly in the expectation that it was to be sacked that night by Humphrey Marshall's insurgent hosts. I myself, with other gentlemen, provided ourselves with arms to take part in the defense of the legislature and the capital of the State. We sent to Lexington, where there were encamped three to five hundred Union troops, who had been enlisted in the Union service for the defense of the legislature and the capital of our State, and had them brought down at 3 o'clock in the morning.*

As events progressed, both these branches of the plot signally failed. The peace meetings did not result in a popular uprising; they served only to show the relative weakness of the secession conspiracy. Such manifestations excited the Union majority to greater vigilance and effort, and their preparation and boldness overawed the contemplated insurrectionary outbreak. A decisive turn of affairs had indeed come, but armed conflict was avoided. Instead of the Union legislature being driven from the capital and dispersed, Vice-President Breckinridge, General Buckner, William Preston, and other leaders of the conspiracy soon after hurriedly left Kentucky with their rebellious followers and joined the Confederate army, just beyond the Tennessee border, to take part in the third branch of the plot,—a simultaneous invasion of Kentucky at three different points.

THE CONFEDERATE MILITARY LEAGUE.

IT was constantly assumed that secession was a movement of the entire South. The fallacy of this assumption becomes apparent when we remember the time required for the full organization and development of the rebellion. From the 12th of October, when Governor Gist issued his proclamation convening the South Carolina legislature to inaugurate secession, to January 26, when Louisiana passed her secession ordinance, is a period of three and a half months. In this first period, as it may be called, only the six cotton-States reached a positive attitude of insurrection; and they,

* Garrett Davis, Senate speech, March 13, 1862. "Congressional Globe," p. 1214.

as is believed, by less than a majority of their citizens. Texas, the seventh, did not finally join them till a week later. During all this time the eight remaining slave States, with certainly as good a claim to be considered the voice of the South, earnestly advised and protested against the precipitate and dangerous step. But secession had its active partisans in them. As in the cotton-States, their several capitals were the natural centers of disunion; and, with few exceptions, their State officials held radical opinions on the slavery question. With the gradual progress of insurrection therefore in the extreme South four of the interior slave States gravitated into secession. Their change was very gradual; perhaps principally because a majority of their people wished to remain in the Union, and it was necessary to wait until by slow degrees the public opinion could be overcome.

The anomalous condition and course of Virginia has already been described—its Union vote in January, the apparently overwhelming Union majority of its convention, its vacillating and contradictory votes during February and March, and its sudden plunge into a secession ordinance and a military league with Jefferson Davis immediately after the Sumter bombardment. The whole development of the change is explained when we remember that Richmond had been one of the chief centers of secession conspiracy since the Frémont and Buchanan campaign of 1856.

In the other interior slave States the secession movement underwent various forms, according to the greater obstacles which its advocates encountered. North Carolina, it will be remembered, gave a discouraging answer to the first proposal, and the earliest demonstrations of the conspiracy elicited no popular response. On the 9th and 10th of January an immature combination of State troops and citizens seized Forts Caswell and Johnston, but the governor immediately ordered their restoration to the Federal authorities. The governor excused the hostile act by alleging the popular apprehension that Federal garrisons were to be placed in them, and earnestly deprecated any show of coercion.† He received a conciliatory response from the War Department (January 15, 1861) that no occupation of them was intended unless they should be threatened.‡

Nevertheless conspiracy continued, and, as usual, under the guise of solicitude for peace; and in a constant clamor for additional guarantees, the revolutionary feeling was augmented little by little. There seems to have

† Ellis to Buchanan, Jan. 12, 1861. War Records.
‡ Holt to Ellis, Jan. 15, 1861. Ibid.

been great fluctuation of public opinion. A convention was ordered by the legislature and subsequently voted down at the polls. Commissioners were sent to the peace convention at Washington, and also to the provisional rebel Congress at Montgomery, with instructions limiting their powers to an effort at mediation. At the same time the North Carolina House passed a unanimous resolution that if reconciliation failed, North Carolina must go with the slave States. Next a military bill was passed to reorganize the militia, and arm ten thousand volunteers.* In reality it seems to have been the same struggle which took place elsewhere; the State officials and radical politicians favoring secession, and the people clinging to the Union, but yielding finally to the arts and intrigues of their leaders. When Sumter was bombarded and President Lincoln called for troops, the governor threw his whole influence and authority into the insurrectionary movement. He sent an insulting refusal to Washington,† and the next day ordered his State troops to seize Forts Caswell and Johnston. A week later (April 22) he seized the Fayetteville arsenal, containing 37,000 stands of arms, 3000 kegs of powder, and an immense supply of shells and shot. We may also infer that he was in secret league with the Montgomery rebellion; for the rebel Secretary of War at once made a requisition upon him, and he placed his whole military preparation at the service of Jefferson Davis, sending troops and arms to Richmond and elsewhere. It was a bold usurpation of executive power. Neither legislature nor convention had ordered rebellion; but from that time on the State was arrayed in active hostility to the Union. It was not till the 1st of May that the legislature for the second time ordered a convention, which met and passed an ordinance of secession on the 20th of that month, also formally accepting the Confederate States Constitution.

In the State of Arkansas the approaches to secession were even slower and more difficult than in North Carolina. There seems to have been little disposition at first, among her own people or leaders, to embark in the disastrous undertaking. The movement appears to have been begun when, on December 20, 1860, a commissioner came from Alabama, and by an address to the legislature invited Arkansas to unite in the movement for separation. No direct success followed the request, and the deceitful expedient of a convention to ascertain the will of the people was resorted to. All parties joined in this measure; the fire-eaters to promote secession, the Unionists to thwart it. An election for or against a convention took place February 18, 1861, resulting in

27,412 votes for and 15,826 votes against it; though as compared with the presidential election it was estimated that at least 10,815 voters did not go to the polls. At a later election for delegates the returns indicated a Union vote of 23,626 against a secession vote of 17,927. When the convention was organized, March 4, 1861, the delegates are reported to have chosen Union officers by a majority of six;‡ many of the delegates must have already betrayed their constituents by a change of front. Revolutionary tricks had been employed, the United States arsenal at Little Rock had been seized (February 8), and the ordnance stores at Napoleon (February 12), while no doubt the insurrectionary influences from the neighboring cotton-States were indefinitely multiplied. With all this the progress of the conspirators was not rapid. A conditional secession ordinance was voted down by the convention, 39 to 35. This ought to have effectually killed the movement; but it shows the greater aggressiveness and persistence of the secession leaders, that, instead of yielding to their defeat, they kept alive their scheme, by the insidious proposal to take a new popular vote on the question in the following August. Meanwhile there were a continual loss of Union sentiment and growth of secession excitement; and, as in other States, when the Sumter catastrophe occurred, the governor and his satellites placed the State in an attitude of insurrection by the refusal to comply with Lincoln's call for troops, and by hostile military organization. Thereafter disunion had a free course. The convention was hastily called together April 20, and, meeting on the 6th of May, immediately passed the customary ordinance of secession.

In no other State did secession resort to such methods of usurpation as in Tennessee. The secession faction of the State was insignificant in numbers, but its audacity was perhaps not equaled in any other locality; and it may almost be said that Governor Harris carried the State into rebellion single handed. The whole range of his plottings cannot, of course, be known. He called a session of the legislature January 7, 1861, and sent them a highly inflammatory message. A convention bill was passed and approved January 19, 1861, which submitted the question of "convention" or "no convention," and which also provided that any ordinance of disunion should be ratified by popular vote before taking effect. At the election held on February 9 there appeared on the vote for delegates a Union majority of 64,114, and

* "Annual Cyclopaedia," 1861, p. 538.

† Ellis to Cameron, April 15, 1861. War Records.

‡ "Annual Cyclopaedia," 1861, p. 22.

against holding the convention a majority of 11,875. This overwhelming popular decision for a time silenced the conspirators. The fall of Fort Sumter and Lincoln's call for troops afforded the governor a new pretext to continue his efforts. He sent the President a defiant refusal, and responded to a requisition from Montgomery for troops, being no doubt in secret league with the rebellion. In the revolutionary excitement which immediately followed, the governor's official authority, and the industrious local conspiracy of which he was the head, carried all before them. Since it was evident that he could not obtain a convention to do his bidding, he resolved to employ the legislature, which he once more called together. In secret sessions he was able to manipulate it at his will. On the 1st of May the legislature passed a joint resolution directing the governor to appoint commissioners "to enter into a military league with the authorities of the Confederate States," placing the whole force of the State at the control of Jefferson Davis, and on the 7th of the month a formal military league or treaty to this effect was signed.* Even after this the governor had difficult work. Eastern Tennessee was pervaded by so strong a Union sentiment that it continued to labor and protest against being dragged into rebellion contrary to its will, but the opposition was of little direct avail. Military organization had its grasp on the whole State, and citizens not in arms had no choice but to submit to the orders issued from Montgomery and Nashville.

It will be seen from this recital that the secession movement divides itself into two distinct periods. The first group, the cotton-States, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Florida, and Texas, took action mainly between the 12th of October, 1860, and February 4, 1861, a period of a little more than three and a half months. The second group, the interior slave States, Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Arkansas, was occupied by the struggle about three months longer, or a total of six months after Lincoln's election. So also these two periods exhibited separate characteristics in their formative processes. The first group, being more thoroughly permeated by the spirit of revolt, and acting with greater vigor and promptness, shows us the semblance at least of voluntary confederation, through its Provisional Congress at Montgomery. On the other hand, the action of the four interior slave States

was, in each case, with more or less distinctness at first, merely that of joining the original nucleus in a military league, in which the excitement of military preparation and allurement of military glory, not the consideration of political expediency, turned the scale.

There remained still the third group, consisting of the border slave States of Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri. The efforts of the conspirators to involve Maryland in secession have already been detailed, as well as the persistence they employed to gain control of Kentucky and Missouri. In these three States, however, the attempt failed because of the direct and indirect military support which the Government was able to give immediately to the Union sentiment and organizations. Had it been possible to extend the same encouragement and help to Arkansas and Tennessee, they also might have been saved. This becomes more apparent when we remember how quickly half of Virginia was reclaimed and held steadfastly loyal during the war. The remaining slave State, Delaware, was so slightly tainted with treason that her attitude can scarcely be said to have been in doubt; moreover, her geographical position threw her destiny inseparably with the free States.

The adhesion which we have described of the four interior slave States of Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Arkansas to the Confederate States at once wholly changed the scope and resources of the rebellion. It extended its territorial area nearly one-third, and almost doubled its population and resources. It could now claim to be a compact nation of eleven States, with a territory more than double the size of any European nation except Russia, and with a population of five and a half millions of whites and three and a half millions of blacks. It had a long sea-coast, several fine harbors, and many navigable rivers. It contained a great variety of lands, important diversities of climate, and a wide range of agricultural products. Its country was as yet sparsely inhabited, and was known to include very considerable mineral wealth, while its manufacturing capabilities were almost wholly untouched. The exultation and enthusiastic prophecies of the rebel chiefs at the successful beginning of their daring project were perhaps not unnatural when we reflect that their mischievous design and reprehensible cause had secured the support of such fair and substantial elements of national greatness and power.

* "Rebellion Record."

THE GRAYSONS: A STORY OF ILLINOIS.*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON,

Author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," "The Circuit Rider," "Roxy," etc.

XX.

LINCOLN AND BOB.



LAST by the "City Hotel" in Moscow stood a beech-tree, as we have said, and under this tree were two or three benches. This unbragorous spot was the cool and favorite loafing-place of the villagers, the trysting-place for making bargains or meeting friends. The ground was beaten by many feet to the hardness of a floor, and the village boys delighted to play marbles in this convenient spot. Their cries of "rounses," "taw," "dubs," "back licks," and "vent" might often be heard there before and after school hours. On one of these benches under the beech-tree Bob McCord had an interview with Tom Grayson's lawyer, according to appointment, on the day of Lincoln's return from court at Perrysburg.

"What's this about lynching Tom?" Lincoln inquired. "A lot of fellows rode into Perrysburg looking for him last Thursday night."

"Yes," said Bob, with a hearty chuckle; "I put 'em onto that air track myself. They wuz comin' down h-yer, but I made 'em think 't Tom wuz moved to Perrysburg."

"Are they going to try it again?" asked Lincoln.

"Not right off; they're sort-uh disairaged like. A few uv 'em wuz cocked un primed to come a Sunday night,—sech uv 'em as had n't gin it up arter ridin' over to Perrysburg,—but we fooledd 'em ag'in. Pete Markham, the deputy sher's, jes sidled over to camp-meetin' un let on 't he wuz a-lookin' fer somebody what knowed sumpin about a young feller weth red whiskers un one eye a leetle crossed-like. Magill, the clerk, went over to camp-meetin' un down onto the Run, un gin it out on the sly like zif he could n' keep it in, that they'd diskivered the tracks uv a young feller from another k-younty weth red whiskers, un so on, that had done the shootin'. The story run like a perrary fire in a high wind un sort-uh mixed 'em up in the'r minds, like. I've got it fixed

so as they can't come down unbeknownst to me; un ef wust *comes* to wust, w'y, I've got my eye set onto a crowbar."

"A crowbar? What could you do with a crowbar, Bob?" asked Lincoln, with a puzzled contraction of the brows. "You would n't try to whale the whole crowd with it, would you?"

"W'y, Abe, I 'low, ef a rale tight pinch comes, to try a tussle weth that air jail. I don't know's I could prize out one uv them air iron grates, but ef 't wuz to *come* to that, I'd try to git Tom out uv harm's way. You say the word un I'll find some way to let 'im out anyhow."

"No, no; don't do that. If he runs away he 'll be caught, and then he 'll be sure to be lynched, or hanged. Let me try the law first, and then it 'll be time enough to use crowbars afterward if I fail. Do you know Dave Sovine?"

"When I see 'im. He's an ornery kind uv a cuss. I don't know 's he rickollecks me."

"So much the better if he does n't. You must get him to tell you all about the shootin'—his story of it. Get him to tell more than was brought out at the inquest. Make him explain it, and find out if he's going to clear out before the trial."

"I heern tell 't he won't talk," said Bob. "The prosecutin' attorney's shut 'im up tight' bees-wax, they say."

Lincoln mused awhile. "If the prosecuting attorney has shut him up, you must open him. Contrive some way to get his story and find out what he means to do."

But it was not easy to encounter Dave in these days. Since he had acquired notoriety, as the only witness of the murder, he had been seized with an unprecedented diffidence, and kept himself out of public gaze. The boys about the village conjectured that he was "laying low for big game." Bob, however, had no objection to waiting for Sovine's coming. He liked this lurking for prey as a cat likes the watching at a mouse-hole. Besides, loafing of any sort suited Big Bob's genius. He could sit astride a barrel on the shady side of a grocery for hours with no sense of exhaustion. More than one day McCord had passed in

this way, when at last Dave Sovine came in sight, walking rather hurriedly and circumspectly toward the center of the village. Bob was in the middle of a hunting yarn which he was lazily telling to another loafer on the next barrel as he whittled a bit of hickory stripped from one of the hoops in front of him. Without betraying any excitement, he astonished his companion by bringing the story to an abrupt conclusion. Then dismounting from his barrel he sauntered across the street in such a way as to encounter Dave and to fall in with the direction in which the latter was going.

"Hot day!" Bob said, as he intersected Dave's course at an acute angle.

"Yes," answered the other.

"How's the corn crap out your way?"

"Dunno," said Dave.

"Goin' to be in town long?" Bob persisted.

To this Dave made no response. He only turned off abruptly at the street-corner and left Bob behind.

"A feller might as well try to git sugar-water by tappin' a dead sycamore as to git anything out uv him," Bob said to himself, as he turned and took the road toward Hubbard Township.

As he walks homeward over the level prairie, which westwardly has no visible limit, Bob can only think of one way to persuade Sovine to talk, and that way is out of the reach of a man so impetuous as he. It is in vain that you thrust your great fists down into the pockets of your butternut trousers, Bob. You know before you grope in them that there is no money there. You have felt of them frequently to-day and found them empty; that is why you are going home thirsty. Money will not be persuaded to remain in those pockets. Nevertheless, all the way home Bob mechanically repeats the search and wonders how he will get money to carry out his plan. He might go to Lincoln, but he has an instinctive feeling that Lincoln is what he calls "high-toned," and that the lawyer might see an impropriety in his new plan. By the time he passes into his own cabin he knows that there is no other way but to get the money from Mrs. Grayson. No easy task, Bob reflects. Mrs. Grayson has never shown any readiness to trust Bob McCord's business skill.

But the next morning he takes the path to the Grayson house, walking more and more slowly as he approaches it, with head dropped forward and fists rammed hard into his pockets, while he whistles doubtfully and intermittently. Now and then he pauses and looks off scrutinizingly. These are the ordinary physical signs of mental effort in this man. In seeking a solution of any difficulty he follows his habits. He searches his pockets, he looks for tracks on the ground, he scans the woods.

He approaches the back of the Grayson house and is relieved to see Barbara alone in the kitchen, spinning.

"Yousee, Barb'ry," he said, as he half ducked his head in entering the door,—"you see, I'm in a fix."

"Won't you take a chair, Mr. McCord?" said Barbara, as she wound the yarn she had been spinning on the spindle and then stopped the wheel.

"No, I'm 'bleeged to yeh, I won't seddown," he replied, holding himself awkwardly as with a sense that indoors was not a proper or congenial place for him.

"Abe Lincoln sot me a sum un I can't noways git the answer. He wanted me to git out uh that Dave Sovine a full account uh the lie he's a-goin' to tell agin Tommy. Bur I can't git at it noways. The feller won't talk to me. I've thought uv ketchin' 'im by himself un lickin' 'im till 'e'd let it out, but I'm afeerd Abe 'ud think ut that 'u'd flush his game afore he wuz ready to shoot. They ain't on'y jest one other way, un that's to gamble weth Dave un coax his secret that away. But you see I'm so uncommonly pore this year 't I could n't gamble at a cent a game 'thout he'd trust me, un he would n't do that, I low."

After cross-questioning Bob a little, Barbara went into the sitting-room to her mother and Bob went to the outer door to breathe the open air while he waited. Barbara's mother positively refused to let go of a dollar of her money.

"D'you think, Barb'ry, 't I'd let a shifless kind uv a man like Big Bob have my money to gamble it away to that Sovine? No, I won't, and that's all there is about it. Dave got a lot uv my money a-gamblin' with Tommy, an' he don't git no more uv it, that's as shore as my name's Marthy Grayson. They don't no good come uv gamblin' nowways, an' I can't bear that Dave Sovine should git some more uv our money, an' him a-tryin' to take Tommy's life."

Barbara stood still a minute to give her mother's indignation time to spend itself. Then she said:

"Well, poor Tom 'll have to die, I suppose, if you can't bring yourself to give Bob something to help Abraham to save him."

Mrs. Grayson stood for several seconds in self-conflict. Then she replied, "Well, Barb'ry, you always will have your way." Saying this she turned irresolutely toward her money-drawer. "I s'pose I'd jest as well give up first as last. How much does Bob want?"

"Ten dollars 'll be enough, he thinks."

"Ten dollars! Does he think I'm made out of money? Now, looky here, Barb'ry; I'm not a-goin' to give him no sech amount.

Here's five, an' you tell him I won't spare another red cent."

Barbara took the silver pieces and went out to Bob.

Possessed of funds, Bob again set out to meet Dave. This time he could not wait for Dave to come to town, but boldly sallied out along the road past the house of Sovine's father. How could he wait? His pockets and his fingers were burned by the possession of so much hard cash. He felt obliged to take it out and count it once or twice, and to make an inspection of his pockets, which had a treacherous way of coming into holes under the strain of the big, muscular hands, so often rammed into their depths for purposes of meditation.

After walking past the Sovine house once or twice without encountering Dave, he sat down by a prairie brook, the gentle current of which slipped noiselessly along, dragging its margins softly against the grass, whose seed-laden heads at this season of the year hung over into the water, the matted blades lying prone upon the unbroken surface: — their tips all curved in one way mark the direction of the stream. Bob reclined on the low bank, where he was concealed from the road by a little yellow-twigg'd water-willow, the only thing within a mile or two that could be called a tree.

After a while Dave Sovine, sauntering, ruminating tobacco, and looking warily about, as was his way, came slowly along the road. When he caught sight of Bob he started, and paused irresolutely as though about to retreat. But seeing that Bob was looking at him, he recovered himself and came toward the reclining figure. Truth to tell, Dave was lonesome in retirement, and the sight of Bob had awakened a desire to talk.

"Have you seed a man go a-past h-yer weth a bag of wheat on his hoss?" queried Bob. "I'm a-waitin' h-yer to buy a half-bushel uv seed wheat fer fall sowin', f'om a feller what's a-comin' in f'om t' other eend uv the k-younty."

The story was impromptu, and Bob had no time to fill in details. Dave looked at him suspiciously, and only replied by shaking his head. By way of confirming his theory of the reason for his waiting, Bob idly jingled the silver coins in his pocket as he talked about the craps and the relative advantage of living in the timber, where you can raise winter wheat, or on the perryary. The sound of tinkling silver caught Dave's ear, as it was meant to.

"Play a game of seven-up?" said Dave, languidly.

"You're too good a hand fer me," answered Bob, with affected wariness.

"Oh! we'll only try small stakes. Luck's ag'in me here lately"; and he pulled out a well-worn pack of cards without waiting for Bob to reply.

"No; ef I play, I want to play weth my k-yards," said Bob, who had a lurking hope of winning, notwithstanding Dave's reputation.

"I don't mind where the cards come from," said Dave, as he took Bob's pack, which was in a worse state than his own. Then, with habitual secretiveness, he said, "Let's go into the corn-field."

They crossed the road and climbed into the corn-field, seating themselves on the edge of the unplowed grassy bank between the corn and the fence. Here they were hidden and shaded by the broad-leaved horse and trumpet weeds in the fence-row. As was to be expected, Bob won rather oftener than he lost at first. After a while the luck turned, and Bob stopped playing.

"You'd better go on," said Dave.

"I d' know," answered Bob; "I'm about as well off now as I wuz in the beginnin'. I low I'd better hold up."

"Aw, no; let's go on. You might make sumpin'."

"Well," said Bob, running the ends of the cards through his fingers, "ef you'll tell me jest how that air shootin' tuck place, I will."

"I don't keer to talk about that," said Dave, with a nonchalant air, that hardly concealed his annoyance. "The prosecuting attorney thought I'd better not."

"I wuz n't at the eenques'," Bob pleaded, "un they's so many stories a-goin' that I want to h-yer it f'om you."

"Oh, I know you," said Dave. "You think I have n't got my eye-teeth cut yet. You've been a-layin' for me and I know what you are here fer. Do you think I don't see through your winter wheat? I know you're on Tom's side."

"Well, in course I am," said Bob, roused to audacity by his failure to deceive. "But it mout be jest as well fer you to tell me. Un maybe a leetle better. It mout be the very k-yard fer you to throw at this p'int in the game." And Bob's face assumed a mysterious and suggestive look as he laid his cards on the grass and leaned forward regarding Dave.

"Well," said Dave, in a husky half-whisper, letting his eyes fall from Bob's, "I'll tell you what: I don't really keer to have Tom hung, un I've been feelin' bad un wishin' I could git out uv it. Ef I had anuff money to go to New Orleans like a gentleman, I'd just light out some night, and give Tom a chance for his life."

"Maybe you mout git the money," said

McCord, picking up his cards. "But your story would n't hang him nohow, I 'low." Here Bob laid down half a dollar for a new game, and Dave covered it.

"Of course, if I stay he's *got* to swing," said Dave; and by way of proving this to Bob, he told his story of the shooting with some particularity, while he proceeded to win one half-dollar after another almost without interruption. "Now," he said, when he had told the story and answered Bob's questions, "you can see that's purty tolerable bad. I sh'd think they'd ruther I'd clear out. An' if somebody'd give you a hundred dollars an' you'd let me play three or four games of poker with you some fine day I'd make tracks, an' the prosecuting attorney 'd have to get along without me."

By this time all of the five dollars that Barbara had furnished, except the last twenty-five-cent piece, had passed from Bob's reluctant hands to Dave Sovine's greedy pockets. This one quarter of a dollar Bob had prudently placed in the great pocket of his hunting-shirt, that he might have something to fill his stone jug with. For though he was devoted to the Graysons' side of the controversy, Bob McCord could hardly be called a disinterested philanthropist; and he held that even in serving one's friends one must not forget to provide the necessities of life.

"You're awful good on a game," said Bob, with a rueful face. "You've cleaned me out, by hokey; I'll see ef I can't git you that hundred dollars, so's you kin win it. But it'll take time fer the Widder Grayson to raise it, I 'low."

"Oh! they ain't no *partik'lar* hurry," said Dave, cheerfully counting over his winnings and stowing the silver about in his pockets as a ship-master might distribute his ballast. "Only if I don't get the money I'll have to stay h-yer an' go to court, I guess." And Dave hitched up his trousers and walked off with the air of a man who has a master-stroke of business in view.

Lincoln came to town the next week and Bob told him the story, while Lincoln made careful notes of Dave's account of the shooting.

"He says ef Widder Grayson 'll let me have a hundred dollars, un I'll let him play draw poker fer it, he'll light out fer parts unknown."

"Oh! he wants pay, does he?" And the young lawyer sat and thought awhile. Then he turned full on Bob and said:

"Could I depend on you to be in court at the trial without fail, and without my sending a subpoena?"

"Oh, I'll be there un nowheres else," said Bob. "You need n't soopeeny me. I'll come 'thout callin', foller 'thout tollin', un stan' 'thout hitchin'."

"Now if Dave Sovine comes after you for that hundred dollars, you'd better put him off, as easy as you can. If we should buy him off we would n't want to give the prosecution time to fetch him back."

Bob thought he saw a twinkle in Lincoln's eye as he said this; a something in his expression that indicated more than he said. But though he looked at the lawyer curiously, he got no further light. That evening, as Bob passed the Grayson farm-house, he told the anxious Barbara something about it, and added: "Abe Lincoln's powerful deep. He's got sumpin' ur nuther in 'is head 't I can't noways see into. I don't half believe 't 'e means to buy up that low-lived scoundrel arter all. He acts like a man that's got a deadfall all sot, un is a-tryin' to honey-fugle the varmint to git 'im to come underneath."

And Barbara took what comfort she could out of this assurance.

XXI.

HIRAM AND BARBARA.

To Barbara, indeed, the unrelieved apprehension and suspense of those long, hot, August days were almost intolerable. The frequent excursions to the Moscow jail, to carry some tidbits of home cookery, or some article for Tom's personal comfort, afforded a practical outlet to feeling and a relief from the monotony of passive suffering, but these journeys also brought sharp trials of their own to Barbara's courage and self-control. She might not betray to Tom or to her mother how much she suffered; it was for her to support both the one and the other.

Doubtless it would have been a relief could she have told Hiram Mason all the dreadful apprehensions that haunted her during the long, sleepless nights. But from the hour of Mason's entering the house he had avoided confidential relations with Barbara. Before and after school Hiram attended to all those small cares that about a farm-house usually fall to the lot of a man. Gentle and considerate to Mrs. Grayson and Barbara, he preserved toward the latter a careful reserve. He could not resume the subject discussed the evening they had peeled apples by the loom; it seemed out of the question that he should talk to Barbara of such things while her mind was engrossed with the curse of Cain impending upon her brother. He might have sought to renew the matter under cover of giving her a closer sympathy and a more cordial support in her sorrows, but he saw in her demureness only the same sensitive pride that had shrunk from his first advances; and he knew that this pride had been wounded

to the quick by the family disgrace. Moreover, to urge his claims as a lover at such a time would cover all his services to the family with a verdigris of self-interest; and he thought that such advances would add to Barbara's distress. In making them he would be taking an unfair advantage of the obligations she might feel herself under to him, and the more he thought of it the more he abhorred to put himself in such an attitude. So he daily strengthened his resolution to be nothing but Mrs. Grayson's next friend while he remained under her roof, and to postpone all the rest until this ordeal should be past.

In many ways he was able to be helpful to the two troubled women. He stood between them and the prying curiosity of strangers, answering all questions about the family, about Tom, and about the case. He was their messenger on many occasions, and he went with them every Saturday or Sunday to Moscow. But at other times Barbara saw little of him except at the table, and he avoided all conspicuous attentions to her. Even Mely McCord, though often at the house, could find no subject for chaff in the relations of the two. When the matter was under discussion among the young gossips at the Timber Creek school-house, Mely declared that she "did n' low they wuz anything in the talk about the master un Barbary,—he did n' pay Barbary no 'tention 't all, now 't e 'd got every chance." If Mason had been a person of less habitual self-repression he would not have been able to house his feelings so securely; but this man came of an austere stock; self-control was with him not merely habitual, it was hereditary.

Hiram had besides a battle of his own to fight. The Monday morning after the killing of Lockwood, as he went to the school-house, he was met in the road by Lysander Butts, next neighbor to the Graysons—a square-built man with a cannon-ball head. Butts was from the hill country of New Jersey, a man of narrow prejudices and great obstinacy.

"Looky here, Mr. Mason," he said, "d' you think now that a schoolmaster ought to take up for a rascal like Tom Grayson, that's a gambler, and I don' know what, and that's killed another fellow, like a sneak, in the dark?"

"I have n't taken up for Tom any more than to want him to have fair play," said Mason. "But I thought that the poor old lady needed somebody to be her friend, and so I went there, and am going to do what I can for her."

"Well, I know the Graysons mighty well, first and last, this many a ye'r, and they're all cut off of the same piece; and none of 'em is to be overly trusted, now you mind that."

"You have a right to your opinion," said

Hiram; "but I am Mrs. Grayson's friend, and that is my lookout."

"Mrs. Grayson's friend?" said Butts, with a sneer. "Mrs. Grayson, ainh? As if you could make me believe it was the mother you're defending. It's Barbary you're after."

Mason colored as though accused of a crime. Then, recovering himself, he said: "It's very impudent of you to be meddling, Mr. Butts. So long as I behave myself it's none of your business." And he went on toward the school.

"None of my business, ainh? You'll find out whose business it is mighty shortly," Butts called after Hiram.

The quarrel between the Buttses and the Graysons dated back to their first settlement in Illinois. Butts had regularly cut wild hay on the low-lying meadow between the two farms. Fond of getting something for nothing, he gave out among his neighbors that this forty acres was his own, but he put off entering it at the Land Office. When Tom Grayson's father entered his farm he found this piece blank and paid for it. From that time Butts had been his enemy, for there was no adjunct to a farm in the timber so highly prized as a bit of meadow. When once near neighbors in the country have quarreled their proximity is usually a guarantee that they will never be reconciled;—there are so many occasions of offense between people who must always be eating off the same plate. It was universally known that "the Buttses and the Graysons could n't hitch." Where two of their fields joined without an intervening road they had not been able even to build a line fence together; but each man laid up a rail fence on the very edge of his own land, and the salient angles of the two hostile fences stood so near together that a half-grown pig could not have passed between. This is what is called, in the phrase of the country, a "devil's lane," because it is a monument of bad neighborhood.

When Mason reached the school-house that morning Angeline Butts had her books and those of her younger brother and two younger sisters gathered in a heap, and the rest of the scholars were standing about her, while she did her best to propagate the family antagonism to the master. The jealousy of Lysander Butts's family had been much inflamed by Barbara's swift success in study. Angeline had never been able to get beyond the simple rules of arithmetic; her feeble bark had quite gone ashore on the sandy reaches of long division. The Buttses were therefore not pleased to have Barbara arrive at the great goal of the Rule of Three, and even become the marvel of the neighborhood by

passing into the mysterious realm of algebraic symbols. For Angeline's part she "could n't see no kind-uv good, noways you could fix it, in cipherin' with such saw-bucks." Figgers was good enough for common folks, she said, and all this gimcrack work with x's and y's was only just a trick to ketch the master. For her part she would n' fool away time settin' her cap for such as him, not if he was the only man in the world.

When Tom was arrested for murder, the Buttses felt that their day had come. Folks would find out what sort of people the Graysons were now; and what would become of all Barbary's fine match with the master? Hey? But when, on the very day after the shooting, Angeline came home bursting with indignation, that the master 'd gone and took up his board and lodging at the Graysons', and had put John Buchanan into his place for a day and gone off down to the jail with the Graysons, their exasperation knew no bounds. Butts rose to the occasion, and resolved to take his children out of the school. It is the inalienable right of the free-born American citizen to relieve his indignation by taking his children from school, and by stopping his newspaper. No man that countenanced murder could teach Butts's children.

When Mason entered the school-room after his encounter with the father he was not surprised to find the whole battalion of Butts infantry drawn up in martial array, while Angeline held forth to the assembled pupils on the subject of the master's guilt in countenancing Tom Grayson, and the general meanness of the whole Grayson "click," living and dead. When the auditors saw Hiram come in they fell away to their seats; but Angeline, pleased to show her defiance of the master, who could no longer punish her, stood bolt upright with her bonnet on until the school had been called to order. The younger Buttses sat down from habitual respect for authority, and the brother pulled off his hat; but Angeline jammed it on his head again, and pulled him to his feet. She might have left before the school began; but she preferred to have a row, if possible. So when the school had grown quiet, she boldly advanced to the space in front of the master's desk, with the younger and more timid Buttses slinking behind her.

"Mr. Mason, father's goin' to take me out of school," she said.

"So he told me."

"He wants us to come right straight home this morning."

"Well, you know the road, don't you?" said Hiram, smiling. "If he 's in a hurry for you, I should have thought you might have been there by this time."

This reply set the school into an audible smile. Angeline grew red in the face, but the master was standing in silence waiting for her to get out, and the scholars were laughing at her. There was nothing more to be said, and nothing for it but to be gone or burst. In her irritation she seized her youngest sister, who was shamefacedly sneaking into Angeline's skirts, and gave her a sharp jerk, which only gave a fresh impulse to the titter of the scholars, and Angeline and her followers were forced to scuffle out of the door in confusion.

Lysander Butts was not a man to give over a struggle. Conflict was his recreation, and he thought he could "spite the master" not only by refusing payment for the tuition his children had already received, but by getting the Timber Creek district to shut Mason out of their school-house. There were those in the district who resented Mason's friendship for the Graysons, but they were not ready to go so far as Butts proposed. And in asking Buchanan to teach school for him a single day Mason had unwittingly made friends against the time of trouble; for the old schoolmaster now took the young man's part, and brought over to his side the three Scotch families in the district, who always acted in unison, as a sort of clan. Butts was at a serious disadvantage in that he lived beyond the limits of the Timber Creek district. "What does he want to come a-maiddlin' wi' us fer?" Buchanan demanded of the Timber Creekers. "Let 'im attain'd to the beesness of his own destrict, and not go to runnin' his wee crookit daivil's lanes down here." Such arguments, with the help of Mason's good nature, his popularity with the pupils, and his inflexible determination to keep his own gait, caused the opposition to weaken and die out gradually without doing serious damage to the school.

To this favorable issue the friendly influence of the Albaugh family, who were outside of the district on the other side from Butts, contributed something. With Rachel Albaugh Mason became better acquainted through her interest in Tom's fate. She sought a conversation with the master almost every day to gain information about the case. The placidity of her face was not ruffled by solicitude, the glory of her eyes was not dimmed by tears. But interest in Tom's fate there surely was. It did not greatly matter to her whether Tom had committed the deed or not: in any case he was a bold and daring fellow who had lifted himself out of the commonplace, and who was proportionately interesting to Rachel's imagination.

But the people generally did not see things through the eyes of a romantic young woman. They were for the most part dead against Tom,

and the adverse tide set more and more strongly against him when the long August days had worn themselves away and September with its bursts of storm had come in. If Tom had shot Lockwood in a street affray there would have been a disposition to condone the offense, seeing there was "a girl in the case," a circumstance that goes for much in the minds of pioneer people; for girls and horses are two things accounted well worth fighting for in a new country. Some philosophers explain this by saying that both the one and the other are means of ascent in the scale of civilization. But the fact is, that new-country people set much more store by their horses and their sweethearts than they do by civilization, for which, in the abstract, they care but little. They also esteem courage very highly. But to shoot a man in the dark as Lockwood had been shot was cowardly, and cowardice was in itself almost ground enough for hanging a man.

This increased momentum in the popular feeling against Tom could not escape the knowledge of Mason, to whom people talked with some freedom, but he managed to conceal it from Barbara and Mrs. Grayson. His own situation indeed was becoming more and more difficult. He foresaw that the maintenance of his present attitude toward Barbara might soon become impossible. To be always near to her, and yet to keep himself so aloof, was more than even his nature would bear. Above all, to see her consumed by sorrow and to be afraid to speak the tenderest word of sympathy was torment. The very aspect of her suffering face set his nerves in a tremor; it became difficult for him to say good-morning to her with composure. There is the uncontrollable in all of us; and self-contained as Hiram was, he came upon the uncontrollable in himself at last.

He had reached the closing days of his school term, though it yet lacked a fortnight of the September "court week" at Moscow. It was his purpose to remain and see the Graysons through their trouble: what would become of his own trouble, when Tom's fate should have been settled one way or the other, he could not foretell. And he was, moreover, filled with the worst forebodings in regard to the issue of the trial. He came home from school a little earlier than usual on the last day but one of his school session, and fearing to trust himself too much in Barbara's presence, he had gone past the house directly to the barn, to do those night and morning things which are classed as "chores," or "choores," according to the accent of the region in which you chance to hear the word. On entering the barn he was surprised to find Barbara sitting on the "draw-horse" or

shaving-bench. She had fled to the threshing-floor, with the belief that she was seeking for eggs, but really to find relief in tears that she could not shed in the house without opening the great deep of her mother's sorrows. She had remained longer than she intended, weeping heartily, with no witness but the chattering swallows in the rafters above, and old Blaze-face, who looked placidly at her from behind the bars of his hay-rack.

The sight of Barbara alone in the dusky light of the threshing-floor awakened in Hiram an inexpressible longing to tell her of all there was in his heart; the vision of Barbara in tears was too much for his resolution. He went forward and sat down by her; he involuntarily put his right arm about her shoulders, and drew her to him in a gentle embrace; he took her handkerchief in his left hand and wiped the tears from her cheeks and said softly:

"Dear Barbara, now don't cry any more; I'm so sorry for you."

Barbara sat still; whether displeased or not Hiram could not tell, for she did not say a word. She neither accepted nor refused his embrace. Hiram felt a powerful impulse to say more, but he suddenly remembered that Barbara's grief had no relation to him, and it seemed hateful that he should intrude his own feelings and hopes upon her in her engrossing sorrow, and he feared to offend again a pride so sensitive as he knew hers to be. But he allowed himself once more to draw the silent Barbara toward him with a gentle pressure; then, with a resolute effort at self-control, he climbed into the mow to pitch down some hay for old Blaze. This duty he performed as quickly as possible, blindly intent on returning to Barbara once more. But when he came down again Barbara had gone, and he sat down on the draw-horse where she had been, and remained there long, all alone but for the swallows flitting in and out through the openings between the lower ends of the rafters, and gossiping from one mud-built nest to another. In this time he asked himself questions about his conduct in the difficult days yet to come, and tried to reproach himself for the partial surrender he had made to his feelings; though now he had given so much expression to his affection, he could not for the life of him repent of it.

If he had known how much strength this little outbreak of sympathy on his part had given to Barbara, his conscience would have been quite at ease. Even Mrs. Grayson was sustained by the girl's accession of courage. In the darkest days that followed, Barbara liked to recall Hiram's voice soothing

her, and begging her not to weep; and with blushes she remembered the pressure of his gentle embrace about her shoulders. This memory was a check to the bitterness of her grief. But Hiram had lost confidence in himself. There were yet two more weeks to be passed, and unless he should desert Barbara in her trouble, he would have to spend these weeks in unceasing conflict.

The next day was the last of the school-term, and according to immemorial usage, the last Friday afternoon of a school-term was spent in a grand spelling-match, in which others than the regular pupils of the school were free to engage. It was while this orthographical scrimmage was going on that the county clerk, Magill, sprucely dressed, and ruddy-faced as ever, rode up to the school-house. He spent many of his days in riding about the county, palavering the farmers and flattering their wives and daughters, and, by his genial Irish manners, making friends against the time of need. Who could tell whether it might not also be worth while to make friends with the grown-up and growing-up pupils of the Timber Creek school; there would be elections after these boys came to vote. Besides, he remembered that Rachel Albaugh was one of Mason's post-graduate scholars, and it was not in such a connoisseur of fine women to miss an opportunity of seeing the finest in the county. So he went in and sat for an hour on the hard bench with his back against the stone jamb of the great empty fire-place, and smilingly listened to the scholars wrestling with the supreme difficulties of Webster's Elementary; such, for example, as "incomprehensibility," and other "words of eight syllables accented on the sixth." By the time the spelling-match was over and the school was ready to be dismissed he had evolved a new plan relating to his own affairs. In making friends and electioneering no one could excel Magill; but for attending to the proper work of his office he had neither liking nor aptitude, and the youth he kept there, though good enough at building fires and collecting fees, was not competent to transcribe a document. The records were behind, and he needed some one to write them up. He was too prudent to take into the office any man who in after years could use the experience that might be gained and the knowledge of his own dilatory habits that might be acquired there to supplant him. It occurred to him now that it would be a good stroke to engage Mason, who was not likely ever to be a resident of the county, and who could therefore never become a rival.

While these thoughts were in Magill's

mind, Hiram was indulging in a few words of that sort of sentiment to which schoolmasters are prone when the parting time comes. When the children were dismissed they formed themselves into two rows on the outside of the school-house door, according to an antique and, no doubt, Old-World custom still lingering in some rural places at that time. When the master made his exit the boys were on his right and the girls were on his left,—perhaps because of Eve's imprudence in the garden of Eden. Between the two rows Hiram marched slowly, with a quizzical look on his face, as the boys, to the best of their knowledge and ability, bowed to him, and the girls, with an attempt at simultaneousness, dropped "curcheys" of respect. Magill stood in the door and smiled to see some of the boys bend themselves to stiff right angles on their middle hinges, while others grinned foolishly and bobbed their heads forward or sidewise, according to the string they chanced to pull. The performances of the other row were equally various; some of the girls bent their knees and recovered themselves all in one little jerk, while others dropped so low as to "make tubs" of their dress-skirts. When these last honors had been paid, the scholars broke ranks and started for their homes.

As Magill put one foot into the stirrup he said: "Mason, how would yeh like to come down to Moscow an' help me write up me books? I 'm a good dale behoind; an' ef you like to come for a wake or two an' help me to ketch up, I 'll give yeh four bits a day an' yer board at the tavern."

Hiram's finances were so straitened that this offer of fifty cents a day was very welcome to him. How could he serve the Graysons better than to be where he could see Tom every day, and look after his interest in any contingency that might arise? This and the recollection of his embarrassing situation in the Grayson household quickly decided him; and as the condition of Magill's office was distressing, he promised to come to town in time to begin by 9 o'clock the next morning.

That evening he explained the matter to Barbara and her mother at the supper table; and before bedtime he had arranged with Bob McCord to look after the "critters," as Bob called them. The next morning, Hiram was off by daybreak. Bob McCord took him half-way with old Blaze,—for the rest, he "rode shank's mare," as the people say,—and by 9 o'clock he was trying to thread the labyrinth of confusion in Magill's office.

To Barbara it seemed the greatest good fortune to have Mason near to Tom, but the

table was intolerably lonely when only two sorrow-smitten women sat down together.

XXII.

THE FIRST DAY OF COURT.

THE eventful morning of the opening of the "fall term" of the court at Moscow came at length. Mrs. Grayson again put her house into the care of her neighbor Mely McCord, and she arranged that Bob McCord should stay at home so as to feed the cattle that night and the next morning. It was thought that Tom's trial would take place on the second day. Mrs. Grayson and Barbara drove into Moscow early on the first day of court that they might give Tom all the sympathy and assistance possible.

On that very first forenoon the grand jury heard such fragments of evidence as the public prosecutor thought necessary to bring before them, and found an indictment against Thomas Grayson, Junior, for murder in the first degree. In the prevailing state of public opinion a true bill would almost have been found if no evidence had been before them. Delay in such cases was not to be thought of in that time of summary justice; dilatory postponements were certainly not to be expected in a court presided over, as this one was, by Judge Watkins. He was a man approaching sixty years of age, with a sallow, withered face; a victim to hot biscuit and dyspepsia; arbitrary and petulant, but with deep-set, intelligent black eyes. Though his temper was infirm, his voice crabbed, and his administration of justice austere and unrelenting, he was eminently just, and full of the honorable if somewhat irascible pride of a Virginian with a superstitious reverence for his "family." Judge Watkins came of an ancestry who were famous only for courageously holding up their heads and doing nothing that they considered unworthy of gentlemen. Their greatest pride was that they had always been proud. The judge's coat hung loosely on his frame, and his trousers were generally drawn up in wrinkles so as to show the half of his boot-legs. His garments were, moreover, well-worn and rather coarse; like his planter ancestors, he never fancied that dress could add anything to the dignity of a gentleman. The substantial distinction of a gentleman, in his estimation, consisted in being of a "good family," and in preferring to lose one's life rather than to lie, and to take another man's life rather than to suffer the reproach of falsehood or cowardice. It was characteristic of a Virginian of this type to have something like a detestation for clothes, except in so far as they served for decency and warmth; all the great differ-

ence between a respected gentleman and a despised fop lay in this fierce contempt for appearances. Judge Watkins left fine coats and gold watches for those who needed such decorations; he clothed himself in homespun and family pride.

When the indictment was read, the judge, looking from under his overhanging, grizzled eyebrows, said, "When can we try this case?" The counsel on both sides knew that he intended to dispatch this disagreeable business promptly. As he put the question, Judge Watkins looked first at Allen, the prosecuting attorney, and then at Lincoln.

"We are ready, your Honor," said the prosecuting attorney, a little man with a freckled face and a fidgety desire to score a point on every occasion. "I hope there'll be no delay, your Honor. The defense knew six weeks ago that a true bill would be found. They've had time enough to prepare, and I hope we shall be able to go on."

The judge listened impatiently to this, with the air of a man who has heard so much claptrap that it has become nauseous to him. Indeed, before Allen had completed his little speech Judge Watkins had turned quite away from him and fastened his deep-set eyes on young Lincoln, who rose to his feet without succeeding in getting himself quite straight,—this was always a matter of time with him,—and said in a grave, half-despondent way:

"Your Honor, we are ready."

"I'll set the case for to-morrow, then," said the judge, and added in a sharper key, "Sheriff, command silence!" This last injunction was prompted by an incontinent rustle of interest in the court-room when the time for the murder trial was fixed for the next day. The judge's high-strung, irascible nerves, and his sense of the sacred dignity of his court, made him take offense at the slightest symptom of popular feeling.

The sheriff, who sat at the judge's left a little lower than the judge, now stood up and rapped with a mallet on the plank desk in front of him, and cried lustily, "Si—lence in court!"

And all was still again.

The judge's dignity would not admit of his addressing the commonalty, who, since they were neither members of the bar, court officers, witnesses, nor criminals, were beyond official recognition, but he said to the sheriff in a severe tone:

"Sheriff, you will arrest any person who makes any kind of disturbance in the court."

Then the business of the court went on. One after another of the spectators, whose interest was centered in the next day's session, rose and tip-toed softly out of the room.

They did not all go at once, nor did any one of them go noisily. The judge had been known to fine a man for treading heavily, and those who wore squeaking boots were in misery until they were quite clear of the door.

XXIII.

BROAD RUN IN ARMS.

THE popular imagination had made Tom into something monstrous. Visitors to the village went to the jail window to look at him, as one might go to look at a wild beast. Confinement, solicitude, and uncertainty had worn upon him. He shrank nervously into the darker corners of the jail to avoid observation. His mind was a very shuttlecock between the battledores of hope and fear. He knew no more than the public of the purposes or expectations of his lawyer. All that Lincoln would say to Tom or his friends was that the case was a difficult one, and that it was better to leave the line of defense wholly to himself. But in proportion as Tom's counsel was uncommunicative about his plans rumor was outspoken and confident, though not always consistent in its account of them. It was reported that Tom was to plead guilty to manslaughter; that Lincoln would try to clear him on the ground of justifiable homicide in self-defense; and that the lawyer had found a man willing to swear that he was in company with Tom on another part of the ground at the very time of the shooting. In any case, it was decided that Lincoln would move for a change of venue, for it was well understood that in Moscow the accused did not stand "a ghost of a chance."

As the time of the court session drew on, a new and more exciting report had got abroad. It was everywhere said that Dave Sovine had been bought off, and that he was to get his money and leave the country in time to avoid testifying. How the story was set a-going, or who was responsible for it, no one could tell. Dave Sovine's conferences with Bob McCord may have raised surmises, for as the time of the trial approached, Dave grew more and more solicitous to get the hundred dollars and be off. He even hinted to Bob that he might refuse to accept it, if it did not come soon. Bob McCord had his own notions about the report. He thought that either Sovine had incontinently let the matter out, which was hardly probable, or that Abe Lincoln for some reason wanted such a belief to be spread abroad. Secretive and tricky as Bob was, there was a finesse about Lincoln's plans which he could not penetrate, and which

led him more than once to remark that Abe was "powerful deep for a young feller." Whether the rumor was launched for a purpose or not, it had had the effect of waking up Allen, the public prosecutor, who put a watch on Sovine's movements, and gave his chief witness to understand that any attempt of his to leave the country, by night or day, would bring about his immediate arrest.

The story that Sovine had been bought off produced another result which could not have been desired by either of the lawyers: it fanned to a blaze the slumbering embers of Broad Run. Jake Hogan's abortive expedition to Perrysburg had left resentment rankling in his manly bosom. He had reluctantly given over the attempt to redeem himself by making a raid on Moscow the Sunday night following, when Deputy Sheriff Markham had pretended to look up a hypothetical wall-eyed, red-whiskered man, who was believed to have had some reason for killing George Lockwood. It was, indeed, only by degrees that Broad Run came to understand that its dignity had been again trifled with. The first result of its indignation was that the Broad Run clan, attributing to Sheriff Plunkett all the humiliation put upon it, had unanimously resolved to compass his defeat at the next election. Plunkett, having heard of this, promptly took measures to avert the defection of his good friends on the Run. Markham, as the principal author of the difficulty, was dismissed from his place of deputy on some trifling pretext. It did not cost Sheriff Plunkett serious pain to let him go; Markham was becoming too conspicuous a figure. It is the way of shrewd small men to cut down in time an apprentice who is likely to overtop the master. Then Plunkett told his brother-in-law to go out to Broad Run and explain things. Greater diplomats than he have prepared to make use of irresponsible ambassadors when they had that to say which it might be necessary to repudiate. The brother-in-law was one of those men who like to take a hand in local politics, not for the sake of holding office themselves, but for the pleasure of intrigue for its own sake. He first sought Jake Hogan at his cabin, and sat and whittled with him at his wood-pile in the most friendly way, laughing at Jake's lank jokes, flattering his enormous self-love, and by every means in his power seeking to appease Hogan's wrath against the sheriff. The sheriff had n't anything to do with running Tom off after the inquest, said the envoy,—Markham had done that. It was Markham who had peddled around the story of the man with red whiskers. Markham had got too big-feeling for his place. The sheriff saw that Markham was against the Broad Run boys, and so he

put him out — dropped him like a hot potato, you know.

"Just consider," the brother-in-law urged, "how much Plunkett's done for the boys. He's refused tee-totally to let Tom be taken to Perrysburg. Plunkett ain't going to be dictated to by rich men like ole Tom Grayson. He knows who elected him. And he don't feel obliged to protect a murderer after the coroner's jury says he's guilty."

"They've been talk of his shootin' if any reg'laters come around," said Jake.

"*Ham shoot?*" answered the brother-in-law. "He's done everything he could not to put out the boys, and what 'ud 'e shoot for? He ain't anxious to have the job of hangin' Tom Grayson. He's heard tell of sheriffs, 'fore now, that 's felt themselves ha'nted as long 's they lived, because they'd hanged a man. He ain't goin' to fight for the privilege of hangin' Tom, and he ain't the kind to do anything' brash, and he ain't ag'inst good citizens like the boys on the Run — depend on that. Of course," — here the brother-in-law picked up a new splinter and whittled it cautiously as he spoke, — "of course you know 't the sheriff's give bonds. He's got to make a show of defending his prisoner. He's took 'n oath, you see, 'n' people expect him to resist. But if a lot of men comes, what can one man do? S'posin' they wuz to tie his hands, and then s'pose they was to say if he moved they'd shoot. What *could* he do?"

The envoy stopped whittling and looked at Jake, giving the slightest possible wink with one eye. Jake nodded his head with the air of a man who is confident that he is not such a fool as to be unable to take a hint enforced by half a wink.

"What does 'n oath amount to with a pistol at your head?" the brother-in-law inquired; "an' what's the use of bonds if your hands are tied? You can *talk* strong; that don't hurt anybody."

Jake nodded again, and said, "In course."

"If you was to hear about the sheriff's sayin' he'd ruther die than give up his prisoner, you can just remember that he's *got* to talk that way; he's under bonds, and he's swore in, and the people expect him to talk about doin' his dooty. But you're too old a hand to set much store by talk."

"Well, I 'low I am," said Hogan, greatly pleased that his experience and astuteness were at length coming in for due recognition.

Then when Jake was pretty well mollified, the brother-in-law adjourned himself and Jake to the grocery, where he treated the crowd, and in much more vague and non-committal terms let all the citizens that resorted thither

understand that Sheriff Plunkett was their friend, and that Pete Markham was the friend of the rich men and the lawyers. But he took pains to leave the impression that Tom would certainly meet his deserts at the hands of the court, for the sheriff desired to avoid the embarrassment of a mob if he could.

The sweetness of Jake Hogan's spirit had been curdled by his disappointment and reverses, but these overtures from the sheriff to him as a high-contracting power were very flattering and assuring. When, a little later, the startling intelligence reached that center of social and intellectual activity, the Broad Run grocery, that Dave Sovine had been bought off, Broad Run was aroused, and Jake Hogan left off sulking in his tent and resumed his activity in public affairs.

"Did n't I tell you," he asked, leaning his back against the counter and supporting himself on his two elbows thrust behind him, while one of his legs, ending in a stogy boot, was braced out in front of him, "you can't hang the nephew 'v a rich man in such a dodrotted country as this yer Eelenoys? Dave Sovine's bought off, they say, by an ornery young lawyer un that air Bob McCord." Jake was too prudent to apply any degrading adjectives to a man of Bob's size and renown. "Dave'll light out the day afore the trial with rocks in his pockets, un that air young coward'll git clean off. Where's yer spunk, I'd like to know? 'F you're go'n' to be hornswoggled by lawyers like that air long-legged Abe Lincoln, un rich men like ole Seven-per-cent Tom Grayson, w'y, you *kin*, that's all."

Jake, with his head thrown forward, looked sternly around on the group about him, and they seemed to feel the reproach of his superior aggressiveness. Bijy Grimes was rendered so uneasy by Jake's regard that he shut his mouth; and then, not knowing what better to do, he ventured to ask humbly, "What kin we do about it, Jake?" letting his mouth drop open again in token that he waited for a reply.

"Do?" said Jake, contemptuously. "W'y, chain-lightin', Bijy, what a thing, now, to ax! Show me two dozen, ur even *one* dozen, men that 'll stan' at my back tell the blood runs, un I'll show 'em 't folks can't take a change of venoo out-uh the k-younty that knows all about the rascality into one that don't. I'll show 'em how to buy off witnesses, un I'll larn these yer dodrotted lawyers un rich men how to fool weth the very bone un sinoo uv the land."

Notwithstanding the natural love of these men for a little excitement, they had been rendered somewhat unresponsive by Jake's failures. The most of them thought it best to go to town on the day of the trial and see



ZEKE AND S'MANTHY'S OLDEST SON.

how it would come out. But at 6 o'clock in the evening of the first day of court, Lew Baker, a farmer from the river valley beyond the Run, rode past the door of the grocery on his way home, and said a collective "Howdy" to the three or four who stood outside. Bijy Grimes, who was one of them, came out towards the middle of the road heading off the traveler.

"Hello, Lew! Any nooze about the trial?" he said, dropping his lower jaw from between his fat infantile cheeks and waiting for a reply, while the rest of the group moved up to hearing distance.

"Well, yes," said Baker, pulling up his horse and swinging himself round in the saddle so as to bring the most of his weight on the right stirrup, while he rested his left elbow on his

left knee and his right hand on the horse's mane. "I heern tell, jest as I come away, that Dave what-ye-may-call-'im, the witness, had sloped, liker'n not. He hain't been seed aroun' for a right smart while, un they say he's gone off to New Urleans ur the Injun country. Moscow's stirred up about it."

"Tu-lah!" said Bijy. "They 'low he 'll be got off, don't they?"

"They 're shore sumpin' 's fixed, fer the young feller's lawyer hain't soopeenied a derned witness."

"Tu-lah!" said Bijy. "Is that a fack?"

"Shore 's shootin', they say. He 's to be got off somehow, I s'pose."

"Tu-laws-a-massy!" broke out Bijy; and turning to his fellow-loafers he said, "That 'll rile Jake party consid'able, now won't it?"

It did stir up Jake when he heard of it. He promptly set to work to form a company to descend at once on Moscow and take the case out of the hands of the dodrotted lawyers. He could not at so late an hour get together more than twenty or twenty-five men from Broad Run and the regions within warning distance. Some of these joined him only because they could not endure to have anything very exciting take place in their absence: it would entail the necessity of their hearing for the rest of their lives the account given of the affair by the participators, who would always value themselves on it. Some of the larger boys, whose aid had been rejected in the previous excursion because they were not accounted mature enough for such public responsibilities, were now admitted: the company would be small, and a boy is better than nobody in a pinch.

S'manthy's oldest son, a tow-headed fellow of sixteen, was one of these, and he was sent over the hill to warn Zeke Tucker, who was still at Britton's, a mile away from the borders of what was distinctively called "the Run Neighborhood."

The September twilight was already fading when the lad arrived and communicated his message to Zeke, who was perched on the top rail of a fence, for rest and observation after his day's work. Mrs. Britton was making the house over-warm just now, and Zeke naturally preferred the fresh air. He was notified that the start was to be made three hours after dark, so as to have time to get home before dawn. He promised to come "jest as soon as possible," and sent word to Jake not to go without him, hoping to delay the expedition by this means.

(To be continued.)

Edward Eggleston.

THE PERSONALITY OF LEO XIII.



LEO XIII. is described by the Italian publicist Bonghi as "one of the most finely balanced and vigorous of characters." Without the brilliancy or the geniality of Pius IX., which attracted even his enemies to him personally, he has qualities which many Catholics believe of greater usefulness in the present time. He is little of an orator, but much of an author. He uses the pen *urbi et orbi* (to the city and to the world). He teaches by encyclicals; his predecessor taught by allocutions. To the culture of Leo X. he unites the spirituality of Pius IX. He possesses all that is good in the spirit of the Renaissance without that mixture of paganism which almost put the classics above the Scriptures and valued a variation in a line of Horace as much as the Gospel of St. John. He never forgets the weight of his burden as the spiritual ruler in matters of faith and morals of the Catholic world. When he speaks in his encyclicals, which are models of classic Latinity, when he teaches *ex cathedrâ* on subjects of faith or of those principles which touch faith, being of Christian morality, the elegant graces of the past are forgotten and his words flow solemnly, gravely, with such force that even those who reject him as a teacher recognize his knowledge, broad and deep, of the Scriptures, and his ardent desire for the welfare of society.

Joachim Vincent Raphael Louis Pecci was born on March 2, 1810, at Carpineto,—Carpineto Romagna, to be accurate. His brother, Cardinal Pecci, calls it "an eagle's nest." It is placed high in the Monte Lepini, in the Volscian range. Here, in this aerie-like town, much out of the course of the ordinary traveler, stands the country house of the Pecci family, its outlines softened by the boughs of well-grown trees. Carpineto is still, in appearance, a mediaval town, and even the lumbering stage-coach hurrying through its streets, ancient as that vehicle is, seems painfully modern. The Pecci are of Siennese origin. The mother of Leo XIII. was Anna Prosperi Buzi, a descendant of a famous Volscian family. Count Domenico, his father,—of a race which had been forced to flee from Sienna for having taken sides with the Medici,—fought for a time under Napoleon I. But while Napoleon held Pius IX. in his clutches, Count Domenico lived quietly in his home at Carpineto, little dreaming that his son was to be the successor of the imprisoned Pope.

Vincent Pecci, as he was called during his mother's life, spent a happy childhood in "the eagle's nest," for he was the youngest of six children,—four boys and two girls,—and the memories of that peaceful time permeate his poetical work. Like most boys of his class, he was put in the care of the Jesuits. In their establishments at Viterbo and Rome he showed a marked taste for the classics. He resolved to be a priest. He did not allow himself, in



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FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF PAINTING BY LENSCH, IN MUNICH.

Leo XIII.
~~1878~~

POPE LEO XIII.

spite of his bad health, many hours of rest. His life was absorbed in those studies which his friend Pope Leo XIII. had done so much to revive in Rome.

In the Divinity School of the Roman College, in the College of Nobles, in the University of the Sapienza, during the outbreak of cholera in 1837, he showed his courage, Christian charity, and executive ability in assisting Cardinal Sala in fighting the scourge. On December 31, of the same year, he was ordained priest. He was marked at once by the papal authorities as a man of mind and power.

Appointed Governor of Benevento, a hotbed of smuggling and brigandage, connived at by treacherous nobles, he virtually purged the place. He was next made delegate of Umbria, of which his beloved Perugia is the capital. Umbria was in a worse condition than Benevento. His practical and prompt reforms there gave the then reigning Pope, Gregory XVI., the greatest satisfaction. He was consecrated Archbishop of Damietta and appointed Nuncio to Belgium. His influence on the progress of higher education in Belgium was felt at once. But Perugia needed an archbishop, and the Perugians would have no one but Mgr. Pecci, if they could help it. He was sent from Belgium to London and Paris; and then recalled to Rome, he was made Archbishop of Perugia. Pius IX. succeeded Gregory XVI. It was not long before Pecci was created cardinal. His model was St. Charles Borromeo,—of that famous family which produced the Cardinal Frederico of "I Promessi Sposi,"—and his teacher of teachers, St. Thomas Aquinas. He believed that priests should be learned as well as virtuous. He enforced his belief so well that Perugia became known as "admirable."

Pius IX. died. The conclave opened. Cardinal Pecci was elected Pope in the third ballot, by a vote of forty-four out of sixty-one. He assumed the name of Leo XIII. During his pontificate the Pope's one thought, iterated and reiterated, has been the salvation of society through Christian education.

He is now an old man. He has just celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. This century was ten years

old when he entered it. He is not strong. He lives with the frugality and simplicity of a Spartan. This Pope, who in great functions wears the garments of a Roman patrician, a tiara more splendid than that of emperors, and moves, upborne by the arms of men, with more pomp than any potentate on earth, spends most of his time in a simple white robe, and engaged in active intellectual labor. He finds time to bless the little children that are brought to him; he is never hurried when an American Catholic, or non-Catholic, is introduced to him. The hardest work of his day is that done with the Cardinal Secretary of State. The problems which foreign governments offer him can only be solved by the keenest insight and the most consummate knowledge. Fortunately, he once ruled in Perugia with a firm hand, and he knows the difficulties of rulers. He also visited foreign courts, and he understands how to meet diplomacy with diplomacy. Sir Charles Dilke says that the diplomatic service of the Vatican is the most complete in Europe, and Sir Charles Dilke knows Europe very well. But Leo XIII., whose only recreation is a walk in the Vatican garden, a talk with an old friend, or the pleasure he finds in the Psalms of David, is the director of the policy of the Vatican in all matters. His days are happy when no diplomatic riddle vexes them. Secluded in his own palace, with no soldiers but an ornamental troop, helpless so far as physical force is concerned, he is an immense power in the world.

The poems of Leo XIII. are remarkable for their exquisite Latinity. They are the record of his feelings at various periods of his existence. In 1830 he wrote:

Scarce twenty years thou numberest, Joachim,
And fell diseases thy young life invade !
Yet pains, when charmed by verse, seem half allayed —
Record thy sorrows, then, in mournful hymn.

He anticipated death, but death has spared him longer than he spares most men. The elegance of the Pope's Latin and the sincerity of his sentiments—pure, warm, hearty, and in the cases of old scenes and old friends even homely—make his poems interesting. He writes lovingly of the past and hopefully of the future.

Maurice Francis Egan.



THE CHANCES OF BEING HIT IN BATTLE.

A STUDY OF REGIMENTAL LOSSES IN THE CIVIL WAR.



If a man enlists in time of war, what are the chances of his being killed? When a new regiment leaves for the front, how many of its men will probably lose their lives by violent deaths? What are the battle losses of regiments in active service—not in wounded and captured, but in killed and died of wounds? A very good answer to these or similar inquiries is found in the records of the Northern troops in the war of 1861-65. It was a war so great, so long and desperate, it employed so many men, that these records furnish of themselves a fair reply.

A soldier of the late civil war is often questioned as to how many men his regiment lost. His answer is always something like this: "We left our barracks 1000 strong; when we returned there were only 85 left." Few people have the hardihood to dispute the old veteran, who testily fortifies all of his assertions by the argument that he was there and ought to know. So the story of the 1000 who went and the 85 who returned is accepted without reply. Now this peculiar form of statement as made by the old soldier is apt to be correct so far as it goes, but the inferences are invariably wrong. So few are aware of the many causes which deplete a regiment, that these missing men are generally thought of as dead. A better way for the veteran to answer the question would be to state that in round numbers his regiment lost 100 men killed; that 200 died of disease; that 400 were discharged for sickness or wounds; that 100 deserted; that 100 were absent in hospital or on furlough; and so only 100 remained as present at the muster-out. Of course, there are many regiments whose brilliant records would require a different statement, but as regards three-fourths of the troops in the late war it would fairly approximate the truth. Of the 2000 regiments or more in the Union army, there were 45* only in which the number of killed and mortally wounded exceeded 200 men. Such statements must not be regarded as derogatory nor belittling; for the simple facts are such as need no exaggeration, and the truth only need be told to furnish records unrivaled in military history.

As regards the number killed in regiments, the prevailing ideas are indefinite or incorrect, seldom approaching the truth. Nor are these errors confined to civilians alone; they are

prevalent among the officers and men who were there and would be supposed to know. All this is largely due to the reckless and careless statements too often made regarding such losses. The error is a somewhat excusable one, as neither officers nor men have the means of knowing the actual loss in every engagement. They remember, perhaps, some of the official reports of their colonel as rendered at the close of certain battles, but not all of them. These casualty reports, as given in, are divided into killed, wounded, and missing, the latter term generally including the captured. Many of these wounded and missing return; some of them during their absence die in hospitals or military prisons; nothing is definitely known about them at the time; so the tendency is to consider only the total of these casualties, and in time to think of them as all killed or lost.

There is fortunately, however, one reliable source of information as to the number of men in a regiment who were killed in action, and that is the regimental muster-out rolls. Every regiment before disbanding was required to hand in company rolls, made out in triplicate, bearing the names of all who had ever belonged to the company from first to last. Opposite each name were remarks showing what became of the man, such as: "killed," "died of wounds," "died of disease," "transferred," "discharged," "deserted," or "present at muster-out." So these rolls, when properly made out, form a reliable basis for ascertaining the number killed in a regiment. Many of the rolls, however, were defective, and some were lost. But the various States, through their respective military bureaus, have regained the desired information, and, with few exceptions, have completed their rolls, although this involved in some States years of clerical research and large appropriations of money. Some of these final rolls have been put in print, while the others are on file in the various offices of the States' adjutants general. In some of the States there are a few rolls missing, but the duplicates are on file in the War Department at Washington. The remark has been made concerning muster-out rolls that they are not always accurate. This was true to a certain extent at the close of the war, but for twenty years a clerical force has been busy in correcting and perfecting them. Certainly but few errors can remain as regards the killed, for the pension claims soon called attention to nearly all of such omissions. Hence these rolls, together with certain other sources

* Does not include heavy artillery organizations.

THE CHANCES OF BEING HIT IN BATTLE.

of information, furnish a reliable source for ascertaining the relative losses of every regiment and battery in the Northern army.

The maximum losses possess the greatest interest, and so invite attention first. The greatest loss in battle of any one regiment in the late war fell to the lot of the 1st Maine Heavy Artillery, in which 423 were killed, or died of wounds, out of 2202 men enrolled. Just here it is necessary to state that, while an infantry regiment consists of 1000 men with 30 line officers, the heavy artillery organization has 1800 men with 60 line officers, there being 12 companies of 150 each, with captain and four lieutenants to each company. The 2202 men mentioned here as enrolled indicates that about 400 recruits were received during its term of service. The heavy artillery regiments saw no active service while on duty in that line. They left their fortifications near Washington and took the field in 1864, being armed with rifles, drilled and manoeuvred the same as infantry, the only difference being in their larger organization. By carefully counting and classifying each name on the rolls of the 1st Maine Heavy Artillery the following abstract is obtained:

1ST MAINE HEAVY ARTILLERY.

Barney's Division, Second Corps.

- (1) Colonel Daniel Chaplin (killed).
(2) " Russell B. Shepherd, Bvt. Brigadier-General.

LOSSES.

	Officers.	En. Men.	Total.
Killed, or died of wounds.....	23	400	423
Died of diseases, accidents, etc.....	2	958	960

2202 enrolled; 423 killed = 19.2 per cent.

Battles.

	Killed.
Spotsylvania, Va.	147
North Anna, Va.	3
Totopotomoy, Va.	3
Petersburg, Va., June 16, 17.	12
Petersburg, Va., June 18.	120
Jerusalem Road, Va.	5
Siege of Petersburg, Va.	10
Deep Bottom, Va.	2
Weldon Railroad, Va., Oct. 2.	5
Boydton Road, Va.	10
Hatcher's Run, Va., March 25.	6
Sailor's Creek, Va.	5
Picket duty.....	2
Place unknown.....	3
Total of killed and died of wounds.....	423
Total of killed and wounded.....	1283

In their assault on Petersburg, June 18, 1864, they lost 604[†] killed and wounded in less than twenty minutes, out of about 900 engaged. This regiment sustained not only the greatest numerical loss, but its percentage of killed as based upon its enrollment is also among the highest. This matter of percentage is an important factor in the subject of regimental loss, especially so as claims to gallant conduct are very apt to be based upon the size of the casualty list. In many regiments the losses are apparently small, when an examination of their enrollment shows that their loss

* The divisions mentioned, in connection with regiments, are the ones with which the regiments were the most prominently identified.

was really heavy in proportion to their numbers. The 1st Maine Heavy Artillery is remarkable for holding a high place in the list, whether tabulated as to loss by percentage or loss numerically. Although this organization enlisted in 1862, it saw no fighting until May, 1864, all of its losses in action occurring during a period of less than a year. This is noteworthy, as forming a proper basis for comparison with regimental losses in certain foreign wars — the late Franco-Prussian, for instance, in which the duration of the fighting was about the same. The total enrollment of this regiment was larger than the number just stated, but the excess was caused by accessions in June, 1865, after the war had ended, the additions consisting of men with unexpired terms of enlistment, transferred from disbanded regiments. The actual number belonging to the 1st Maine Heavy Artillery during the war was as given in the preceding figures.

The next largest number of killed is found in the 8th New York Heavy Artillery, whose muster-out rolls, on file in the Adjutant-General's office at Albany, show, upon a careful examination of each name, the casualties upon which the following summary is based:

8TH NEW YORK HEAVY ARTILLERY.

Gibbon's Division, Second Corps.

- (1) Colonel Peter A. Porter (killed).
(2) " Willard W. Bates (killed).
(3) " James M. Willett.
(4) " Joel B. Baker.

LOSSES.

	Officers.	En. Men.	Total.
Killed, or died of wounds.....	19	342	361
Died of diseases, accidents, etc.....	4	298	302

2575 enrolled; 361 killed = 14 per cent.

Killed.

	Killed.
Spotsylvania, Va.	10
North Anna, Va.	2
Cold Harbor, Va.	207
Petersburg (assault).	42
Jerusalem Road, Va.	34
Siege of Petersburg.	16
Reams's Station, Va.	26
Deep Bottom, Va.	4
Boydton Road, Va.	13
Hatcher's Run, Va.	1
White Oak Road, Va.	2
Picket, February 8, 1865.	1
Confederate prison-guard.....	3

Total of killed and died of wounds.....

361

Total of killed and wounded.....

1010

The loss by disease includes 102 deaths in Confederate prisons.

There were only a few regiments in the heavy artillery service, and so the regiment which stands next in point of numerical loss is an infantry command. The infantry constituted the bulk of the army, more than four-fifths of the troops belonging to that arm of the service. After examining carefully the losses in each one of all the infantry regiments in the Northern army it appears that the one which sustained the greatest loss in battle was

† Maine Reports, 1866. The War Department's figures are 90 killed, 459 wounded (including mortally wounded), and 31 missing; total, 580.

THE CHANCES OF BEING HIT IN BATTLE.

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the 5th New Hampshire, from whose muster-out rolls, after due correction of errors, the following summary is prepared:

5TH NEW HAMPSHIRE INFANTRY.

Barlow's Division, Second Corps.

- (1) Colonel Edward E. Cross (killed).
- (2) " Charles E. Haggard.
- (3) " Welcome A. Crafts.

LOSSES.

	Officers.	En. Men.	Total.
Killed, or died of wounds.....	18	277	295
Died of diseases, accidents, etc.	3	176	178

Original roll, 976; of whom 175 were killed = 17.9 per cent.

Battles.

Fair Oaks, Va.	33	33
Pickett, June 10, 1863.....	1	1
Alien's Farm, Va.	8	8
Glenvalle, Va.	8	8
Malvern Hill, Va.	2	2
Antietam, Md.	13	13
Fredericksburg, Va.	51	51
Chancellorsville, Va.	5	5
Gettysburg, Pa.	34	34
Cold Harbor, Va.	69	69
Petersburg (assault)....	15	15
Petersburg (trenches)....	14	14
Jerusalem Road, Va.	4	4
Deep Bottom, Va.	5	5
Reams' Station, Va.	5	5
Sailor's Creek, Va.	6	6
Farmer's, Va.	20	20
Place unknown.....	2	2

Total of killed and died of wounds.....

Total of killed and wounded.....

With the killed are included a few who are recorded as, "Wounded and missing in action"; — men who never returned, were never heard from, were not borne on any of the Confederate prison lists, and were undoubtedly killed. They fell in some retreat, unobserved by any comrade, and, like wounded animals, crawled into some thicket to die; or else while sinking fast under their death hurt were removed by the enemy, only to die in some field hospital, barn, or tent, without leaving word or sign as to whom they were. They are now resting in some of the many thousand nameless graves in the battle-field cemeteries — graves with headstones bearing no other inscription than that shortest, and to soldiers the saddest, of all epitaphs, the one word "Unknown."

The infantry regiment which stands second as to numerical loss is the 83d Pennsylvania. It went out with the usual ten companies of one thousand men which constituted an infantry command, but as its ranks became depleted it received recruits, until from first to last over eighteen hundred men were carried on its rolls. With these, however, were included the non-combatants, the sick, wounded, and absentees. The muster-out rolls of this gallant regiment furnish the names from which the following abstract is made:

83D PENNSYLVANIA INFANTRY.

Griffin's Division, Fifth Corps.

- (1) Colonel John W. McLane (killed).
- (2) " Strong Vincent (killed), Brigadier-General.
- (3) " O. S. Woodward, Bvt. Brigadier-General.
- (4) " Chauncy P. Rogers.

	Officers.	En. Men.	Total.
Killed, or died of wounds.....	18	271	289
Died of diseases, accidents, etc.	3	151	153

1808 enrolled; 282 killed = 15.5 per cent.

	Killed.	Killed.
Hanover Court House, Va.	1	1
Gaines's Mill, Va.	61	61
Malvern Hill, Va.	50	50
Manassas, Va.	26	26
Chancellorsville, Va.	1	1
Fredericksburg, Va.	4	4
Gettysburg, Pa.	18	18
Guerillas, Va., Dec. 10, 1863.....	1	1
Wilderness, Va.	20	20
Spotsylvania, Va., May 8.....	37	37
Spotsylvania, Va., May 10.	2	2
North Anna, Va.	2	2
Bethesda Church, Va.	1	1
Siege of Petersburg, Va.	15	15
Peebles's Farm, Va.	10	10
Hatcher's Run, Va.	5	5
White Oak Road, Va.	1	1
Gravelly Run, Va.	4	4
Total of killed and died of wounds.....	288	288
Total of killed and wounded	973	973

The 83d was present at several engagements in addition to those mentioned, sustaining at each a loss in wounded; but it does not appear from their rolls that any of the wounded died of their injuries. This applies also to the other regiments whose list of battles may be given here.

The following-named commands also sustained remarkable losses during their terms of service. They were all infantry organizations, and the loss mentioned represents those who were killed in action or died of wounds received there, the loss including both officers and men. This list embraces every regiment in the Northern army whose loss in killed was two hundred or more:

Regiment.	Corps.	Killed.*
5th New Hampshire.....	Second	295
83d Pennsylvania.....	Fifth	288
7th Wisconsin.....	First	281
9th Michigan.....	Third	263
20th Massachusetts.....	Second	260
6th New York.....	Second	259
11th Massachusetts.....	Second	256
16th Michigan.....	Fifth	247
10th Pennsylvania.....	Third	245
6th Wisconsin.....	First	244
15th Massachusetts.....	Second	241
15th New Jersey.....	Sixth	240
14th Wisconsin.....	First	238
40th New York.....	Third	238
61st Pennsylvania.....	Sixth	237
11th Pennsylvania.....	First	236
48th New York.....	Tenth	236
49th Pennsylvania.....	Ninth	237
121st New York.....	Sixth	236
27th Michigan.....	Ninth	235
100th Michigan.....	Ninth	235
8th Michigan.....	Ninth	234
2d Vermont.....	Sixth	233
111th New York.....	Second	230
18th U. S. Infantry.....	Fourteenth	218
9th Illinois.....	Sixteenth	217
24d Massachusetts.....	Fifth	216
5th Vermont.....	Sixth	213
148th Pennsylvania.....	Second	210
9th Massachusetts.....	Fifth	209
81st Pennsylvania.....	Second	208
7th Michigan.....	Second	208
55th Pennsylvania.....	Tenth	207
17th Maine.....	Third	207

* Compiled from State records. The figures on file at Washington show: 7th Wisconsin, 280; 83d Pennsylvania, 288; 5th New Hampshire, 277; 9th Michigan, 268; 20th Massachusetts, 257; but these figures of the War Department do not include any of the missing.

THE CHANCES OF BEING HIT IN BATTLE.

<i>Regiment.</i>	<i>Corps.</i>	<i>Killed.</i>
3d Vermont	Sixth	206
145th Pennsylvania	Second	205
14th Connecticut	Second	205
36th Illinois	Second	204
6th Vermont	Sixth	203
49th Ohio	Fourth	202
51st New York	Ninth	202
20th Indiana	Third	201
57th Massachusetts	Ninth	201
53d Pennsylvania	Second	200

The following heavy artillery regiments also lost over two hundred killed in action or died of wounds during their term of service :

<i>Regiment.</i>	<i>Corps.</i>	<i>Killed.</i>
1st Maine	Second	423
1st Massachusetts	Second	241
2d Connecticut	Sixth	234
2d New York	Second	211
7th New York	Second	201
8th New York	Second	36
9th New York	Sixth	204
14th New York	Ninth	226
2d Pennsylvania	Ninth	240

It should be remembered that these heavy artillery commands were much larger organizations than the ordinary infantry regiment, and that their extended ranks rendered them liable to heavy loss. They all went into action for the first time in Grant's overland campaign. They entered that campaign with full ranks, the 1st Massachusetts Heavy Artillery going into the fight at Spotsylvania with 1617 men.

In giving figures here on the number killed, those who died of wounds received in action are included, and unless otherwise stated, it will, in each case, be so understood. The figures, as stated in connection with these leading regiments, should give a fair idea of the maximum killed in American regiments during the civil war. All of these troops belonged to the infantry, or to heavy artillery serving as infantry, and were three-years' regiments, many of them reënlisting when their term expired, and so were in service during the whole war. Still, as the active campaigning did not begin, to any extent, until 1862, the duration of the fighting was three years or less. The three-years' regiments, for the most part, lost about one hundred men killed in action. Some, of course, lost many more, and some considerably less, the smaller losses being represented by the tabulated figures which run in close gradations down to such commands as were fortunate enough to sustain no loss whatsoever in action.

The total of killed during the whole war was, on the Union side, 110,070, out of about 2,200,000 men. To be exact, there were 2,778,304 enlistments; but, after deducting the reënlistments and reducing the short-term numbers to a three-years' basis, the round numbers would not be very much in excess of the figures stated. This would indicate that the number killed during the war was, on the Northern side, very close to five per cent. of those engaged, and which is, by the way, a greater percentage than that of the Crimean or Franco-Prussian wars.

Although the average loss of the whole army was five per cent., it must be borne in mind that the percentage was very unevenly divided among the various regiments, ranging from twenty per cent. down to nothing. In most of the commands, the percentage of killed would naturally be the same as that of the whole army, but there were some in which the rate was necessarily large to offset that of those whose ranks sustained little or no loss. This increased percentage fell heavily on the Army of the Potomac, and on certain divisions in that army.

This subject of percentage is an interesting one, creating heroic records which might otherwise be overlooked, and adding fresh laurels when many would think the whole story had been told. There is something pathetic in the story of the Pennsylvania Reserves, when one studies the figures and thinks how thin were the ranks that furnished so many dead Pennsylvanians. The percentage list also shows plainly that the brunt of battle fell much heavier on some regiments than on others, and requires that such ones be known, so that the credit so justly due them may be fully acknowledged.

First of all, in this respect, stands the 2d Wisconsin Infantry, it having lost the most men, in proportion to its numbers, of any regiment in the whole Union army. The mortuary records of the State of Wisconsin furnish the information from which the following statement of their loss is made :

2D WISCONSIN INFANTRY.		
Wadsworth's Division, First Corps.		
(1) Colonel S. Park Coon.		
(2) " Edgar O'Connor (killed).		
(3) " Lucius Fairchild, Brigadier-General.		
(4) " John Mansfield.		

LOSSES.		
<i>Officers.</i>	<i>En. Men.</i>	<i>Total.</i>
Killed, or died of wounds	226	228
Died of diseases, accidents, etc.	77	77
1188 enrolled; 238 killed = 20 per cent.		
<i>Battles.</i>		
Blackburn's Ford, Va.		1
First Bull Run, Va.		29
Cadet's Station, Va.		1
Gainesville, Va.		81
Manassas, Va.		2
South Mountain, Md.		12
Fredericksburg, Va.		30
Gettysburg, Pa.		3
Wilderness, Va.		49
Spotsylvania, Va.		13
Petersburg, Va.		7
Weldon Railroad, Va.		2
Hatcher's Run, Va.		1
Gun-boat, <i>Mound City</i> .		1
Total of killed and died of wounds		228
Killed and wounded, 753; missing and captured		132

Another extraordinary percentage of killed occurred in the 57th Massachusetts Infantry, where 201 were killed out of an enrollment of 1052, or 19.1 per cent. This case cannot well be classed with the others, because the 57th went into action within a few days after leaving Boston, going into the thick of the

Wilderness fight with full ranks, while most regiments went into their first fight with ranks depleted by eight months' previous campaigning. The 57th was recruited largely from veteran soldiers, being known also as the "Second Veteran," and had the honor of being commanded by Colonel William F. Bartlett.

The next largest percentage of killed is found in the 140th Pennsylvania Infantry, whose muster-out rolls tell the following story; and, as in the instances previously cited, the names of each one of the dead could be given, were it necessary, in verification of the loss.

140TH PENNSYLVANIA INFANTRY.

Caldwell's Division, Second Corps.

- (1) Colonel Richard P. Roberts (killed).
(2) " John Fraser, Bvt. Brigadier-General.

LOSSES.

	Officers.	En. Men.	Total.
Killed, or died of wounds	30	188	198
Died of diseases, accidents, etc.	1	127	128

1132 enrolled; 198 killed = 17.4 per cent.

Killed.

Battles.		Killed.
Chancellorsville, Va.		15
Gettysburg, Pa.		61
Mine Run, Va.		1
Briston Station, Va.		8
Wilderness, Va.		4
Corbin's Bridge, Va.		5
Po River, Va.		5
Spotsylvania, Va.		52
North Anna, Va.		3
Totopotomoy, Va.		11
Cold Harbor, Va.		7
Petersburg, Va.		14
Deep Bottom, Va.		5
Reams's Station, Va.		1
Hatcher's Run, Va.		4
Sailor's Creek, Va.		1
Farmville, Va.		5
Total of killed and wounded		732
Total of killed and died of wounds		198
Died of disease in Confederate prisons, 28 (included).		

The following regiments were also remarkable for their percentage of killed in action; remarkable because the general average was five per cent. They were all infantry commands:

Regiment.*	Corps.	Enrolled.	Killed.	Per cent.
26th Wisconsin (Germans)	Twentieth.	1089	188	17.2
11th Pa. Reserves	Fifth	1179	196	16.6
242d Pennsylvania	First	923	155	16.5
243d Pennsylvania	Third	1037	167	16.1
36th Wisconsin	Second	1014	157	15.4
5th Kentucky	Fourth	1020	157	15.3
27th Indiana	Twelfth	1101	169	15.3
24th Michigan	First	1238	189	15.2
1st Minnesota	Second	1242	187	15.0
93d Illinois	Seventeenth	1011	151	14.9
8th Pa. Reserves	Fifth	1062	158	14.8
126th New York	Second	1036	153	14.7
55th Illinois	Fifteenth	1009	161	14.6
63d Pennsylvania	Third	1308	186	14.2
4th Michigan	Fifth	1325	189	14.2
37th Wisconsin	Ninth	1110	156	14.0
1st Michigan	Fifth	1346	187	13.8
73d Ohio	Twentieth	1267	174	13.7
6th Iowa	Sixteenth	1102	152	13.7
14th Indiana	Second	1134	152	13.4
44th New York	Fifth	1365	182	13.3
32d Indiana	Fourth	1285	172	13.3
22d Illinois	Fourth	1123	147	13.0

* Each of the 45 regiments previously mentioned as having lost 200 or more in killed has a place in this table.

In these enrollments no account is taken of men transferred to a regiment after the war had closed.

But the above enrollments include the non-combatants and absentees. The maximum of effective strength was fully one-fifth less and the actual percentage of loss correspondingly greater. A new regiment may leave its barracks 1000 strong, and yet, within 30 days, go into action with less than 800 muskets. The process of depletion begins with the very first day of service. Men are detailed as cooks, teamsters, servants, and clerks; the sick-list then appears, and the thousand muskets are never seen together again. So the percentage of killed, as based on a total enrollment, does not render justice to the survivors. Still, it is the only definite basis for such figures, and is sufficient in estimating the comparative losses of the various commands. This point is better understood when the losses in certain actions are considered by themselves. There are many regiments which lost one-fourth of their men killed, or three-fourths, including the wounded, in some one engagement. The 69th Pennsylvania, of Gibbon's division, Second Corps, lost at Gettysburg 55 killed out of 258 present at morning roll-call. The 5th New York, Duryea Zouaves, of Fitz-John Porter's corps, at Manassas lost 117 killed out of 490 present for duty, and had 221 wounded besides. The 6th United States Colored Infantry at New Market Heights had 367 present at roll-call, of whom 6 officers and 55 enlisted men were killed, besides 8 officers and 134 men wounded. The 24th Michigan, of the Iron Brigade, went into the first day's fight at Gettysburg with 496 rank and file, losing 79 killed and 237 wounded, many of the latter mortally so. Among their killed were 8 officers and 4 color bearers.

On the field of Gettysburg there is a bronze tablet with this inscription :

FROM THE HILL BEHIND THIS MONUMENT
ON THE MORNING OF
JULY 3, 1863,
THE SECOND MASSACHUSETTS INFANTRY
MADE AN ASSAULT UPON THE
CONFEDERATE TROOPS
IN THE WORKS AT THE BASE OF CULP'S HILL,
OPPOSITE.
THE REGIMENT CARRIED TO THE CHARGE
22 OFFICERS AND 294 ENLISTED MEN.
IT LOST 4 OFFICERS
AND
41 ENLISTED MEN
KILLED AND MORTALLY WOUNDED,
AND
6 OFFICERS AND 84 MEN WOUNDED.

This inscription has a historical value, on account of the precision with which the loss is stated, the records on some of the Gettysburg field stones being very loose in this respect.

But the most remarkable instance of all is

that of the 1st Minnesota Infantry, at Gettysburg. It was coming on the field alone, just at the time when General Hancock observed a Confederate column advancing through his line at a point where there were no Union troops to confront them. In order to delay the Confederate advance until some brigade could be brought up, Hancock ordered the 1st Minnesota alone to charge the enemy's line. This forlorn hope moved forward with only 252* officers and men, accomplished the purpose, forced back the Confederates, and captured their flag; but when it was over only 47 men clustered around their own colors, while 205 lay dead or wounded on the field. The muster-out rolls of this regiment bear the names of 75 men all marked as killed at Gettysburg, or died of wounds received there, a loss in killed of 29 per cent. of those engaged. Fifty-six of these men are buried in the Gettysburg cemetery; the others, dying of their wounds in hospitals at Philadelphia or York, were buried elsewhere.

The extent of these losses will be better understood if compared with some of the extraordinary cases cited in the histories of other wars. Take, for instance, the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava,—the charge of the Six Hundred. Lord Cardigan took 673 officers and men into that action; they lost † 113 killed and 134 wounded; total, 247, or 36.7 per cent. The heaviest loss in the late Franco-Prussian war occurred at Mars-la-Tour,‡ in the 16th German Infantry (3d Westphalian), which lost 49 per cent. But the 141st Pennsylvania lost 76 per cent. at Gettysburg, while regimental losses of 60 per cent. were a frequent occurrence in both Union and Confederate armies. In the war for the Union there were scores of regiments, unknown or forgotten in history, whose percentage of killed and wounded in certain actions would far exceed that of the much praised Light Brigade; and nobody blundered either.

Company losses show still greater percentages in certain cases. In this same 1st Minnesota, one company lost, at Gettysburg, 13 killed and 17 wounded out of 35 engaged. The maximum of company losses, however, both numerically and by percentage, is reached in Company I of the 83d Pennsylvania Infantry. This company, during its term of service, carried 193 names on its rolls, including recruits, out of

* Two of the companies were not engaged in this affair, having been detailed elsewhere on the field. The loss of the 1st Minnesota at Gettysburg for both days—July 2 and 3—was 50 killed, 173 wounded, and 1 missing; total, 224, or about 83 per cent. of the number engaged.

† Kinglake.

‡ Dr. Engel, Direktor der königlichen preussischen statistischen Bureaux.

which number 2 officers and 45 enlisted men were killed. With the killed bear in mind an additional number, of nearly three times as many more, who were wounded. As these 193 names embraced all the non-combatants, sick, and absentees, together with its many absent wounded, it will be seen that the percentage of loss in some of their battles must have been without an equal.

The following instances of excessive loss in particular actions may be of interest in connection with this topic. They represent the maximum of loss, and may be of interest to such historians as persist in telling of regiments that were all cut to pieces or completely annihilated.

Regiment.	Battle.	Present.	Killed and wounded. ^a	Per cent.
25th Massachusetts	Cold Harbor, Va.	302	215	71
36th Wisconsin (4 co's)	Bethesda Church, Va.	340	166	69
12th Massachusetts	Antietam, Md.	334	224	67
81st Pennsylvania	Fredericksburg, Va.	261	176	67
5th New Hampshire	Fredericksburg, Va.	303	193	64
13th New Jersey	Spotsylvania, Va.	432	272	63
9th Illinois	Shiloh, Tenn.	573	366	63
9th New York (8 co's)	Antietam, Md.	373	235	63
6th New York	Antietam, Md.	317	196	61
121st New York	Salem Heights, Va.	453	276	61
97th Pennsylvania	Bermuda Hundred, Va.	311	188	60
42d Wisconsin	Gettysburg, Pa.	309	185	60
7th Ohio	Cedar Mountain, Va.	307	182	59
63d New York	Antietam, Md.	341	202	59
9th Pennsylvania	Spotsylvania, Va.	478	274	57
45th Wisconsin	Petersburg Mine, Va.	251	145	57
12th New Hampshire	Cold Harbor, Va.	301	167	55
141st New York	Peach Tree Creek, Ga.	142	80	56
113d New York	Gettysburg, Pa.	450	249	55
11th Pennsylvania	Gettysburg, Pa.	308	213	55
8th Kansas	Chickamauga, Ga.	406	220	54
14th Ohio	Chickamauga, Ga.	449	245	54
10th Wisconsin	Chaplin Hills, Ky.	276	150	54
22d Indiana	Chaplin Hills, Ky.	303	159	52
32d Iowa	Pleasant Hill, La.	420	210	50

* Includes a few missing ones; but they were, undoubtedly, killed or wounded.

† Includes 116 killed or mortally wounded.

‡ "Hawkins's Zouaves."

§ All killed or wounded; missing not included.

|| Includes 109 killed or mortally wounded.

The foregoing lists indicate fairly the limit of injury which a regiment will endure, and also the capacity of modern fire-arms for inflicting the same when used subject to the varying conditions of a battle-field.

Loss in action properly includes all of the wounded, and so where only the number of killed is stated, as in some instances here, there should be added a certain proportion of wounded, in order fully to comprehend what is implied in the statement. This proportion, after deducting from the wounded those fatally injured and adding their number to the killed, is something over two wounded to one killed and died of wounds. Before such deduction, the usual proportion is a fraction over four to one. The number of killed, as officially reported at the close

of a battle, is generally increased over fifty per cent. by those who die of their wounds. This statement is based upon an extended and careful comparison of official reports with final muster-out rolls. It will always be found correct as to an aggregate loss of any large number of regiments, although it may not always hold true as to some particular one.

The battle losses of a regiment are always unevenly distributed among the various engagements in which it participates. There is generally some one battle in which its losses are unusually severe, some one which the men always remember as their Waterloo. The following are the heaviest losses sustained by regiments in any one battle, and, together with the instances mentioned elsewhere in this article, embrace all where the loss in killed exceeds eighty. Do not grow impatient at these statistics. They are no ordinary figures. They are not a census of population and products, but statistics every unit of which stands for the pale, upturned face of a dead soldier.

at the close of the war, they made out their official statement of losses, and appended their signatures thereto.

The three-months' troops did not always have a safe pleasure excursion. For instance:

Regiment.	Battle.	Killed.	Wounded, including mortally.	Missing.
6th New York Infantry...	First Bull Run..	38	59	95
1st Missouri Infantry...	Wilson's Creek.	76	206	11
1st Kansas Infantry.....	Wilson's Creek.	77	187	20

Their rolls bear the names of 101 men who are recorded as killed or died of wounds received at Wilson's Creek.

The Pennsylvania nine-months' troops, also, were in service long enough to do good work at Antietam, Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville. The sound of the good-byes had hardly died away in their farm-houses when hundreds of them fell in that terrible crackling of musketry on the Sharpsburg pike.

CONFEDERATE LOSSES.

BUT how fared the Confederate regiments amidst all this fighting?

The official casualty lists of the Confederate forces are not so trustworthy as those of the Union side because they have not had the same careful revision since the war closed, but the tables, now accessible, show that the Northern aim was equally true, and that the Northern nerve was equally steady. The 26th North Carolina—Pettigrew's Brigade, Heth's Division—lost at Gettysburg 86 killed and 502 * wounded; total, 588, not including the missing, of whom there were about 120. In one company, 84 strong, every man and officer was hit; and the orderly sergeant who made out the list did it with a bullet through each leg. This is by far the largest regimental loss on either side during the war. At Fair Oaks the 6th Alabama, John B. Gordon's regiment, sustained a loss of 91 killed, 277 wounded, and 5 missing; total, 373. One company in this regiment is officially reported as having lost 21 killed and 23 wounded out of 55 who were in action. The 1st South Carolina Rifles encountered the Duryea Zouaves at Gaines's Mill, and retired [†] with a loss of 81 killed and 225 wounded. The Zouaves, in turn, vacated their position at Manassas in favor of the 5th Texas, but not until they had dropped 261 of the Texans.

The following tabulation of remarkable losses

* Including mortally wounded. The official report states that the regiment "went in (July 1) with over 800 men."

[†] But not until they received a flank fire from disengaged regiments of the enemy.

Battle.	Regiment.	Corps.	Killed and mortally wounded.
Cold Harbor, Va.	2d Conn. H. A....	Sixth.....	129
Spotsylvania, Va.	1st Mass. H. A....	Second.....	120
Cold Harbor, Va.	7th N. Y. H. A....	Second.....	116
Antietam, Md.	15th Mass. (11 co's)*	Second.....	108
Shiloh, Tenn.	9th Illinois.....	Sixteenth.....	103
Stone's River, Tenn.	18th U. S. Infantry.....	Fourteenth.....	102
Fort Donelson, Tenn.	11th Illinois.....	Seventeenth.....	102
Salem Heights, Va.	121st New York.....	Sixth.....	97
Williamsburg, Va.	70th New York.....	Third.....	97
Wilderness, Va.	57th Massachusetts.....	Ninth.....	94
Fair Oaks, Va.	61st Pennsylvania.....	Sixth.....	91
Fredericksburg, Va.	145th Pa. (8 co's)	Second.....	91
Gettysburg, Pa.	111th New York.....	Second.....	88
Chickamauga, Ga.	22d Michigan.....	Fourth.....	88
Gaines's Mill, Va.	9th Massachusetts.....	Fifth.....	87
Olustee, Fla.	6th U. S. Colored.....	Tenth.....	87
Pleasant Hill, La.	32d Iowa.....	Sixteenth.....	86
Prairie Grove, Ark.	20th Wisconsin.....	Herron's Div.	86
Fort Wagner, S. C.	48th New York.....	Tenth.....	83
Pickett's Mills, Ga.	49th Ohio.....	Fourth.....	83
Gaines's Mill, Va.	22d Massachusetts.....	Fifth.....	84
Chaplin Hills, Ky.	15th Kentucky.....	Fourteenth.....	82
Wilderness, Va.	4th Vermont.....	Sixth.....	82
Shiloh, Tenn.	25th Illinois.....	Fifteenth.....	82

* Includes one company Andrew Sharpshooters.

In the preceding figures none of the wounded are counted, except the mortally wounded, who, in each case, are included with the killed. If there be added the many wounded ones who survived,—the maimed and crippled,—the record becomes appalling, and unsurpassed in all the annals of military heroism.

There may be some officers who will dispute the accuracy of certain figures given here, and will claim even a greater loss. If so, they should bear in mind that if their regiments did lose more men killed, they themselves failed so to state the fact when, twenty-three years ago,

THE CHANCES OF BEING HIT IN BATTLE.

is compiled from the Confederate official reports of regimental commandants:

Regiment.	Battle.	Killed.	Wounded.*	Total.
4th North Carolina.	Fair Oaks.	77	286	363
44th Georgia.	Mechanicsville.	71	264	335
14th Alabama.	Seven Days †.	71	253	324
8th Tennessee.	Stone's River.	41	265	306
20th North Carolina.	Gaines's Mill.	70	203	272
Palmetto Sharpshooters.	Glendale.	39	215	254
4th Texas.	Gaines's Mill.	44	208	252
42d Mississippi.	Gettysburg.	60	205	265
29th Mississippi.	Stone's River.	34	202	236
3d Mississippi.	Gettysburg.	49	183	232
57th North Carolina.	Fredericksburg, 1862.	38	192	224
45th North Carolina.	Gettysburg.	46	173	219
4th Tennessee.	Shiloh.	36	183	219
13th Georgia.	Antietam.	48	160	214
2d North Carolina.	Chancellorsville.	47	167	214
5th Alabama.	Fair Oaks.	29	182	210
30th Mississippi.	Stone's River.	63	146	209
11th Georgia.	Gettysburg.	42	162	204
17th Mississippi.	Gettysburg.	40	160	200
8th Georgia.	First Bull Run.	41	159	200
16th Tennessee.	Chaplin Hills.	41	151	192
2d Florida.	Fair Oaks.	37	152	189
3d Arkansas.	Antietam.	27	155	182
2d Louisiana.	Malvern Hill.	30	152	182

* Includes the mortally wounded. The missing are not included in these figures: there were but few of them, and in most of these instances there were none.

† This loss occurred at Gaines's Mill and Glendale.

There were other losses in the Confederate ranks which were equally severe if considered in connection with the number engaged, and the percentage of loss in their regiments appears to have been as large as that of their adversaries. In many instances the Confederate colonels in their official reports state, together with their loss, the number of men taken into action. In making a compilation from these reports, some heroic records are revealed. For instance:

Regiment.	Battle.	"Present" in action."	Killed and wounded.	Per cent.
1st Texas.	Antietam.	226	186	82
21st Georgia.	Manassas.	242	184	76
8th Tennessee.	Stone's River.	444	306	69
17th South Carolina.	Manassas.	284	189	67
23d South Carolina.	Manassas.	225	149	66
44th Georgia.	Mechanicsville.	514	335	65
16th Mississippi.	Antietam.	228	144	63
15th Virginia.	Antietam.	128	75	58
18th Georgia.	Antietam.	176	101	57
10th Georgia.	Antietam.	147	83	56
12th Tennessee.	Stone's River.	292	164	56
16th Tennessee.	Malvern Hill.	354	200	56
3d Alabama.	Seven Days.	306	224	56
7th North Carolina.	Gaines's Mill.	337	206	56
18th North Carolina.	Fair Oaks.	678	369	54
1st S. C. Rifles.	Manassas.	270	146	54
4th North Carolina.	Antietam.	200	107	53
12th South Carolina.	Chaplin Hills.	210	112	53
4th Texas.	Manassas.	283	151	53
27th Tennessee.	Fair Oaks.	424	224	52
1st South Carolina.	Fair Oaks.	408	215	52
49th Virginia.	Antietam.	268	140	52
12th Alabama.	Raymond.	366	148	52
7th South Carolina.	Glendale.	357	181	51

With these should be again mentioned the 26th North Carolina, whose official report shows a loss of over 85 per cent. at Gettysburg.

Many important instances are necessarily omitted from the preceding list, as the Confederates issued an order in May, 1863,* forbidding any further mention, in regimental battle-reports, "of the number of men taken into action," alleging as a reason "the impropriety of thus furnishing the enemy with the means of computing" their strength. The same order required "that in future the reports of the wounded shall only include those whose injuries, in the opinion of the medical officers, render them unfit for duty," and deprecated "the practice of including cases of slight injuries which do not incapacitate the recipient for duty."

The total number of killed in the Confederate armies, including deaths from wounds, will never be definitely known. From a careful examination of their official reports, or, in case of the absence of such reports, a consideration of the accepted facts, it appears that their mortuary loss by battle was not far from 94,000.

In 1866, General Fry, U. S. Provost Marshal General, ordered a compilation made from the Confederate muster-rolls, then in possession of the Government, from which it appears that they lost 2086 officers and 50,868 enlisted men, killed; 1246 officers and 20,324 enlisted men, died of wounds; total, 74,524.† Deaths from disease, 59,297. These rolls were incomplete; the rolls of two States were almost entirely missing; and none of them covered the entire period. Still they develop the fact that the number of killed could not have been less than the figures given above.

It does not follow that, because the Confederate armies were smaller, their losses were smaller. Their generals showed a remarkable ability in always having an equal number of men at the points of contact.

Upon tabulating the casualties of each battle, using official reports only,—and, in absence of such, allowing one loss to offset the other,—the aggregate casualties up to April, 1864, show that the Union loss in killed and wounded is about 11,500 in excess of the Confederate, a very small amount as compared with the totals. But this difference in favor of the Confederates would disappear if their official reports were subjected to a revision of the nominal lists, as has been done lately with the Union reports. For several years past the War Department has had a

* General Orders, No. 63, Headquarters Army of Northern Virginia, May 14, 1863.

† Message and Documents, Part 3, 1865-66.

clerical force at work in comparing the official battle-reports of Union generals with the regimental nominal lists of casualties, and in each case the total of casualties, as reported by the general, is largely increased.

Up to 1864 the losses on each side were, in the aggregate, substantially the same, with a slight difference, if any, in favor of the Confederates. Then came a frightful discrepancy.

From May 5 to June 30, in their operations against Richmond, the armies of the Potomac and the James lost 77,452* men,—a greater number than were in Lee's army. Of this number the Army of the Potomac lost 54,925 in its return to the Peninsula by the overland "line."

Whatever excess there may be in killed on the Union side during the war is chargeable to the campaigns of 1864-65.

It would be difficult to name the Confederate regiments which sustained the greatest losses during the war, as their rolls are incomplete. The loss in some, however, has been ascertained,† notably those in Gregg's South Carolina Brigade, A. P. Hill's Division. Their total losses during the war, in killed and mortally wounded, were :

	Officers.	En. Men.	Total.
1st South Carolina	31	260	281
12th South Carolina	17	213	230
13th South Carolina	17	203	220
14th South Carolina	16	208	224
1st S. C. Rifles	19	305	324

In addition, there were 3735 wounded in this brigade.

The loss in a Confederate regiment during the whole war would be large, as the Confederacy did not organize any new regiments after 1862, but distributed their successive levies among the old regiments. With these accessions came a corresponding increase in the regimental casualty lists.

In the North additional troops were raised for the most part by organizing new regiments, while veteran commands were allowed to become reduced below an effective strength.

The question is often asked, Which corps did the most fighting in the war? So far as the casualty lists are an indication, the Second Corps is the one that can fairly claim that honor. Of the 100 Northern regiments which lost the most men killed in action during the war, 35 belonged to the Second Corps, while 17 is the highest number belonging to any other corps.

* 10,242 killed, 52,043 wounded, 15,167 missing; total, 77,452 (Adjutant-General's office, Washington, 1883). Three-fourths of the missing were killed or wounded.

† "History South Carolina Brigade," J. F. Caldwell.

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It should be understood, however, that the Second was a very large corps, containing over 90 regiments, while, for instance, the Twelfth Corps (Slocum's) had only 28. Yet the Twelfth Corps (the Second Corps, Army of Virginia) rendered brilliant and effective service at Cedar Mountain, Antietam, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and Lookout Mountain—also, later on, in the Atlanta campaign, where it was commanded by Hooker and was known as the Twentieth Corps, although it still retained its badge and for the most part its organization. This depriving the Twelfth Corps of the name under which it had fought so long and well was a needless act of injustice, similar to the one which wiped out the names of the First and Third corps. In the latter cases it was a blunder, as subsequent events proved, as well as a heartless blow at the corps pride of the officers and men. It is evident that such a thing as *esprit de corps* was but slightly appreciated by the gentlemen who sat in the War Office at Washington in those days. In the Western armies, the Fourth Corps (Gordon Granger's) is deservedly prominent. The regiments whose losses indicate that their fighting was the hardest and most frequent are found in that corps more than in any other, although some hard fighting was done by them before their organization under that name.

The heaviest losses by brigades are credited to the Iron Brigade of the First Corps and the Vermont Brigade of the Sixth Corps, both having a continuous unbroken organization as brigades, which was a rare thing in the war. Their long list of killed was but the natural result of the courage with which they faced the musketry on so many fields.

It may be noticed by some that the regimental losses in killed, as stated here, are greatly in excess of the figures as given in the "Official Records of the Rebellion," now in course of publication by the War Department. But it should be understood that those official figures are the ones which were reported at the close of each action, and show only the nature of the casualties at that particular hour. Such reports were made up under the headings of "Killed," "Wounded," and "Missing." The number of those who died of wounds is not shown, but is covered up in each case under the general return of the wounded, although many of them die the same day. Again, the "missing" is an indefinite quantity, embracing, as it does, all those who were captured, together with a certain class which always turn up again within a few days. Official reports of wounded also were often far from correct, as in some commands men were not allowed to be considered as

wounded unless the injury was a severe one, while in others orders were received to report every casualty, however slight. On account of this some are asking, How many of the regiment were actually killed, or died of their wounds? How many were buried as the result of the fight? They know that, however doubtful might be the classification of a slightly wounded or a missing man, there can be no question as to the definite allotment of one that is buried. The "Official Records" constitute a wonderful work, highly creditable to the officer in charge, and of a magnitude that will require many years before the last volumes can be printed. Its casualty lists so far as reached possess an intense interest and are tabulated in admirable form. Still, many will be interested in going farther, and noting the actual and largely increased number of killed as developed by the figures gleaned from the muster-out rolls.

The number of officers killed in battle was somewhat greater in proportion than that of the enlisted men, but often failed to bear any definite ratio to the loss of the regiment itself. In the 2d Vermont Infantry 223 were killed, of whom 6 were officers, while in the 12th Massachusetts (Colonel Fletcher Webster) 194 were killed, of whom 18 were officers. Again, the 19th Maine lost 192 killed, of whom 3 only were officers, while in the 22d Indiana, out of 153 killed, 14 were officers.

In the aggregate, the proportion of officers to enlisted men killed was 1 officer to 16 men, but certain regiments and certain States show a wide variation. The Connecticut and Delaware officers had either an excess of bravery or a lack of caution, as their proportionate loss in battle far exceeds the average.

The largest number of officers killed in any infantry regiment belongs to the 61st Pennsylvania of the Sixth Corps, it having lost 19 officers killed in battle. The 1st Maine Heavy Artillery lost 21 officers in action, but it had just twice as many line officers as an infantry command. The 8th New York Heavy Artillery lost 20 officers killed, but is also subject to the same remark when compared with the 61st Pennsylvania. It was seldom that an infantry regiment lost more than 6 officers killed in any one battle. The 7th New Hampshire, however, lost 11 officers killed in the assault on Fort Wagner, it being the greatest regimental loss of officers in any one engagement. The 22d New York lost 9 officers at Manassas; the 59th New York lost 9 at Antietam; and the 145th Pennsylvania lost 9 at Fredericksburg, the latter regiment taking only 8 companies into action there. Eight officers were killed in the 1st Michigan at Manassas; in the 14th New Hampshire at Opequon; in

the 87th Indiana at Chickamauga; and in the 43d Illinois at Shiloh. In some regiments the field and staff sustained severe losses during their term of service. The 95th Pennsylvania lost 2 colonels, 2 lieutenant-colonels, a major, and an adjutant killed in action. The 20th Massachusetts, "one of the very best regiments in the service,"* lost also 6 of its field and staff in battle, a colonel, lieutenant-colonel, 2 majors, adjutant, and a surgeon. But the most peculiar instance of loss in officers occurred in the 148th Pennsylvania, where, in one company (Company C) there were killed at different times 7 line officers. It must have required some nerve to accept a commission in that company.

The surgeons and chaplains, although regarded as non-combatants, were not exempt from the bloody casualties of the battle-field. The medical service sustained a loss of 40 surgeons killed in action or mortally wounded. There were 73 more who were wounded in action, and, as in the case of those killed, they were wounded while in the discharge of their duties on the field. Many of the chaplains were also killed or wounded in battle. Some of them were struck down while attending to their duties with the stretcher-bearers, while others, like Chaplain Fuller, fell dead in the front rank with a rifle in their hands.

Of the three principal arms of the service, the infantry loses the most men in action, the cavalry next, and the light artillery the least. The heaviest cavalry loss seems to have fallen on the 1st Maine Cavalry, it having lost 15 officers and 159 enlisted men killed. Next comes the 1st Michigan Cavalry, with 14 officers and 150 enlisted men killed. Of the 260 cavalry regiments in the Northern army, there were 15 others whose loss in killed exceeded 100. The percentages of killed are also less in this part of the service, the highest being found in the 5th Michigan Cavalry with its 8.9 per cent., and in the 6th Michigan Cavalry with 8.3 per cent.—both in Custer's brigade. Cavalrymen go into action oftener than infantrymen, and so their losses, being distributed among a larger number of engagements, do not appear remarkable as reported for any one affair. Still, in some of their fights the "dead cavalryman" could be seen in numbers that answered only too well the famous question of General Hooker.† At Reams's Station the 11th Pennsylvania Cavalry lost 27 men killed, and at Todd's Tavern the 1st New York Dragoons lost 24 killed, not including the additional casualty lists of wounded. The number of cavalry officers killed in some

* General Humphreys, Chief of Staff, Army of the Potomac.

† "Who ever saw a dead cavalryman?"

regiments was excessive, as in this arm of the service, more than in any other, the officers are expected to lead their men. Although the cavalry did not suffer in killed as badly as the infantry, still they participated in more engagements, were under fire much more frequently, and so were obliged to exhibit an equal display of courage. The 5th New York Cavalry lost 8 officers and 93 enlisted men killed in action, but it was present at over 100 engagements, and lost men, either killed or disabled, in 88 of them. The muster-out rolls of the various mounted commands show that there were 10,596 "dead cavalrymen" who were killed in action during the war, of whom 671 were officers, the proportionate loss of officers being greater than in the infantry.

The casualties in the light artillery were less than in any other arm of the service, the engineers excepted. The light batteries, or horse artillery, which constituted the artillery proper for the field operations, were organized for the most part as independent batteries or commands. In some States twelve of them were connected by a regimental organization, but even then they operated as independent commands. A battery or company of light artillery consisted generally of 150 men, with 6 cannon and the necessary horses. There were some four-gun batteries, and towards the close of the war most of the old batteries were reorganized on that basis. The greatest numerical loss in any one of these organizations occurred in Cooper's battery of the Pennsylvania Reserves, in which 2 officers and 18 enlisted men, out of 332 names enrolled, were killed during its term of service. Weeden's Rhode Island battery also sustained a severe loss in its many engagements, 19 being killed out of 290 enrolled; while the Pennsylvania batteries of Ricketts, Easton, and Kerns were also prominent by reason of their frequent, effective, and courageous actions, with the consequent large loss in killed. The highest percentage of killed is found in Phillips's 5th Massachusetts battery, which lost 19 killed out of 194 members, or 9.7 per cent.; the enrollment taken being the one prior to the transfer of the 3d Battery near the close of the war.

The 11th Ohio Battery sustained the greatest loss in any one action. At the battle of Iuka it lost 16 killed and 39 wounded, the enemy capturing the battery, but the gunners, refusing to surrender, worked their pieces to the last and were shot down at the guns. The battery went into this action with 54 gunners, 46 of whom were killed or wounded, the remainder of the casualties occurring among the drivers or others.

A still more remarkable artillery fight was

that of Bigelow's battery, 9th Massachusetts, at Gettysburg; remarkable, not only for the exceptional loss, but also for the efficiency with which the guns were served and the valuable service rendered. When, on the afternoon of the second day, it was found that the Union batteries, on the cross-road near the Peach Orchard, could no longer hold their position, "it became necessary to sacrifice one of them" by leaving it there in action and working it to the last, so as to check the Confederate advance long enough to enable the other batteries to fall back to a better position. Major McGilvery selected Bigelow and his men for this duty, ordering him to fight with fixed prolonge, an arrangement which availed but little, for, although the canister from his light twelves kept his front clear for a long time and successfully detained the enemy, he could not check the swarm which finally came in on each flank and rear, some of whom, springing nimbly on his limber-chests, shot down his horses and then his men. Bigelow was wounded, and two of his lieutenants were killed; 9 of his gunners were killed, 14 were wounded, and 2 were missing. The battery then ceased firing, four of its guns being temporarily in the hands of the enemy. Lieutenant Milton, who brought the battery off the field, states in his official report that 45 horses were killed and 15 wounded in this affair; and that 5 more were killed in the action of the following day. This is the largest number of horses killed in any battery action of the war; at least, there are no official reports to the contrary.* A general once criticised a gallant but unnecessary charge which he happened to witness with the remark: "It is magnificent, but it is not war."† The fight of these Massachusetts cannoneers was not only magnificent, but it was war. There really was no sacrifice. There was a sad loss of life, considering how few there were of the battery men, but each man killed at those guns cost Kershaw and Barksdale a score. Doubleday quotes a statement of McLaw's, that "one shell from this artillery killed and wounded thirty men." If the shrapnel was so effective, what must have been the slaughter when Bigelow's smooth-bore Napoleons threw canister so rapidly into Kershaw's masses; for the gunners in this battery were not allowed side-arms, but had been carefully instructed that their safety lay in the rapidity with which they could work their guns. This battery held Barksdale's advance in check for a half-hour, from 6 to 6.30 p. m., after which McGilvery's second line, consisting of Dow's, Phillips's, and

* There may have been a greater number killed in a battery at Stone's River; but, as the battery was captured, the exact loss cannot be satisfactorily ascertained.

† "C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre."

Thompson's guns, confronted him from 6.30 to 7.15 p.m., at which time Willard and Stannard, with their brigades, made the advance which drove him back and regained Bigelow's guns. This is not put forward as history so much as an illustration of the losses suffered and inflicted by the light artillery when at its best.

The light artillery service lost during the war 1817 men killed and mortally wounded, of whom 116 were officers. Their smaller losses only emphasize the fact that it is a valuable arm of the service in its capability of inflicting so much more loss than it receives.

And yet the artillery are largely responsible for the oft-quoted remark that "It takes a man's weight in lead to kill him." This old saw has always been considered as needing more or less latitude, but, on the contrary, it expresses an absolute truth devoid of exaggeration. As regards the battles of modern warfare, it is a very fair way of stating the relative weight of metal thrown and men killed. The figures pertaining to this subject are attainable and make the matter very plain. To be just, we will pass by such actions as Fort Sumter and certain other artillery affairs in which not a man was killed, and turn to the field engagements where the loss of life was greatest; where, according to the rhetorical historians, the fields were swept by the storm of iron sleet and leaden hail; where the ranks of the enemy — always the enemy — were mowed down like grain before the reaper; where the charging masses were "literally" blown from the mouths of the guns; where, according to a statement in a report of the New York Bureau of Military Statistics, "legs, arms, and large pieces of bodies filled the air."

As the truth of the adage referred to is purely a matter of figures, we will turn to them, and, for the present, to those of the battle of Stone's River, a general engagement and one in which some of the best fighting of the war was done on both sides. In this battle the artillery fired 20,307 rounds of ammunition, as officially stated by General Barnett, Chief of Artillery, in his report, which was an exhaustive one in its details, and gives the exact number of rounds fired by each battery. The weight of these 20,307 projectiles was fully 225,000 pounds. The infantry at the same time are officially reported as having fired over 2,000,000 rounds, and which consisted mostly of conical bullets from .55 to .69 of an inch in diameter, and may have included some buck-and-ball. The weight of this lead fired by the infantry exceeded 150,000 pounds. Hence the combined weight of the projectiles fired by the artillery and infantry at Stone's River was 375,000 pounds, and

fully equal to that of the 2319 Confederates killed or mortally wounded by the same.

General Rosecrans, in his official report of this battle, goes into this curious matter also but in a somewhat different direction, and states that "of 14,560 rebels struck by our missiles, it is estimated that 20,000 rounds of artillery hit 728 men; 2,000,000 rounds of musketry hit 13,832 men; averaging 27.4 cannon shots to hit one man, 145 musket shots to hit one man." But in this statement the term "hit," as applied, includes the wounded, while the old saying refers only to the killed. Again, General Rosecrans makes the killed and wounded of the enemy too great, putting it at 14,560, while General Bragg reported officially only 9000. Still, Rosecrans need not complain of this, as Bragg, in turn, generously overestimates Rosecrans' loss. Any such error, however, would not affect the proportion of wounds inflicted by the two arms of the service, according to the report quoted. It seems strange that 20,000 artillery missiles should kill or wound only 728 men, and that of the cannon pointed at the Confederate columns it should take 27 shots to hit, kill, wound, or scratch one man. The discussion of this latter point will have to be left to the gallant old general and such of his veterans as wore the red trimming on their jackets. In the mean while it is fair to infer that the proportion of bullet wounds to shell wounds has been carefully noted in the hospital returns, and that the medical staff may have furnished this remarkable statement, with the statistics to back it up. Lack of space prevents the mention here of other field engagements in support of this old maxim, but further and ample proof is found in a mere reference to the noisy clatter on the picket lines; the long-range artillery duels so popular at one time in the war; the favorite practice known as shelling the woods; and the noisy Chinese warfare indulged in at some bombardments, where the combatants, ensconced within their bomb-proofs or casemates, hurled at each other a month's product of several foundries with scarcely a casualty on either side.

Many of the colored regiments sustained severe losses in battle, although there seems to be a popular impression to the contrary, influenced no doubt by the old sneering joke about them so common at one time. The 79th United States Colored Infantry lost 5 officers and 174 enlisted men killed in action during the short time that the colored troops were in service, and the 13th United States Colored Infantry lost 221 men, killed and wounded, in one fight at Nashville. The 54th Massachusetts (colored) lost 5 officers and 124 enlisted men in various actions, all killed,

or missing men who, never returning from that fierce assault on Wagner, were probably thrown into that historic trench where the enemy buried "the colonel with his niggers." The black troops were largely engaged in guard or garrison duty, but still saw enough active service to contribute 2751 men killed in battle. This does not include their officers, who were whites, and of whom 143 were killed.

The number of officers killed in the regular regiments was in excess of their due proportion, and argues plainly better selected material. On the other hand, the number of enlisted men killed in the regular service was less in proportion to enrollment than in the volunteer. This may be due to the larger number of deserters which encumbered their rolls, or it may be that the regulars, being better officered, accomplished their work with a smaller loss, avoiding the useless sacrifice, which occurred too often, as the direct result of incompetency. In alluding to the regulars as being better officered, they are referred to as a whole, it being fully understood that in many State regiments commissions were held by those equally competent. In fact, it is doubtful if the regular army has a regiment which ever had at any time a line of officers which could equal those of the 2d Massachusetts Volunteers. The number killed in action in the regular service was 144 officers and 2139 enlisted men, the heaviest loss occurring in the 18th Infantry.

In connection with the subject of regimental losses there is the important one of loss by disease. In our army there were twice as many deaths from disease as from bullets. In the Confederate army the loss from disease was, for obvious reasons, much less, being smaller than their loss in battle. This loss by disease was, in our Northern regiments, very unevenly distributed, running as low as 30 in some and exceeding 500 in others, while in some of the colored regiments it was still greater. There seems to be an impression that the regiments which suffered most in battle lost also the most from disease. This is an error, the direct opposite being the truth. The Report of the War Department for 1866 says, regarding this subject, that "it is to be noted, that those States which show large mortality on the battle-field likewise show large mortality by disease." This may be true of the State totals, but is wholly incorrect as to the regiments themselves; for, with but few exceptions, the regiments which sustained the heaviest loss in battle show the smallest number of deaths from disease. As an illustration, take the following commands, all of which were crack fighting regiments, and note the mortality from the two causes:

<i>Regiment.</i>	<i>Corps.</i>	<i>Killed or mortally wounded in battle.</i>	<i>Died of disease, accidents, in prison, etc.</i>
1st Massachusetts.	Twelfth.	191	98
12th Massachusetts.	First.	193	83
21st Massachusetts.	Ninth.	159	91
37th Massachusetts.	Sixth.	169	92
5th N. Y. (Duryea Zouaves)	Fifth.	177	31
61st New York.	Second.	180	110
63d New York (Irish Brigade).	Second.	161	88
70th N. Y. (Sickles' Brigade).	Third.	190	64
89d N. Y. (ad N. Y. S. M.).	Second.	176	78
84th N. Y. (14th Brooklyn).	First	162	69
124th N. Y. ("Orange Blossoms")	Third.	151	89
12th New Jersey.	Second.	172	99
64d Pennsylvania.	Fifth.	169	89
72d Penn. (Baxter's Zouaves).	Second.	193	71
95th Pennsylvania.	Sixth.	182	73
102d Pennsylvania.	Sixth.	181	83
5th Ohio.	Twelfth.	151	50
7th Ohio.	Twelfth.	184	89
19th Indiana.	Third.	179	217
3d Indiana (First German).	Fourth.	171	97
26th Wisconsin (German Regiment).	Eleventh.	188	77
37th Wisconsin.	Ninth.	156	89
1st Minnesota.	Second.	187	99

In addition to these, there are the forty-five leading regiments previously mentioned,—leading ones as regards greatest loss in action,—whose aggregate of killed is one-third greater than that of their loss by disease. Then there might be cited the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps, an effective and hard fighting division, in which every regiment sustained a greater loss in battle than by disease, with the exception of the 7th Reserves, in whose case the excess from disease was caused by seventy-four deaths in Andersonville. The 1st Jersey Brigade, the 2d Jersey Brigade, and the Iron Brigade were all hard fighters, with the consequent heavy losses, and yet each regiment in those brigades lost less by disease than by battle.

Still, in the whole army the aggregate loss by disease was double the loss in action, and the question arises, Where, then, did it occur?

In reply, a long list could be offered, in which regiments with a comparatively small loss in action would show a startling mortality from sickness; also many commands which performed garrison or post duty, and which show a long death-roll without having been engaged in any battle. The troops in the Departments of the Gulf and the Mississippi were exposed to a fatal climate, but participated in few battles, the fighting there, aside from a few minor engagements, being over by August, 1863. Though but few battle names were inscribed upon their colors, it should be remembered that they went and came in obedience to orders; that the service they rendered was an important one; and that their comrades' lives were also lost while in the line of duty.

Still, the inference is a fair one that the fighting regiments owed their exemption from disease to that same pluck which made them famous, and which enabled them to withstand its encroachments without tamely giving up and lying down under its attack. It was a question of mental as well as bodily stamina, and hence there is found in certain black regiments a mortality from disease exceeding by far that of any white troops, a fact which cannot be accounted for by climatic reasons, because the particular regiments referred to were recruited from blacks who were born and raised along the Mississippi, where these troops were stationed, and where the loss occurred.

Throughout the whole army, the officers were far less apt to succumb to the fatalities of disease than were their men. While the proportionate loss of enlisted men in battle was 16 men to one officer, the loss by disease was 82 men, and in the colored troops 214 men—facts with ethnological features worth noting.

In addition to deaths from battle and disease there were other prolific sources of mortality, over 4000 being killed by accidents, resulting mostly from a careless use of firearms or from fractious horses, while 3000 more were drowned while bathing or boating. By the explosion of the steamer *Sultana*, loaded with exchanged prisoners, homeward bound after the war, 1400 Union soldiers were killed—a loss exceeded in only a few battles of the war.

A regiment's greatest loss did not always occur in its greatest battle. The heaviest blows were often received in some fight which history scarcely mentions—some reconnaissance, ambuscade, or wagon-guard affair, entirely disconnected with any general engagement. With many commands this has been a misfortune and a grievance; something akin to that of the oft-quoted aspirant for glory who was slain in battle, but whose name was mis-

spelled in the newspapers. The 107th New York went through Gettysburg with a trivial loss, only to have 170 men struck down at Pumpkin Vine Creek, Ga. This regiment erected a monument, on the pedestal of which is chiseled a long list of battle names, remarkable for their euphony as well as their historic grandeur. The hand of the stone-cutter paused at Pumpkin Vine Creek, and the committee substituted New Hope Church, the name by which the Confederates designate the same fight.

The word Gettysburg is not a musical combination, but many will thank fortune that the battle was fought there instead of at Pipe Creek, the place designated in the general's orders. As it is, the essayist and historian will delight in referring to the grand victory as one which preserved unbroken the map and boundaries of the nation, but they would hardly care to do so if they were obliged to add that all this took place at Pipe Creek.

Soldiers love to point to the battle names inscribed upon their colors, and glory in the luster that surrounds them. It is natural that they should prefer well-known names or pleasant-sounding ones. The old soldier is something of a romancer in his way, and is alive to the value of euphony as an adjunct to his oft-told tale. The Michigan cavalrymen find willing ears for the story of their fight at Falling Waters, while the Jersey troopers find it difficult to interest hearers in their affair at Hawes' Shop. The veterans of the West find it easier to talk of Atlanta and Champion's Hill than of the Yazoo or Buzzard's Roost. Through coming years our rhyming bards will tell of those who fought at the Wilderness, or Malvern Hill, but cadence and euphony will ignore the fallen heroes of Pea Ridge and Bermuda Hundred.

William F. Fox.

THE MASK.

WHY am I still unscarred when agony,
Repeated oft, has burnt both heart and brain,
Till all my being seems a quivering pain
That custom but renews unceasingly?
Abroad, I shrink, dreading lest misery
Have so defaced my face that once again
Men turn, and look, and shuddering be fain
To say with Dante's Florentines, "There, see
One who, though living, hath known death and hell."
So, when thy glance has glorified my face,
And joy, transfigured, all in life seems well,
Methinks my mirror then will show no trace
Of my old self, but one supremely fair.
Insensate flesh! I find no beauty there!

Elyot Weld.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IN THE COLONIES.

IN VIRGINIA AND MARYLAND.



SEAL OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION
OF THE GOSPEL.

hold on the English mind, the sympathy and support of the home government, and the social prestige conferred by the adhesion of governors and other crown officers. In Virginia, Maryland, North and South Carolina, and Georgia it was established by law; while in New York it had always a legal advantage over its rivals. Yet the history of the Church of England in the American Colonies, though not quite a history of failure, is far from being a story of success. Its ultimate influence upon the character of the colonists was probably less than that of Puritanism or Quakerism, perhaps hardly greater than that of the Presbyterianism chiefly brought in by Irish and Scotch settlers after 1700. This partial default of the English Church in America was largely due to the fact that a main persuasive to emigration in the time of the Stuarts had been English laws for the enforcement of conformity: the stately liturgy lost some of its beauty and dignity when propagated by constables and jailers. But even in the colonies settled chiefly by adherents of the establishment, the church in most places sank into apathy, while unresting, dissenting sects drew life and prosperity from its dissolving elements.

At the time of the planting of the James River settlements, the impulse given by the Reformation to religious devotion in the English Church had not spent itself. There were many men in its priesthood who combined a

Puritan strictness in morals with a sentiment of reverence that had a medieval origin. This religious party had from the first laid hold of the scheme of English planting in America as a sort of new crusade for the extension of Christendom and the overthrow of heathenism. Clergymen like Hakluyt and Purchas and Symonds ardently promoted the colony; noble-hearted laymen like the Ferrars and their friends gave time and money with unstinted liberality to the religious interests of the plantation; and there were those, both of the clergy and laity, who, from religious motives, "left their warm nests" in England "and undertook the heroic resolution to go to Virginia," sharing the hardships, and even losing their lives in the perils, of the enterprise.

The line of demarcation between the Puritan and the old-fashioned churchman was not yet sharply drawn, so that the Virginia church long retained some traits which in England had come to be accounted as belonging to the Puritans or Presbyterians. Indeed, some of the parish clergy, in 1647, were so touched with Puritanism as to refuse to "read the common prayer upon the Sabbath dayes." For more than a hundred years after the first settlement of Virginia the surplice appears to have been quite unknown; "both sacraments" were performed "without the habits and proper ornaments and vessels" required; parts of the liturgy were omitted "to avoid giving offense"; marriages, baptisms, and churchings of women were held and funeral sermons preached in private houses; and in some parishes, so late as 1724, the Lord's Supper was received by the communicants in a sitting posture. If we add to these the opposition to visitations and all ecclesiastical courts, the claim of the parishes to choose and dismiss their own ministers, the employment of unordained lay readers or "ministers" in a majority of the parishes, and the general neglect of most of the church festivals, we shall understand how peculiar were the traits of the Virginia church. These had their origin partly in the transitional state in which the Anglican body found itself at the birth of the church of Virginia, and were partly the result of isolation. But while the Church of England in the first half of the seventeenth century drew religious life at the same time from ancient and medieval sources, and from the fresh impulses of the Reformation period, she still suffered from unre-

formed abuses. There were still "dumb parsons" in some of her poorer parishes, who never essayed to preach, and who were incapable of any other functions than those of mumbling the liturgy and receiving the tithes. Many of the clergy were men whose morals were of the most debauched character: a manuscript preserved in the Duke of Manchester's papers gives a horrible description of the state of the clergy in the county of Essex in 1602. One of these Essex parsons carried his diabolism to such an extreme that he was familiarly called "Vicar of Hell," a title which he good-naturedly accepted in lieu of his proper name. During all of the seventeenth and much of the eighteenth century, notwithstanding the learning and virtue of many of the clergy, the altars of the Church of England were in many places beset by men of despicable attainments and depraved morals thrust into the priest's office merely that they might eat of the shew-bread.

From this state of things the colonies adhering to the Church of England were the greatest sufferers. Sometimes a clergyman's abilities and education were so mean, or the ill fame of his bad living was so rank, that even the very tolerant public opinion of the day in England could no longer abide him. In this case his friends would seek for him the chaplaincy of a man-of-war, or pack him off to the colonies. The debauched sons of reputable families, incapable of any other use in the wide world, were deemed good enough to read prayers and christen children in Virginia parishes for sixteen thousand pounds of tobacco a year, with forty shillings for every funeral sermon and the wedding-fees to boot. The cry against the bad lives of some of these emigrant parsons was heard as early as the middle of the seventeenth century. "Many came," says Hammond, in 1656, "such as wore black coats and could babble in a pulpit, swear in a tavern, exact from their parishioners, and rather by their dissoluteness destroy than feed their flocks."

But in the rising against the despotism of Sir John Harvey, the Virginia clergy of 1635 appear to have had virtue enough to take the popular side under the lead of the Rev. Antony Panton, who also, in 1641, appeared in London as "Agent of the Church of England in Virginia." By protests, first to the Commons and then to the Lords, Panton contrived to delay for months the sailing of Sir William Berkeley, who had been appointed governor at the instance of Harvey and his clique. During the Commonwealth time some ministers of a better class sought Virginia as a refuge, and some of the most dissolute of the parish clergy were silenced by the Assembly.

There was a general improvement in manners at this time. The pioneer Virginians had been noted from the outset for excess in drinking; but growing prosperous, they now became, "not only civil, but great observers of the Sabbath, and to stand upon their reputations and to be ashamed of that notorious manner of life they had formerly lived and wallowed in." These reformed colonists in 1656 offered a bonus of twenty pounds to every one who should import "a sufficient minister." But with the return of Berkeley to power at the restoration, the governmental influence on the clergy must have been depressing. "The king's old courtier" that he was, Sir William evidently liked best the "dumb parsons," who gave the people no ideas and tyrants no trouble. He expresses his regret that Virginia ministers would not "pray oftener and preach less." When Bacon's rebellion brought Berkeley's career to an infamous close there was no Panton left to take the side of the people; all the persons in Virginia appear to have been partisans of the governor.

Compton, who came to the see of London in 1675, made the jurisdiction of the Bishop of London over the colonies something more than a name. He appointed Blair commissary of Virginia, and Bray to a like office in Maryland; under his auspices William and Mary College was founded, and the Propagation Society instituted; his influence with his former pupils, Queen Mary and Queen Anne, enabled him to secure at court whatever was desirable for the colonial church, and more than one governor seems to have lost his place through Bishop Compton's displeasure. But in Compton's time, and long after, the lives of many of the colonial clergy were disreputable, even when judged by the standards of that day. The law of the market ruled in these things: what could find no purchaser in England was put off upon the colonies. Morgan Godwyn declares that the meanest curate in England had "far more considerable hopes" than a Virginia clergyman about 1675. Some of the least acceptable of the parish clergy in Virginia were Scotch and Irish adventurers, who thought it better to get an out-of-the-world parish, with or without orders, than to work hard and live precariously as school-masters. The case was rendered worse in Maryland, since, by the constitution of the church in that province, there was for a long time no power on earth that could legally deprive a clergyman when once inducted. "As bad as a Maryland parson," was one of the earliest of indigenous American proverbs. One incumbent of a Maryland parish was described as, "like St. Paul, all things to all men; he swears with



REV. JONATHAN BOUCHER OF MARYLAND.

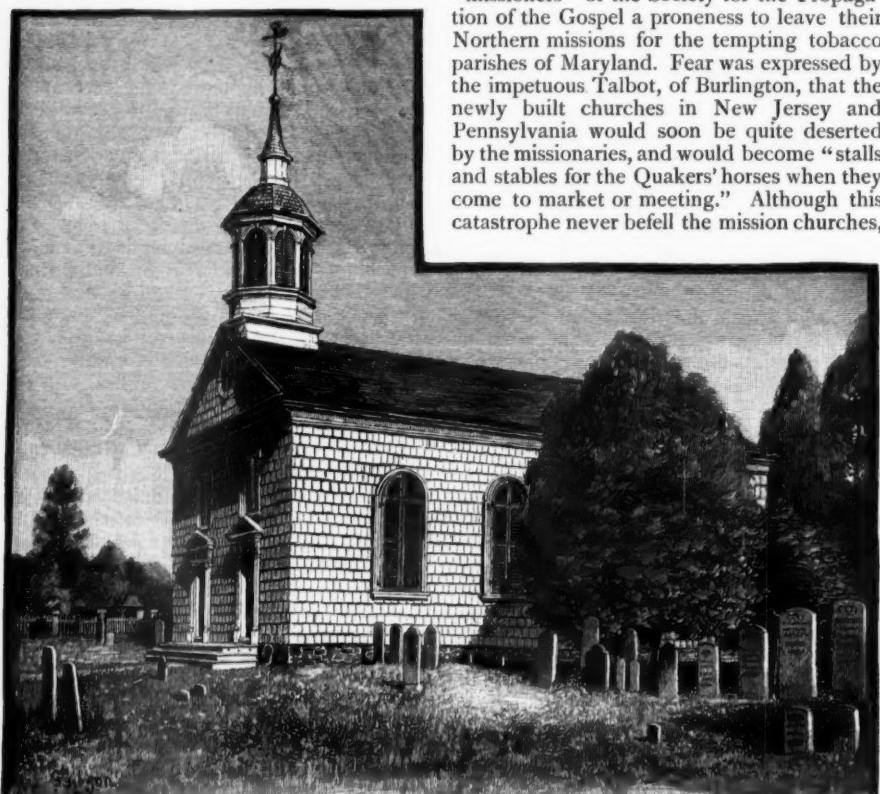
those who swear, and drinks with those who drink." But swearing and drinking were but the minor faults of these "tithe-pig parsons"; drunkenness was proverbially called the "clergyman's vice." In 1718 Commissary Wilkinson, of the eastern shore of Maryland, forbade weddings in private houses, because of clergymen "being drunk at such times and places." Two Virginia clergymen, in 1723, were given to "fighting and quarreling publicly in their drink" to such an extent that it was said, "The whole country rings with the scandal." It was charged that some of the clergy of this province were "so debauched that they are foremost in all manner of vices." "One Holt, a scandalous and enormous wretch," was deprived by the commissary of Virginia, but he went to Maryland, where he secured one of the best parishes. Another Virginia parson had brought a servant-maid aboard ship, and passed her off as his wife; yet another was an habitual drunkard, who "kept an idle hussy he brought over with him." Clergymen were scarce in a new country, and discipline must needs be lax if any considerable number were to be retained. In the case last mentioned the woman was packed aboard ship and sent home, and the parson was "reformed"; apparently without any interruption of his clerical duties. When, however, we read of two Virginia parishes that, in 1740, had been vacated by the lewdness of the ministers, we have some pain to conceive of the degree of profligacy that had been sufficient to drive these men from the altar. Even in Maryland one man lost his place by adding bigamy to habitual

inebriety. Polygamy was, indeed, on more than one occasion the charge brought against a Maryland parson. Commissary Bray found one Maryland incumbent who had forged a certificate of ordination, as a Virginia writing-master had done at an earlier period. This writing-master wore a scarlet hood in the pulpit and called himself a doctor of divinity. The forging of orders seems, indeed, a superfluous villainy when one considers with what facility wretches like these were able in that day to get genuine ordination. At a later period, no man from the colonies was admitted to orders unless he had secured a title to a parish. But shrewd adventurers, who had been brought over sometimes as indentured servants or schoolmasters, would contrive to get a recommendation and a title from a parish that was not even vacant, the vestry taking defeasance bonds from the candidate that he would not claim possession under a bogus title—meant only to deceive the Bishop of London. Discipline was not easy, even in flagrant cases. Brunsell, a Virginia clergyman, was deposed with difficulty, in 1757, though he was, in the words of Governor Dinwiddie, "almost guilty of every sin except murder," and he must have had a stomach even for murder, since he tied his wife to a bedpost and cut her with knives; yet, notwithstanding all, he found two or three of his order to defend him. It was recognized at the time that the rapid growth of dissent and religious skepticism in the Church of England colonies was largely due to the repulsive morals of some of the clergy and the sloth and neglect of others. One good clergyman in Virginia cries out in 1724, that "even miracles could not maintain the credit of the church where such lewd and profane ministers are tolerated or connived at."

But this is only the dark side of the picture. There were always in the Chesapeake colonies clergymen of another stamp, whose character shone the brighter by their proximity to sluggards and drunkards. Bartholomew Yates, of Christ Church parish, in Middlesex county, Virginia, who died in 1734, would have won praise for his virtues anywhere. Anthony Garvin, about the same period, exchanged an easy parish for a destitute one on the frontier, where he preached in widely separated places. He laments that ministers are so much absorbed in farming and buying slaves, "which latter, in my humble opinion, is unlawful for any Christian." Speaking thus, in 1738, in opposition to the doctrine of the pastoral letter of the learned Bishop Gibson, his own diocesan, Garvin showed that in moral judgment he was a century ahead of his time. Thomas Bacon,

the editor of the Maryland laws, and William Stith, the painstaking historian of Virginia, are examples of clergymen of distinction in literature. One should add to this list the names of Clayton the naturalist, of Blair the theologian, of the diarist Fontaine, and of the versatile Boucher. Devereux Jarratt, a native Virginian of humble birth, was ordained in 1762, and was long illustrious for his useful labors. He was a sort of connecting link between what was best in the colonial church

was felt to be very burdensome, and in 1760 it was reduced to thirty pounds of inspected tobacco. Under this system of payment by a capitation tax, the increase of population rendered some of the parishes valuable; that of All Saints was estimated at one thousand pounds sterling a year. A more desirable class of clergymen sought these good livings, and the proverbial Maryland parson was for the most part driven to the wall by competition. As early as 1718 there was among the "missioners" of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel a proneness to leave their Northern missions for the tempting tobacco parishes of Maryland. Fear was expressed by the impetuous Talbot, of Burlington, that the newly built churches in New Jersey and Pennsylvania would soon be quite deserted by the missionaries, and would become "stalls and stables for the Quakers' horses when they come to market or meeting." Although this catastrophe never befell the mission churches,



CHRIST CHURCH, SHREWSBURY, NEW JERSEY.

of Virginia and the religious life of our own time. His autobiography is a reflection of the simplicity and disinterested goodness of his nature.

In the later colonial period the character of the Maryland clergy was raised merely by the action of the law of the market. Instead of providing, as in Virginia, a definite salary in tobacco for each incumbent, the law of Maryland gave the clergyman forty pounds of tobacco for every person of titheable age and condition, whether white or black. This tax

the character of the Maryland clergy was so far advanced that Edmund Burke, in 1757, could speak of them as "the most decent and the best of the clergy of North America."

In Virginia even "the sweet-scented parishes," as they were called,—those where the minister's salary was paid in high-priced, sweet-scented tobacco,—yielded only about a hundred pounds sterling, and the parishioners sometimes refused to settle a clergyman unless he would consent to serve two parishes

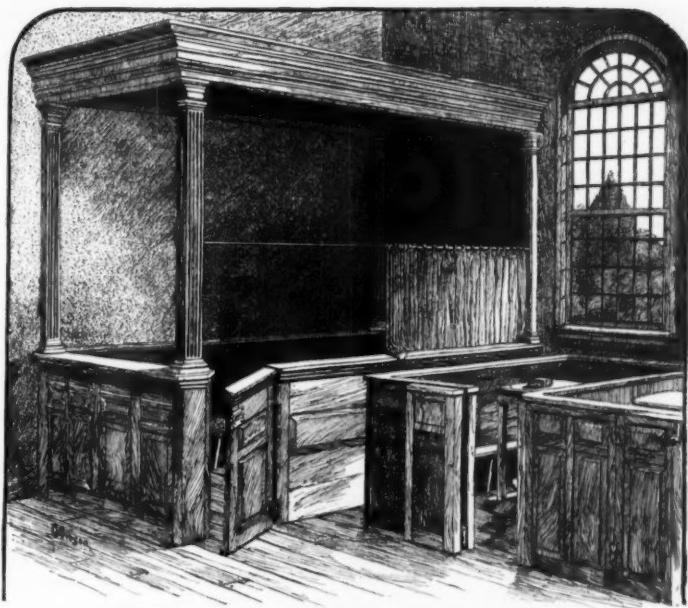
for one salary. The salary was rendered precarious by the prevalent custom of "hiring" a clergyman for a year at a time. Blair, the able Scotchman who was for many years the Bishop of London's commissary for this province, complained that the insecurity of the livings rendered it impossible for the clergy to "match so much to their advantage as if they were settled by induction." A wife with a dower seems to have been regarded as one of the natural and legitimate resources of a settled clergyman.

THE CHURCH IN THE CAROLINAS.

THE proprietors of Carolina declared at the outset of their enterprise that they were moved to it by their great zeal to propagate the Christian faith; but once their charter had passed the seals, their zeal enjoyed a peaceful slumber for forty years. They accomplished the settlement of their provinces under the broadest and most solemn promises of religious toleration; but, in 1704, with characteristic bad faith, and by the use of shameless trickery in the elections, their governor procured the passage, by a majority of one, of an act establishing the Church of England and disabling dissenters — who were about two-thirds of the population — from sitting in the assembly. By the same act it was sought to wrest the ecclesiastical power from the Bishop of London and put it into the hands of a subservient lay commission of twenty members, a majority of whom were not even habitual communicants. The Carolinian dissenters promptly petitioned the House of Lords against the bill on account of its proscription of the greater part of the inhabitants, the Bishop of London and the Propagation Society detested and opposed it on account of the lay commission, the House of Lords addressed the Queen against it on both heads, and the law was repealed by the alarmed proprietors and declared null by royal

authority, while the Lords of Trade even took steps looking to the vacating of the lords proprietors' charter. But the matter was so managed by the assembly that their church establishment was retained, though the prescriptive features of the bill and the lay commission for ecclesiastical affairs were given up.

It was the good fortune of the Church of England in South Carolina that nearly all its early ministers were sent out under the auspices of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, for the missionaries of this society were carefully selected and were the most reputable clergymen that came to the colonies. Besides the aid which this body continued to give until 1766, the South Carolina clergy received salaries from the provincial treasury and from money raised by a tax on exported furs and deerskins. They also had glebes, which were in some instances stocked with cows, and even in a few cases with household slaves. South Carolina clergy were thus tolerably independent, their election by the people gave some security for their character, and they had besides the good fortune, after 1726, to be, for about thirty years, under the supervision of Alexander Garden, an efficient commissary. The province thus escaped, for the most part, the church scandals of Maryland and Virginia; and though the adherents of the establishment never constituted a majority of the people, the church was able to hold its own against "the meetners," as dis-

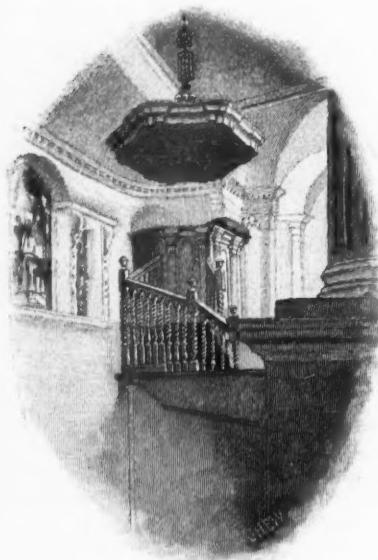


CANOPIED PEW IN THE OLD CHURCH AT SHREWSBURY, NEW JERSEY.

senters were called. Eliza Lucas testifies, about 1740, that the "generality of people" in Charleston were "of a religious turn of mind," a statement sustained by the large congregations that a little later attended even week-day lectures of favorite preachers. But in a society so rich and gay and lax re-

eral, all of which were meant to facilitate the conversion of the negroes.

North Carolina was long a barren field for the Church of England. A church establishment found congenial soil among the landed aristocracy of the Chesapeake colonies and South Carolina; but the early North Carolinians were a rather turbulent democracy, fond of their liberty, holding most of the conventions of society in detestation, and regarding with some impatience almost every sort of restraint. The Propagation Society made some early but not very vigorous efforts to secure a lodgment in North Carolina, but the ministers whom they sent suffered much from their uncongenial environment. The vivacious Colonel Byrd sneeringly declared that North Carolina was "a climate where no clergyman can breathe any more than spiders in Ireland." Large numbers of the people grew up without baptism, and this was regarded in that day as a relapse to heathenism. It was specially lamented by Governor Eden that so many hundreds of the children slain by the Tuscaroras were unbaptized. In 1728 the Virginia commissioners who ran the dividing line between that province and Carolina were accompanied by a chaplain, and whole families of North Carolina people intercepted their march, seeking to be "made Christians" by baptism. Stories were current of reckless Virginia clergymen making junketing trips through the neighboring province, and defraying their expenses by baptizing the people at so much a head. Notwithstanding the laws for the establishment of the church that had been on the statute-book for many years, there was not one clergyman of the English Church regularly settled in North Carolina in 1732. The province was not, however, wholly without religious service. Schoolmasters read the liturgy and Tillotson's Sermons in some places, and the law of the market which was adverse to the Anglican Church acted otherwise upon the over-supply of Puritan divines. "Some Presbyterian or rather independent ministers from New England," says Governor Burrington, "have got congregations"; and he explains that others are likely to come, since there are some out of employment in New England, "where a preacher is seldom paid more than the value of twenty pounds sterling." Even earlier than the Puritans the Quakers had gained a hold among the North Carolina settlers, George Fox himself having visited the province as early as 1672. "The Quakers of this government," says Burrington, "are considerable for their numbers and substance, the regularity of their lives, hospitality to strangers, and kind offices to new settlers inducing many to be of their persua-



PULPIT OF KING'S CHAPEL, BOSTON.

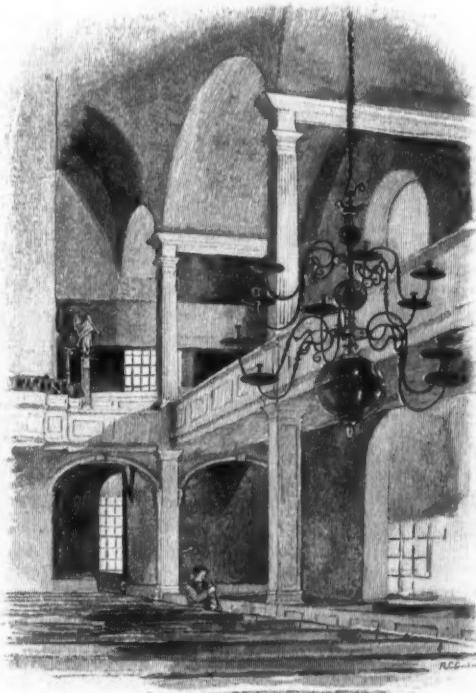
ligion among the upper classes was probably never very intense. Josiah Quincy, who visited Charleston in 1774, was accustomed to the superabounding amplitude of length and breadth and depth of New England ministrations, and he did not estimate highly "the young coxcomb," as he calls him, whom he heard "preach flippantly for seventeen and a half minutes" in a Charleston pulpit. But the South Carolina clergy were not generally flippancy, and there were instances of noble disinterestedness and public spirit among them. One of them refused the portion of his salary promised by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and three others left money to public uses. The clergy of South Carolina manifested a genuine interest in the religious welfare of the slaves, whose very multitude made their lot harder than that of the negroes in any other continental colony. Early efforts were made to Christianize them, and an address to the Bishop of London from the South Carolina clergy on the subject was the occasion of Bishop Gibson's pastoral letter and the deliverances of the attorney and solicitor-gen-

sion." But 1732 marked the lowest point in the fortunes of the English Church in North Carolina. In that year Boyd, a resident of the province, went to England and took orders. His six years of ministration made a deep impression. In 1743 Clement Hall, who had been a justice of the peace and a lay-reader in the colony, took orders and returned as a missionary to win for himself, by his self-denying toils, his evangelizing journeys, and his popular eloquence, the title of the "Apostle of North Carolina." Notwithstanding the earlier acts on the subject, several new laws were passed in 1745 and later for the better establishment of the church; for though the adherents of the Church of England were always a minority of the people in both the Carolinas, the maintenance of an established form of religious worship seems to have been generally regarded as an essential part of a fixed and orderly government.

THE EPISCOPAL PROPAGANDA.

ALTHOUGH the Church of England appeared to have lost her moral courage and her spiritual aspirations in the reaction against Puritanism, and even against morality and decency, at the restoration of the Stuarts, there set in afterward a movement that was at first as small as a mustard-seed, and so well hidden that its ultimate importance has hitherto failed, so far as I know, to excite the attention of any student of the religious history of that age. About 1679 there sprang up in England what were known as the "religious societies," and though a great part of the religious history of England and her colonies in the eighteenth century lay in embryo in that movement, we cannot now tell the name of its originator or the source of his inspirations. It is possible that some stray seed from Spener's pietistic meetings in Germany had been wafted across the Channel, but it is more probable that the English societies were indigenous. The members of these obscure associations stirred up one another to devotion, and resorted to the communion of the parish churches in a body. It was the phenomenon so often seen in the world's religious his-

tory,—*Ecclesia in Ecclesiæ*,—a church growing within a church that had lost the power to satisfy the aspirations of the human spirit. About 1691, a dozen years after their beginning, some of these associations came under the influence of the reformatory impulse set a-going by the revolution of 1688; and by this means losing their merely pietistic character, they undertook to coöperate for the suppression of the prevalent vices of the time. Three or four years later the hidden leaven of the societies began to make itself felt as a force to be reckoned with, and Queen Mary and Archbishop Tillotson thought it worth while to lend their approval to this new movement, which had grown while sovereigns and prelates slumbered and slept. By 1701 there were twenty allied societies for the reformation of manners in the British



INTERIOR OF CHRIST CHURCH, BOSTON.

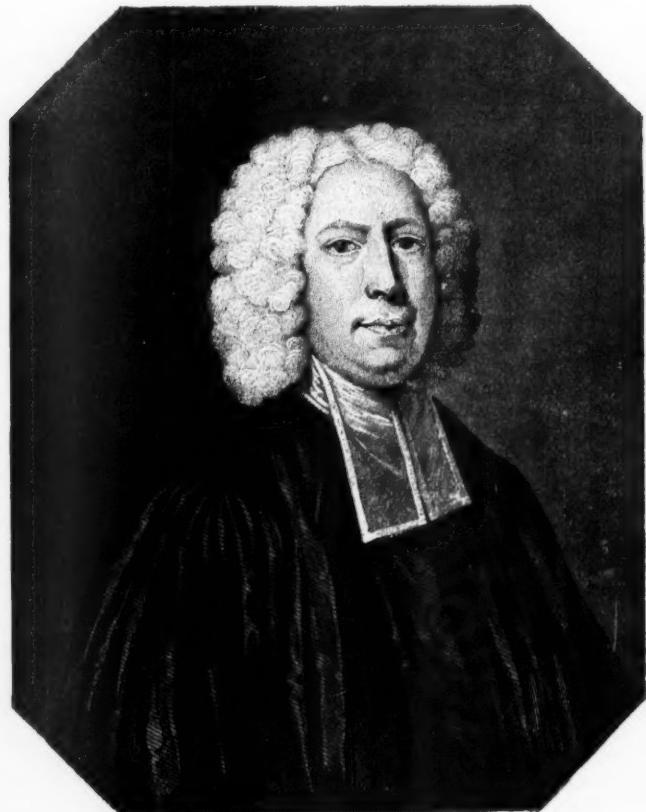
Islands, besides forty "devout societies" of the original kind.* The reformatory societies

* The most conspicuous outgrowth of the devout societies was the Methodist movement of the eighteenth century, though I do not know that the connection has ever before been pointed out. The so-called "Holy Club" of Oxford, from which issued the Wesleys and Whitefield, appears to have been merely one of the religious

societies which had already flourished for fifty years, and some of which were still in existence thirty years later. From this same familiar model Wesley doubtless borrowed the outlines of the plan that resulted in the more highly organized Methodist societies out of which in time have come the great Methodist bodies.

spread as far as to New York, and put a new weapon into the hands of waning Puritanism in New England, where they obtained a vogue, even in the country towns, in the early part of the eighteenth century. Meantime, in spite of much unwise and misdirected effort, they

societies found a new development. Bray had a mind of great acuteness, inventive rather than original: he was one of those men whose destiny it is to give an organic body to ideas already in the air. One-sided in matters of opinion, as becomes a propagandist, he was



SAMUEL JOHNSON, D.D., FIRST PRESIDENT OF KING'S COLLEGE.

had acquired such influence in England as to be able to suppress a great number of disorderly houses, and drive many lewd characters from the kingdom. More than a thousand convictions for vice were secured in 1701. The fame of the movement spread over Europe, and the published accounts of the societies were translated into other languages. In England great opposition was awakened, and the promoters of the societies met with the common fate of reformers; they were "balladed in the streets" and "ridiculed in plays and on the theaters."

But in the closing years of the seventeenth century there rose up the Rev. Dr. Thomas Bray, in whose hands the voluntary religious

singularly bold and comprehensive in practical affairs. The English Church entirely filled his intellectual horizon; all the rest was in the outer darkness of heresy, schism, apostasy, or damnable infidelity. He combated Romanism and he detested dissent. The regions settled by Quakers were to him hardly better than "so many heathen nations," and he joyfully announced in one of his publications that "many Quakers have returned to the Christian faith." This unsympathetic narrowness gave concentration to his exertions, which for the rest were sincere and disinterested. When he accepted the office of Commissary to Maryland he sold his effects and borrowed money to reach the province, at the same

time refusing eligible benefices at home. But knowing the ignorance of many of the clergy and their destitution of books, he organized, before he set out for Maryland, a society for furnishing the clergy in the colonies and in the provinces with libraries; borrowing his fundamental idea, no doubt, from Tenison, then Archbishop of Canterbury, who, when Vicar of St. Martin's, had founded a library with the view of keeping the thirty or forty young clergymen resident in that court parish as tutors, and in other capacities, from spending their time in taverns. This society, at first merely a new kind of voluntary association, was chartered in 1698 as "The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge." But the schemes of such a man as Bray enlarge as he advances; and every project was swiftly transmuted into an organized association. After his return from Maryland he developed another private society, which had been "formed to meet and consult and contribute toward the progress of Christianity," into the Venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, for which a royal charter was secured in 1701. The chief work of this corporation in the eighteenth century was in the American colonies. To these Dr. Bray added another association, for the special work of promoting the conversion of Indians and negroes. He not only influenced the early history of American religious life, but his societies became patterns and forerunners of all those propagandist and philanthropic associations by which Protestant bodies of every sort have supplied the place of the religious orders of the Roman Church.

The Propagation Society selected for its first missionary George Keith, perhaps one of the most disputatious religionists that ever vexed the souls of his fellow-men. Born in Aberdeen, he left the Scotch Kirk to join the Society of Friends, the most aggressive and the most sorely beset by foes of all the sects of the seventeenth century. He threw himself into the fray for years as their apologist, and endured long imprisonments for the sake of his opinions. While teaching the Friends' School in Philadelphia, he won notoriety by out-quakering the Quakers, assailing the leading members of the society for their sins in keeping slaves, in accepting public office, and in making laws, as well as for divers other departures from what he deemed the primitive Quaker way. He managed to make himself pestiferous, and to rend the little newly planted Pennsylvania world into two parties, leading out in 1691 a sect of those who modestly distinguished themselves as the *Christian Quakers*, but who were popularly known as Keithian Quakers. These he de-

serted in turn to take orders in the Church of England. Returning as an itinerant missionary of the Venerable Society, he had the satisfaction of bedeviling his old enemies to his heart's content. Thoroughly acquainted with the writings and usages of the Quakers, he thrust himself into their assemblies with the thick-skinned indelicacy of a hardened polemic, assailing their most cherished doctrines and denouncing their most revered leaders in their own meeting-houses. This, it is true, was only rendering measure for measure to the contentious Quakers of that day; but it was a mode of warfare to which the later and more dignified Church of England missionaries would not have resorted, and it is to the credit of the Society for Propagating the Gospel that Keith made but a single brief and bitter campaign. On his return to England he published a narrative of his travels, wherein he related his doughty combats with illiterate preachers, ill-fitted to answer an assailant whose expertness had been gained in warfare on so many sides of the question. Then after all these stormy years of restless disputation, Keith settled down in an obscure English vicarage, where, besides petty religious disputes, he employed his leisure in writing a work on longitude. Some of the "Keithians" in Pennsylvania followed him into the Church of England; many others became Baptists.

One of the chief disadvantages of the English Church in the colonies arose from



ANCIENT SILVER COMMUNION SERVICE BELONGING TO CHRIST CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

the fact that many of its ministers held English notions of the church's position and rights. In their view the dissenters could at best claim only the barest tolerance: the church, where it was not established, was the heir-at-law unjustly kept out of an entailed inheritance by usurpers. From their standpoint there was no reason to scruple over the appropriation of their use of meeting-houses

put into their hands by force, as by Andros in Boston. When, in 1702, Lord Cornbury fled to Jamaica, on Long Island, from an epidemic, he accepted from the Presbyterian minister the loan of the parsonage built by the town; but when Cornbury left Jamaica, he politely returned the house, not to its former occupant, but to the Church of England missionary, alleging that since the house had been built by a public tax it ought to belong to the Established Church. He also by mere force, without process of law, put the Episcopal party into possession of the new stone meeting-house of this Puritan town; this they held for twenty-five years. Bigotry was common to all parties in that age: it was not surprising that churchmen should regard Cornbury's transaction as nothing more than the giving back to the church of its own again; but the complicity of clergymen in such acts of arbitrary injustice begot a prejudice against the church.

The "missioners" of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel were generally chosen with care, and there were few scandals among them. The Propagation Society, indeed, was the principal agent in raising the character of the English Church clergy in America. A large proportion of the missionaries of the society were of American birth,

society is due the great and perennial honor of having been first to undertake, in any systematic way, the education of negro slaves. The very first missionary sent to South Carolina promptly began it, and it was carried forward by those who came after him in most of the parishes in that province. In 1742 Commissary Garden founded a negro school in Charleston, in which slaves were taught by slave teachers; these last, curiously enough, were the property of the Venerable Society, trained for the purpose. That no great result could come among thousands of slaves from the teaching of reading and the catechism to a few house-servants is evident, but the persistent efforts to do what could be done were most commendable. More hopeful was the work of "honest Elias Neau," the society's catechist in New York. Before he engaged in teaching negroes he bore the nickname of "the new reformer," because he was the leader of a little society of eight people "for the reformation of manners," in the rather immoral and very polyglot town at the south end of Manhattan Island. Catechists were afterward employed among the slaves in Philadelphia and elsewhere, but Neau was without doubt the most successful teacher of negroes in the colonies. In order to stir up the planters to instruct their slaves, especially to teach them the rudiments of the Christian religion, the society circulated many thousand copies of a sermon preached by Bishop Fleetwood in 1711, and of Bishop Gibson's letters on the subject, issued in 1727. To this exertion for the slaves must be added, in any summary of the work of this excellent society, the missions to the Indians, which cannot be treated here.*



BISHOP BERKELEY'S FLAGON, NOW IN POSSESSION OF
DANIEL BERKELEY UPDIKE, ESQ.

and these had a far stronger hold on the colonists than an equal number of men born in England could have gained. There were among them men of distinguished ability and high character. Such divines as Cutler and Johnson and Chandler could not but make the Church of England respected even where it was not loved. To the missionaries of the

DEAN BERKELEY'S PROJECT.

THE most curious episode in the history of the Church of England in America is the attempt set on foot by the famous Dean Berkeley, afterward Bishop of Cloyne, to convert the Indians and to better the religious condition of the continent. This he proposed to do by founding a college in Bermuda for the education of American savages and clergymen. The proposition, coming from a man of his eminence, attracted much attention; for at the age of twenty-five Berkeley had made a permanent and important contribution to scientific speculation in his "Theory of Vision," and at twenty-six he had printed his "Principles of Human Knowledge," in which

* I am much indebted to the Rev. H. W. Tucker, the present able Secretary of the Propagation Society, for giving me the opportunity to examine the manuscript records of the society and the White-Kennett library.

he pushed idealism to its logical extreme, and placed himself among the founders of philosophic systems. He was not only a philosopher of world-wide fame, but a poet of true inspiration and graceful expression. His renown, his handsome person, and his amiable temper, as well as his wide knowledge and delightful gift for conversation, made him sought after in society and a favorite at court, while the purity and manly disinterestedness of his character gave him a lustrous singularity among the wits of his time. Fortune treated him kindly; he inherited four thousand pounds by the caprice of a lady with whom he had but slight acquaintance, and at forty years of age he was promoted to the best deanery in Ireland. But in the height of his prosperity he published in 1724 his "Proposal for better supplying of Churches in our Foreign Plantations." His plan was to raise up clergymen and educate Indians by means of a training college in the Bermudas, and he offered to resign his deanery and accept a paltry hundred pounds a year as the head of this enterprise. Nothing could have surprised the world of that day more than such an act of self-abnegation on the part of a churchman who saw the highest promotions thrown in his way by the favor of the great. No impulse could well have been nobler than this to plant the seeds of learning and virtue in a new continent, while few schemes were ever so utterly visionary as this one elaborated by Berkeley without any reckoning with the tremendous difficulties and untoward conditions of his task. But it was a "bubble period" in philanthropy as well as in finance; the English world was in a state of hopefulness, and a project was rendered plausible to the imagination of that time merely by its largeness and the ingenuity with which it was constructed. All kinds of social and agricultural projects for America were ripe. English felons were to be reformed by filling a Virginia county with them and setting them to raising hemp for a livelihood; proposals had already appeared for planting the extreme south of Carolina with stranded debtors from English jails; Dr. Bray and his associates, and the dissenters as well,



DEAN BERKELEY, AFTERWARD BISHOP OF CLOVNE.
(FROM A PAINTING BY JOHN SMYBERT, IN POSSESSION OF YALE UNIVERSITY.)

were for converting the negroes to Christianity out of hand; Oglethorpe, with his bundle of strange socialistic and agricultural projects, was only just below the horizon; Wesley and



RUINS OF TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK, AFTER
THE GREAT FIRE IN 1776.

his quixotic Indian mission, and Whitefield and his expensive orphanage, were soon to appear. Even in an age less susceptible, the contagion of Berkeley's refined enthusiasm, supported by his eloquence, might have won over cool heads to such a project. The cynical Swift laughed at him but helped him; the wits of the Scriblerus Club, after rallying him, surrendered to the captivating eloquence with which he defended his scheme and confessed to a momentary impulse to go with him. Statesmen listened to him, and George I. granted him a charter, and, with the assent of parliament, set apart twenty thousand pounds of the proceeds of lands in St. Christopher for the benefit of the new college in the Bermudas. Berkeley also received considerable sums in private gifts for his enterprise.

In order to show to all the sincerity of his intentions, he prepared to set out for America without waiting to receive the public funds promised to him. But he regarded his enterprise rather in the spirit of a poet than in that of a missionary. Along with his first proposals, set forth in plain prose, he had sent to Lord Perceval as early as 1725 a draft of his noble prophetic poem on America, and he persuaded Pope to translate Horace's description of the Fortunate Islands, which he considered applicable to the Bermudas. With these islands he had become enamored without so much as ever having a sight of them. To his bride, who sailed with him in 1728, he presented a spinning-wheel as a token that she was to lead the life of a plain farmer's wife, "and wear stuff of her own spinning."

Instead of going direct to Bermuda he set out for Rhode Island, touching at Virginia. It was only on arriving in America that the absurdity of a scheme of propagandism constructed in thin air, by a speculative thinker in his closet, became apparent. In England, Berkeley had been surrounded by people whose ignorance of America was more dense than his own. He might

silence the railly of the wits of the Scriblerus Club by his eloquent talk, but the wits of Virginia knew the Indians too well to be for a moment beguiled. The attempt to educate young savages at William and Mary under the patronage of Governor Spotswood had but recently proved a failure. Most of the Indian students had died from the change of habit; the rest had relapsed to savagery on their return to their tribes, or remained as menials or vicious idlers in the settlement. Byrd, the brightest of the Virginians, laughed at Berkeley for another Quixote, and wrote to Berkeley's friend, Lord Perceval, that the dean would "need the gift of miracles to persuade" the savages "to leave their country and venture themselves on the great ocean on the temptation of being converted." Colonel Byrd declared his belief that it was Waller's poetic description of the islands that had "kidnapt" Berkeley "over to Bermuda." And indeed Berkeley himself, by the time he was fairly settled for a sojourn at Newport, had begun to see the doubtfulness of the Bermuda part of the project, and to consider the question of translating his college to Rhode Island.

During his residence of two or three years at Newport he made many friends, as a matter of course, for more lovable a man could not well be. Such of the Church of England missionaries as were near enough met from time to time in a sort of synod at his house and came strongly under his influence, but the friendships of a soul so catholic were not confined to his own communion. He waited in vain for the twenty thousand pounds from the Government. When at last his patience was exhausted, Gibson, the Bishop of London,



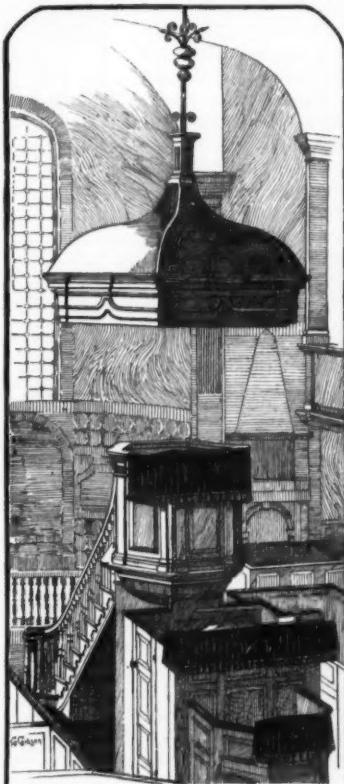
THE OLD NARRAGANSETT CHURCH IN RHODE ISLAND.

demanded on his behalf a categorical reply from Walpole, and the Prime Minister, in diplomatic but unmistakable words, declared that the money would never be paid.

The refusal of Walpole gave Berkeley a pretext to return to England and take up his own proper career once more. It is hard to believe that he regretted it, for his stay in America must have brought him many cruel disenchantments. He found the once comparatively dense Indian population of Rhode Island already in 1730 dwindled to one thousand, and these were "servants and laborers for the English," doomed to extermination by their hopeless proclivity for drink. The rivalry and polemical collisions between the Anglican missionaries and the established Puritan clergy were doubtless repulsive to him; he certainly appears to have done much to soften the religious asperities growing out of the situation. With his prestige, he easily might have secured from private munificence sufficient money to begin his college and to carry it to such success as was possible, had he been made of missionary stuff. Indeed, he afterward wrote to the first head of King's College in New York: "Colleges from small beginnings grow great by subsequent bequests and benefactions." But there had probably come to him in these years of retirement that disillusion which is hardest of all to bear—the discovery that in following an impulse entirely generous, one has misunderstood his vocation, wasted his best years, and spent the never-to-be-recovered forces of his prime. Even while he was at Newport, Berkeley had relapsed into philosophy and passed his time for the most part not as the missionary he wished to be, but as the thinker nature had made him. At Newport he wrote his "Alciphron," and his letters thence show that his chief interest lay in discussing, not the aborigines or the rival ecclesiastical systems of the colonists, but Newton's ideas of space and Locke's notions of matter. It could not have been Walpole's refusal alone that sent him back to Europe, "touched" in "health and spirits." He no doubt felt keenly his mistake, and perhaps recognized some justice in that "raillery of European wits" which he would likely to have despised.

The real value of Berkeley's visit to America he himself probably never fully understood. The simple presence of a man of renown consecrated to intellectual pursuits and inspired by the most genuine philanthropy was of inestimable value in a sordid provincial society where the leaders had been chiefly rich speculators, successful cod-fishermen, Guinea traders in slaves, and rum-distillers,—or at best religious disputants and provincial politicians. To

the religious life of the northern colonies the Dean of Derry was a sort of dove from the skies. He impressed upon the church mission-



PULPIT OF TRINITY CHURCH, NEWPORT, R. I.

aries the loveliness of charity and forbearance, and he embraced in his affections those for whom he invented the title, "Brethren of the Separation." When he left he gave a noble pledge of his good feeling toward those who differed from him, in making liberal gifts in books and land to Yale and Harvard colleges. This was propagating a sort of Christianity that had never been revealed to America before. In a sermon preached before the Venerable Society after his return, he praises its missionaries particularly in that they were at that time "living on a more friendly foot with their brethren of the separation, who on their part are very much come off from that narrowness of spirit which formerly kept them at such a distance from us." Berkeley, by his mere presence, did better for the colonies than he could have done with a college six hundred miles off the coast.

AN EPISCOPAL CHURCH
WITHOUT A BISHOP.

THE most salient fact in the history of the Church of England in America is that in the whole period of its existence—about a century and three-quarters—no bishop of its communion ever set foot in this hemisphere, no church building was ever episcopally consecrated, no catechumen ever received confirmation, and no resident of America was ever ordained without making the tedious voyage to England, exposed to the dangers of the sea and to the tolerable certainty of taking the small-pox upon his arrival in Europe. In 1638 Archbishop Laud, with characteristic directness, proposed to send a bishop to America, and to support him “with some forces to compel if he could not otherwise persuade obedience.” But all the means of persuasion at Laud’s disposal were soon after in requirement to compel obedience in England and Scotland. Laud’s scheme, in its spirit and perhaps in some of its details, was revived in the first years after the restoration, when, in 1662, Sir Robert Carr was thought of for a general governor of all the colonies. He was to be accompanied by a major-general and a bishop with a suffragan; * but this dangerous procession of formidable authorities, by whomsoever proposed, was prudently laid aside after the arrival of delegates who brought the humble, not to say cringing, submission of Massachusetts to the king. In 1672 an attempt was made to establish the episcopate in Virginia with Dr. Alexander Murray for bishop.

In the numerous later efforts to secure a



CARICATURE ON THE PROPOSITION TO ESTABLISH AN AMERICAN EPISCOPATE.
(FROM A COPY IN POSSESSION OF BISHOP POTTER.)

bishop many devices were suggested for overcoming the difficulty about his support. Long before Dean Berkeley applied for part of the proceeds of lands in St. Christopher others had thought of the availability of this source of supply, and it was Queen Mary’s design that these should be devoted to the support of four American bishops. Quit rents in that rogue’s refuge, the debatable land between Virginia and North Carolina, the rents and revenues from the sale of lands in the Dela-

* This statement is made on the authority of Hutchinson, who cites a letter of Norton’s. Dr. Hawks ventured the curious suggestion that 1662 was a mistake for 1672; and Bishop Perry, in his “History of the American Episcopal Church,” copies Hawks’s suggestion without investigation. It seems strange that a writer

so well informed as Hawks should not have known that the famous John Norton’s mission to England was in 1662, and equally strange that he should suppose a letter to have been written in 1672 by Norton, who died in 1663.

ware counties, and those derivable from the disputed gore between New York and Connecticut were all suggested. A very considerable fund was raised by private contributions and bequests made at various times for the endowment of bishoprics in America.

From the time of the organization of the Propagation Society, in 1701, the contention for American bishops was almost without intermission. At one time Dean Swift had hopes of receiving such an appointment; if his expectations had been met, the biting pen that wrote the "Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures" and the Drapier letters might have found in the abuses of the colonial administration occasions for tormenting more than one government at London. At another time the Bishop of London proposed to take the matter into his own hands and ordain as a suffragan Colebatch, who had been selected by the clergy of Maryland; but the provincial authorities sued out a writ of *ne exeat regno*, and prevented the bishop-elect from going to London for consecration.

The fatal obstacle to the development of the English Church in America was the lien of Siamese twinship that bound it to the prevalent system of colonial government. Religious or moral considerations had small weight with cabinet ministers. "Damn their souls, let them make tobacco," said one of these, when appealed to in behalf of the Virginians. "A very great lord," when addressed in favor of Berkeley's project, frankly expressed his belief that it would be impolitic for the English government to do anything to remove the ignorance which made the red men inferior, or the sectarian divisions which weakened the colonists. There were certain political forces always opposed to the setting up of bishops in America. Colonial governors and their friends dreaded it, partly from that jealousy of any rival authority which involved so many governors in quarrels with the Bishop of London's commissioners, and partly because English precedents gave to bishops the fees of marriage license and probate, which were considerable perquisites of the governors. There was also an objection of state-craft: it was believed by English ministers of that time that to give the jurisdiction of the American churches into the hands of resident bishops would tend to unite the colonies and lessen their dependence on the mother-country. But perhaps the most formidable obstacle of all was offered by the untiring opposition of non-conformists in America and their friends in England.

It is impossible not to sympathize with devout and zealous adherents of the English Church who desired to complete its organization in the colonies according to its proper

and essential principles. While it had no bishops, there was, as Bishop Sherlock intimated, only "the appearance of an Episcopal Church in the plantations." Fair-minded dissenters, such as President Davies in America and Dr. Doddridge in England, conceded the justice of the demand for American bishops. On the other hand there is much to be said for those who so zealously opposed an American episcopate. The Episcopal Church never renounced its claim to be established by law and supported by taxation in all the English dominions; and there were not wanting clergymen in America imprudent enough to suggest that the English parliament should fix the stipend of incumbents even in dissenting colonies like Pennsylvania. So long as parliament insisted on its paramount right to legislate for the American provinces, no safeguard or proviso could be devised by human ingenuity strong enough to allay the apprehensions of non-conformists that the ordination of American bishops would add another to the authorities in America responsible only to England, and thus add another to the powers adverse to the liberties of the colonists. Bishops Sherlock, Secker, and Butler gave the most solemn, and doubtless sincere, assurances of the harmlessness of their intentions; but there was no way by which they could go bail for those who should come after them. It was urged that the common law of England vested a great deal of power in the bishops, and that if bishops should be set up in America without limitations of their powers by statutory enactment of parliament they would be a perpetual menace to liberty.

It must be confessed that the heavy and aggressive hand of the church, where it had power, did not tend to quiet the fears of the colonists. The non-churchmen in the province of New York greatly outnumbered the churchmen: they claimed to be fourteen-fifteenths of the population; but the assembly strove in vain to release the dissenters of New York City and its neighborhood from paying taxes for the support of the English churches. The Episcopalian in Connecticut complained, with reason, that they paid tithes to support the Puritan clergy, and in later times they were able to evade it; but the Episcopal clergy in New York resisted every effort of the members of other religious bodies to relieve themselves from a like injustice, and the dominance of churchmen in the governor's council enabled them to defeat the will of the representative assembly. Propositions to allow Presbyterians to make oath without kissing the Bible, and laws to enable one and another of the non-Episcopal bodies to hold property, were at different times defeated in the same

way. The dissenting churches could not even gain the power to hold their burying-grounds. Against a law to enable the Presbyterian churches to hold real estate, the rector and wardens of Trinity Church appeared by counsel in 1720; and when another act of the same kind was sent to England for confirmation, in 1766, the Bishop of London appeared twice before the Board of Trade to compass its rejection. Even the charter of a Boston missionary society intended to propagate Christianity among the Indians was defeated in 1762, as was alleged, by the influence of the primate; and the Archbishop of Canterbury's objection to the liberality of the scheme overthrew Whitefield's project for getting a charter in England for a college at Bethesda. All the assurances, solemnly and repeatedly given, that bishops in America would meddle with nobody but their own clergy went for nothing, so long as prelates in England and churchmen in America used the authority of the crown to prevent dissenters, even where they were in an overwhelming majority, as in New York, from attaining an equality of legal standing with the English Church. When the Episcopal clergy in the Northern and Middle colonies combined to secure a bishop, they were confronted with a union between the Presbyterians of Pennsylvania and the Puritans of Connecticut, who opposed their request unless the appointment should be accompanied by a statute strictly limiting the power of American bishops. Some were unwilling that bishops should come even under restrictions. There was much bigotry, no doubt, but there was also, under the circumstances, an appearance of reason in the resolutions of the more violent dissenters to keep bishops "from getting their feet into the stirrup at all."

The protracted struggle over this question at length became part of that great conflict which was formed by the confluence of many tributary rills of minor exasperation, and which resulted in precipitating the independence of the British settlements in America. When once party passions were inflamed to a white heat by the aggressions of the British parliament, every proposition for the establishment of bishops in the colonies added to the violence of the convulsion that was soon to overthrow not only the English Church, but the English power in America.

There were prudent churchmen who saw that the times were inauspicious. Dr. Terrick, Bishop of London, sent a paper to the Board

of Trade, in which he intimated a doubt that it might not be "consistent with the principles of true policy" to appoint a bishop for America under the existing circumstances; and he suppressed the addresses to the throne sent to him by the English Church clergy of Connecticut, New York, and New Jersey. In these exigent times political considerations came to outweigh religious preferences, and Whig churchmen looked on the American episcopate as a Tory measure. Many even of the Episcopal clergy in the Southern colonies, sympathizing with the struggle for liberty, were opposed to the establishment of an American episcopate. In 1771 few of the Virginia clergy could be persuaded to advocate the appointment of bishops for America; four of them signed a declaration that the establishment of an episcopate so unseasonably "would tend greatly to weaken the connection between the mother-country and her colonies, . . . and to give ill-disposed persons occasion to raise such disturbances as may endanger the very existence of the British Empire in America." For this the patriotic clergymen received the thanks of the Virginia assembly, which was largely composed of churchmen.

One of the most grievous of the evils resulting from the lack of bishops was that every American who would have orders must go to London for them, and it was estimated that about a fifth of all who crossed the sea for this purpose lost their lives by disease or shipwreck. The preponderance of Englishmen, or rather of Scotchmen and Irishmen, among the clergy; the dependence of a part of them on English contributions for support; as well as the derivation of ecclesiastical authority from a "bishop at one end of the world and his church at the other," as Bishop Sherlock forcibly put it, prevented the church from becoming rooted in America. In the Southern colonies one of the results of the Revolution was the disestablishment of the church. In the Middle and Northern colonies, where the clergymen were missionaries sustained from England, and always on the defensive against the dominant religion, churchmen in disproportionate numbers were driven to side with England in the Revolution, and clergymen were expelled from their cures by violence, or forced to close their churches because they could not in conscience omit the prayers for the king. So that what befell the Anglican Church in America at the outbreak of the Revolution was little less than sheer ruin.

Edward Eggleston.



THE LIAR.

BY HENRY JAMES.

IN TWO PARTS. PART I.



HE train was half an hour late and the drive from the station longer than he had supposed, so that when he reached the house its inmates had dispersed to dress for dinner, and he was conducted straight to his room. The curtains were drawn in this asylum, the candles were lighted, the fire was bright, and when the servant had quickly put out his clothes, the comfortable little place became suggestive — seemed to promise a pleasant house, a various party, talks, acquaintances, affinities, to say nothing of very good cheer. He was too occupied with his profession to pay many country visits, but he had heard people who had more time for them speak of establishments where "they do you very well." He foresaw that the proprietors of Stayes would do him very well. In his bedroom, at a country house, he always looked first at the books on the shelf and the prints on the walls; he considered that these things gave a sort of measure of the culture, and even the character, of his hosts. Though he had but little time to devote to them on this occasion, a cursory inspection assured him that if the literature, as usual, was mainly American and humorous, the art did n't consist either of the water-color studies of the children, or of "goody" engravings. The walls were adorned with old-fashioned lithographs, principally portraits of country gentlemen with high collars and riding-gloves; this suggested — and it was encouraging — that the tradition of portraiture was held in esteem. There was the customary novel of Mr. Le Fanu, for the bedside (the ideal reading, in a country house, for the hours after midnight). Oliver Lyon could scarcely forbear beginning it while he buttoned his collar.

Perhaps that is why he not only found every one assembled in the hall when he went down, but perceived, from the way the move to dinner was instantly made, that they had been waiting for him. There was no delay, to introduce him to a lady, for he went out, in a group of unmatched men, without this appendage. The men straggling behind

sidled and edged, as usual, at the door of the dining-room, and the dénouement of this little comedy was that he came to his place last of all. This made him think that he was in a sufficiently distinguished company, for if he had been humiliated (which he was not), he could not have consoled himself with the reflection that such a fate was natural to an obscure, struggling young artist. He could no longer think of himself as very young, alas, and if his position were not as brilliant as it ought to be, he could no longer justify it by calling it a struggle. He was something of a celebrity, and he was apparently in a society of celebrities. This idea added to the curiosity with which he looked up and down the long table as he settled himself in his place.

It was a numerous party — five and twenty people; rather an odd occasion to have proposed to him, as he thought. He would not be surrounded by the quiet that ministers to good work; however, it had never interfered with his work to see the spectacle of human life before him in the intervals. And though he did n't know it, it was never quiet at Stayes. When he was working well he found himself in that happy state — the happiest of all for an artist — in which things in general contribute to the particular idea and fall in with it — help it on and justify it, so that he feels, for the hour, as if nothing in the world can happen to him, even if it come in the guise of disaster or suffering, that will not be a sort of addition to his subject. Moreover, there was an exhilaration (he had felt it before) in the rapid change of scene — the jump, in the dusk of the afternoon, from foggy London and his familiar studio to a center of festivity in the middle of Hertfordshire and a drama half acted, a drama of pretty women, and noted men, and wonderful orchids in silver jars. He observed, as a not unimportant fact, that one of the pretty women was beside him; a gentleman sat on his other hand. But he did n't go into his neighbors much as yet; he was busy looking out for Sir David, whom he had never seen and about whom he naturally was curious.

Evidently, however, Sir David was not at dinner, a circumstance sufficiently explained

by the other circumstance which constituted our friend's principal knowledge of him — his being ninety years of age. Oliver Lyon had looked forward with great pleasure to the chance of painting a nonagenarian, and though the old man's absence from table was something of a disappointment (it was an opportunity the less to observe him before going to work), it seemed a sign that he was rather a sacred, and perhaps therefore an impressive, relic. Lyon looked at his son with the greater interest — wondered whether the glazed bloom of his cheek had been transmitted from Sir David. That would be jolly to paint, in the old man — the withered ruddiness of a winter apple, especially if the eye were still alive and the white hair carried out the frosty look. Arthur Ashmore's hair had a midsummer glow, but Lyon was glad his commission had been to delineate the father rather than the son, in spite of his never having seen the one, and the other being seated there before him now in the happy expansion of successful hospitality. Arthur Ashmore was a good, fresh-colored, thick-necked English gentleman, but he was just not a subject; he might have been a farmer, and he might have been a banker — he failed of homogeneity. Mrs. Ashmore did n't make up the deficiency; she was a large, bright, negative woman, who had the same air as her husband of being somehow tremendously new; a sort of appearance of fresh varnish (Lyon could n't tell whether it came from her complexion or from her clothes), so that one felt she ought to sit in a gilt frame, suggesting reference to a catalogue or a price-list. It was as if she were already rather a bad, though expensive, portrait, knocked off by an eminent hand, and Lyon had no wish to copy that work. The pretty woman on his right was engaged with her neighbor, and the gentleman on his other side looked shrinking and scared, so that he had time to lose himself in his favorite diversion of watching face after face. This amusement gave him the greatest pleasure he knew, and he often thought it a mercy that the human mask did interest him, or that it was not less successful than it was (sometimes it ran its success very close), since he was to make his living by reproducing it. Even if Arthur Ashmore would not be inspiring to paint (a certain anxiety rose in him lest if he should make a hit with her father-in-law, Mrs. Arthur should take it into her head that he had now proved himself worthy to *aborder* her husband); even if he had looked a little less like a page (fine as to print and margin) without punctuation, he would still be a refreshing, iridescent surface. But the gentleman four persons off — what was he? Would he be

a subject, or was his face only the legible door-plate of his identity, burnished with punctual washing and shaving — the least thing that was decent that you would know him by? This face arrested Oliver Lyon; it struck him at first as very handsome. The gentleman might still be called young, and his features were regular: he had a plentiful, fair mustache that curled up at the ends; a brilliant, gallant, almost adventurous air; and a big shining breastpin in the middle of his shirt. He appeared a fine, satisfied soul, and Lyon perceived that wherever he rested his friendly eye there fell an influence as pleasant as the September sun — as if he could make grapes and pears, or even human affections, ripen by looking at them. What was odd in him was a certain mixture of the correct and the extravagant; as if he were an adventurer imitating a gentleman with rare perfection, or a gentleman who had taken a fancy to go about with hidden arms. He might have been a de-throned prince or the war correspondent of a newspaper; he represented both enterprise and tradition, good manners and bad taste. Lyon at length fell into conversation with the lady beside him — they dispensed, as he had had to dispense at dinner parties before, with an introduction — by asking who this personage might be.

"Oh, he 's Colonel Capadose, don't you know?" Lyon did n't know, and he asked for further information. His neighbor had a sociable manner, and evidently was accustomed to quick transitions; she turned from her other interlocutor with a methodical air, as a good cook looks into the next saucepan. "He has been a great deal in India — is n't he rather celebrated?" she inquired. Lyon confessed he had never heard of him, and she went on, "Well, perhaps he is n't; but he says he is, and if you think it, that 's just the same, is n't it?"

"If you think it?"

"I mean if he thinks it — that 's just as good, I suppose?"

"Do you mean that he says that which is not?"

"Oh dear, no — because I never know. He is exceedingly clever and amusing — quite the cleverest person in the house, unless, indeed, you are more so. But that I can't tell yet, can I? I only know about the people I know; I think that 's celebrity enough!"

"Enough for them?"

"Oh, I see you 're clever. Enough for me! But I have heard of you," the lady went on. "I know your pictures; I admire them. But I don't think you look like them."

"They are mostly portraits," Lyon said; "and what I usually try for is not my own resemblance."

"I see what you mean. But they have more color. And now you are going to do some one here?"

"I have been invited to do Sir David. I'm rather disappointed at not seeing him this evening."

"Oh, he goes to bed at some unnatural hour — 8 o'clock, or something of that sort. You know he's rather an old mummy."

"An old mummy?" Oliver Lyon repeated.

"I mean he wears half a dozen waistcoats, and that sort of thing. He's always cold."

"I have never seen him, and never seen any portrait or photograph of him," Lyon said. "I'm surprised at his never having had anything done — at their waiting all these years."

"Ah, that's because he was afraid, you know; it was a kind of superstition. He was sure that if anything were done he would die directly afterward. He has only consented to-day."

"He's ready to die, then?"

"Oh, now he's so old, he does n't care."

"Well, I hope I sha'n't kill him," said Lyon. "It was rather unnatural in his son to send for me."

"Oh, they have nothing to gain — everything is theirs already!" his companion rejoined, as if she took this speech quite literally. Her talkativeness was systematic — she fraternized as seriously as she might have played whist. "They do as they like — they fill the house with people — they have *carte blanche*."

"I see — but there's still the title."

"Yes, but what is it?"

Our artist broke into laughter at this, whereat his companion stared. Before he had recovered himself she was scouring the plain with her other neighbor. The gentleman on his left at last risked an observation, and they had some fragmentary talk. This personage played his part with difficulty; he uttered a remark as a lady fires a pistol, looking the other way. To catch the ball Lyon had to bend his ear, and this movement, after some minutes, led to his observing a lady who was seated on the same side, beyond his interlocutor. Her profile was presented to him, and at first he was only struck with its beauty; then it produced an impression still more agreeable — a sense of undimmed remembrance and intimate association. He had not recognized her on the instant, only because he had so little expected to see her there; he had not seen her anywhere for so long, and no news of her ever came to him. She was often in his thoughts, but she had passed out of his life. He thought of her twice a week; that may be called often in relation to a person one has not seen for twelve years. The moment after

he recognized her he felt how true it was that it was only she who could look like that; of the most charming head in the world (and this lady had it) there could never be a replica. She was leaning forward a little; she remained in profile, apparently listening to some one on the other side of her. She was listening, but she was also looking, and after a moment Lyon followed the direction of her eyes. They rested upon the gentleman who had been described to him as Colonel Capadose — rested, as it appeared to him, with a certain serene complacency. This was not strange, for the colonel was unmistakably formed to attract the sympathetic gaze of woman; but Lyon was slightly disappointed that she could let *him* look at her so long without giving him a glance. There was nothing between them to-day, and he had no rights, but she must have known he was coming (it was of course not such a tremendous event, but she could n't have been staying in the house without hearing of it), and it was n't natural that that should absolutely not affect her.

She was looking at Colonel Capadose as if she were in love with him — a queer accident for the proudest, most reserved of women. But doubtless it was all right, if her husband liked it, or did n't notice it; he had heard, indefinitely, years before, that she was married, and he took for granted (as he had not heard that she had become a widow) the presence of the happy man on whom she had conferred what she had refused to *him*, the poor art-student at Munich. Colonel Capadose appeared to be aware of nothing, and this circumstance, incongruously enough, rather irritated Lyon than gratified him. Suddenly the lady turned her head, showing her full face to our hero. He was so prepared with a greeting that he instantly smiled, as a shaken jug overflows; but she gave him no response, turned away again, and sank back in her chair. All that her face said in that instant was, "You see I'm as handsome as ever." To which he mentally subjoined, "Yes, and as much good it does me!" He asked the young man beside him if he knew who that beautiful woman was — the fifth person beyond him. The young man leaned forward, considered, and then said, "I think she's Mrs. Capadose."

"Do you mean his wife — that fellow's?" And Lyon indicated the subject of the information given him by his other neighbor.

"Oh, is *he* Mr. Capadose?" said the young man, who appeared very vague. He admitted his vagueness, and explained it by saying that there were so many people, and he had only come the day before. What was definite to Lyon was that Mrs. Capadose was in love

with her husband, and he wished more than ever that he had married her.

"She's very faithful," he found himself saying, three minutes later, to the lady on his right. He added that he meant Mrs. Capadose.

"Ah, you know her then?"

"I knew her once upon a time—when I was living abroad."

"Why, then, were you asking me about her husband?"

"Precisely for that reason. She married after that—I did n't even know her present name."

"How, then, do you know it now?"

"This gentleman has just told me—he appears to know."

"I did n't know he knew anything," said the lady, glancing forward.

"I don't think he knows anything but that."

"Then you have found out for yourself that she is faithful. What do you mean by that?"

"Ah, you must n't question me—I want to question you," Lyon said. "How do you all like her here?"

"You ask too much! I can only speak for myself. I think she's hard."

"That's only because she's honest and straightforward."

"Do you mean I like people in proportion as they deceive?"

"I think we all do, so long as we don't find them out," Lyon said. "And then there's something in her face—a sort of Roman type, in spite of her having such an English eye. In fact, she's English down to the ground; but her complexion, her low forehead, and that beautiful close little wave in her dark hair make her look like a kind of glorified *contadina*."

"Yes, and she always sticks pins and daggers into her head, to increase that effect. I must say I like her husband better; he is so clever."

"Well, when I knew her there was no comparison that could injure her. She was altogether the most delightful thing in Munich."

"In Munich?"

"Her people lived there; they were not rich—in pursuit of economy, in fact, and Munich was very cheap. Her father was the younger son of some noble house; he had married a second time, and had a lot of little mouths to feed. She was the child of the first wife, and she did n't like her stepmother, but she was charming to her little brothers and sisters. I once made a sketch of her as Werther's Charlotte, cutting bread and butter while they clustered all round her. All the artists in the place were in love with her, but she would n't look at 'the likes' of us. She

was too proud—I grant you that; but she was n't stuck up, or young ladyish; she was simple, and frank, and kind about it. She used to remind me of Thackeray's Ethel Newcome. She told me she must marry well; it was the one thing she could do for her family. I suppose you would say that she *has* married well?"

"She told *you*?" smiled Lyon's neighbor.

"Oh, of course I proposed to her too. But she evidently thinks so herself!" he added.

When the ladies left the table, the host, as usual, bade the gentlemen draw together, so that Lyon found himself opposite to Colonel Capadose. The conversation was mainly about the "run," for it had apparently been a great day in the hunting-field. Most of the gentlemen communicated their adventures and opinions, but Colonel Capadose's pleasant voice was the most audible in the chorus. It was a bright and fresh but masculine organ, just such a voice as, to Lyon's sense, such a "fine man" ought to have had. It appeared from his remarks that he was a very straight rider, which was also very much what Lyon would have expected. Not that he swaggered, for his allusions were very quietly and casually made; but they were all to dangerous experiments and close shaves. Lyon perceived after a little that the attention paid by the company to the colonel's remarks was not in direct relation to the interest they seemed to offer; the result of which was that the speaker, who noticed that *he* at least was listening, began to treat him as his particular auditor, and to fix his eyes on him as he talked. Lyon had nothing to do but to look sympathetic and assent—Colonel Capadose appeared to take so much sympathy and assent for granted. A neighboring squire had had an accident; he had come a cropper in an awkward place—just at the finish—with consequences that looked grave. He had struck his head; he remained insensible, up to the last accounts; there had evidently been concussion of the brain. There was some exchange of views as to his recovery—how soon it would take place, or whether it would take place at all; which led the colonel to confide to our artist, across the table, that *he* should n't despair of a fellow even if he did n't come round for weeks—for weeks and weeks and weeks—for months. He leaned forward; Lyon leaned forward to listen, and Colonel Capadose mentioned that he knew from personal experience that there was really no limit to the time one might lie unconscious without being any the worse for it. It had happened to him in Ireland, years before; he had been pitched out of a dog-cart, had turned a sheer somersault and landed on his head.

They thought he was dead, but he was n't; they carried him first to the nearest cabin, where he lay for some days with the pigs, and then to an inn in a neighboring town—it was a near thing they did n't put him under ground. He had been completely insensible—without a ray of recognition of any human thing—for three whole months; had not a glimmer of consciousness of any blessed thing. It was touch and go to that degree that they could n't come near him, they could n't feed him, they could scarcely look at him. Then one day he had opened his eyes—as fit as a flea!

"I give you my honor it had done me good—it rested my brain." He appeared to intimate that, with an intelligence so active as his, these periods of repose were providential. Lyon thought his story very striking; such a prodigy of suspended animation reminded him of the sleeping beauty in the wood. He hesitated, however, to make this comparison—it seemed to savor of irreverence, especially when Colonel Capadose said that it was the turn of a hair that they had n't buried him alive. That had happened to a friend of his in India—a fellow that was supposed to have died of jungle fever—they clapped him into a coffin. He was going on to recite the further fate of this unfortunate gentleman, when Mr. Ashmore made a move and every one got up to adjourn to the drawing-room. Lyon noticed by this time no one was heeding what he said to him. They came round on either side of the table and met, while the gentlemen dawdled, before going out.

"And do you mean that your friend was literally buried alive?" asked Lyon, in some suspense.

Colonel Capadose looked at him a moment, as if he had already lost the thread of the conversation. Then his face brightened—and when it brightened it was doubly handsome. "Upon my soul, he was chucked into the ground!"

"And was he left there?"

"He was left there till I came and hauled him out."

"You came?"

"I dreamed about him—it's the most extraordinary story; I heard him calling to me in the night. I took upon myself to dig him up. You know there are people in India—a kind of beastly race, the ghouls—who violate graves. I had a kind of presentiment that they would get at him first. I rode straight, I can tell you; and, by Jove, a couple of them had just broken ground! Crack—crack, from a couple of barrels, and they showed me their heels, as you may believe. Would you credit that I took him out myself? The air brought him to, and he was none the worse. He has

got his pension—he came home the other day; he'd do anything for me."

"He called to you in the night?" said Lyon, much impressed.

"That's the interesting point. Now, *what was it?* It was n't his ghost, because he was n't dead. It was n't himself, because he could n't. It was something or other! You see India's a strange country—there's an element of the mysterious; the air is full of things you can't explain."

They passed out of the dining-room, and Colonel Capadose, who went among the first, was separated from Lyon; but a minute later, before they reached the drawing-room, he joined him again. "Ashmore tells me who you are. Of course I have often heard of you—I'm very glad to make your acquaintance; my wife used to know you."

"I'm glad she remembers me. I recognized her at dinner, and I was afraid she did n't."

"Ah, I dare say she was ashamed," said the colonel, with indulgent humor.

"Ashamed of me?" Lyon replied, in the same key.

"Was n't there something about a picture? Yes; you painted her portrait."

"Many times," said the artist; "and she may very well have been ashamed of what I made of her."

"Well, I was n't, my dear sir; it was the sight of that picture, which you were so good as to present to her, that made me first fall in love with her."

"Do you mean that one with the children—cutting bread and butter?"

"Bread and butter? Bless me, no—vine-leaves and a leopard skin—a kind of Bacchanle."

"Ah, yes," said Lyon; "I remember. It was the first decent portrait I painted. I should be curious to see it to-day."

"Don't ask her to show it to you—she'll be mortified!" the colonel exclaimed.

"Mortified?"

"We parted with it—in the most disinterested manner," he laughed. "An old friend of my wife's—her family had known him intimately when they lived in Germany—took the most extraordinary fancy to it: the Grand Duke of Silberstadt-Schreckenstein, don't you know? He came out to Bombay while we were there, and he spotted your picture (you know he's one of the greatest collectors in Europe), and he made such eyes at it that, upon my word—it happened to be his birthday—she told him he might have it, to get rid of him. He was perfectly enchanted, but we miss the picture."

"It is very good of you," Lyon said. "If

it's in a great collection—a work of my incompetent youth—I am infinitely honored."

"Oh, he has got it in one of his castles; I don't know which—you know he has so many. He sent us, before he left India,—to return the compliment,—a magnificent old vase."

"That was more than the thing was worth," Lyon remarked.

Colonel Capadose gave no heed to this observation; he seemed to be thinking of something. After a moment he said, "If you'll come and see us in town, she'll show you the vase." And as they passed into the drawing-room, he gave the artist a friendly push. "Go and speak to her; there she is—she'll be delighted."

Oliver Lyon took but a few steps into the wide saloon; he stood there a moment, looking at the bright composition of the lamplit group of fair women, the single figures, the great setting of white and gold, the panels of old damask, in the center of each of which was a single celebrated picture. There was a subdued luster in the scene and an air as of the shining trains of dresses tumbled over the carpet. At the furthest end of the room sat Mrs. Capadose, rather isolated; she was on a small sofa, with an empty place beside her. Lyon could n't flatter himself she had been keeping it for him; her failure to respond to his recognition at table contradicted that, but he felt an extreme desire to go and occupy it. Moreover, he had her husband's sanction; so he crossed the room, stepping over the tails of gowns, and stood before his old friend.

"I hope you don't mean to repudiate me," he said.

She looked up at him with an expression of indubitable pleasure. "I am so glad to see you. I was delighted when I heard you were coming."

"I tried to get a smile from you at dinner—but I could n't."

"I did n't see—I did n't understand. Besides, I hate smirking and telegraphing. Also I'm very shy—you won't have forgotten that. Now we can communicate comfortably." And she made a better place for him on the little sofa. He sat down and they had a talk that he enjoyed, while the reason for which he used to like her so came back to him, as well as a good deal of the very same old liking. She was still the least spoiled beauty he had ever seen, with an absence of coquetry, or any insinuating art, that seemed almost like an omitted faculty; there were moments when she struck her interlocutor as some fine creature from an asylum—a surprising deaf-mute, or one of the operative blind. Her noble pagan head gave her privileges that she neglected, and when people were admir-

ing her brow she was wondering whether there were a good fire in her bedroom. She was simple, kind, and good; inexpressive, but not inhuman or stupid. Now and again she said something that had a sort of sifted, selected air—the sound of an impression at first hand. She had no imagination, but she had added up her feelings. Lyon talked of the old days in Munich, reminded her of incidents, pleasures, and pains; asked her about her father and the others; and she told him, in return, that she was so impressed with his own fame, his brilliant position in the world, that she had n't felt very sure he would speak to her, or that his little sign at table was meant for her. This was plainly a perfectly truthful speech—she was incapable of any other—and he was affected by such humility on the part of a woman, whose grand line was unique. Her father was dead; one of her brothers was in the navy, and the other on a ranch in America; two of her sisters were married, and the youngest was just coming out, and very pretty. She did n't mention her stepmother. She asked him about his own personal history, and he said that the principal thing that had happened to him was that he had never married.

"Oh, you ought to," she answered. "It's the best thing."

"I like that—from you!" he returned.

"Why not from me? I am very happy."

"That's just why I can't be. It's cruel of you to praise your state. But I have had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of your husband. We had a good bit of talk in the other room."

"You must know him better—you must know him really well," said Mrs. Capadose.

"I am sure that the further you go the more you find. But he makes a fine show, too."

She rested her good gray eyes on Lyon. "Don't you think he's handsome?"

"Handsome, and clever, and entertaining. You see I'm generous."

"Yes; you must know him well," Mrs. Capadose repeated.

"He has seen a great deal of life," said her companion.

"Yes, we have been in so many places. You must see my little girl. She is nine years old—she's too beautiful."

"You must bring her to my studio some day—I should like to paint her."

"Ah, don't speak of that," said Mrs. Capadose. "It reminds me of something so disagreeable."

"I hope you don't mean when *you* used to sit to me—though that may well have bored you."

"It's not what you did—it's what we have done. It's a confession I must make—it's a weight on my mind! I mean about that beautiful one you gave me—it used to be so much admired. When you come to see me in London (I count on your doing that very soon), I shall see you looking all round. I can't tell you I keep it in my own room because I love it so, for the simple reason"—And she paused a moment.

"Because you can't tell wicked lies," said Lyon.

"No, I can't. So before you ask for it"—

"Oh, I know you parted with it—the blow has already fallen," Lyon interrupted.

"Ah, then you have heard? I was sure you would! But do you know what we got for it? Two hundred pounds."

"You might have got much more," said Lyon, smiling.

"That seemed a great deal at the time. We were in want of the money—it was a good while ago, when we first married. Our means were very small then, but fortunately that has changed rather for the better. We had the chance, it really seemed a big sum, and I am afraid we jumped at it. My husband had expectations which have partly come into effect, so that now we do well enough. But meanwhile the picture went."

"Fortunately the original remained. But do you mean that two hundred was the value of the vase?" Lyon asked.

"Of the vase?"

"The beautiful old Indian vase—the grand duke's offering."

"The grand duke?"

"What's his name?—Silberstadt-Schreckenstein. Your husband mentioned the transaction."

"Oh, my husband," said Mrs. Capadose; and Lyon saw that she colored a little.

Not to add to her embarrassment, but to clear up the ambiguity, which he perceived the next moment he had better have left alone, he went on: "He tells me it's now in his collection."

"In the grand duke's? Ah, you know its reputation? I believe it contains treasures." She was bewildered, but she recovered herself, and Lyon made the mental reflection that for some reason, which would seem good when he knew it, the husband and the wife had prepared different versions of the same incident. It was true that he did n't exactly see Everina Brant preparing a version; that was not her line of old, and indeed it was not in her eyes to-day. At any rate they both had the matter too much on their conscience. He changed the subject, said Mrs. Capadose must really bring the little girl. He sat with her some time longer,

and thought—perhaps it was only a fancy—that she was rather absent, as if she were annoyed at their having been even for a moment at cross-purposes. This did n't prevent him from saying to her at the last, just as the ladies began to gather themselves together to go to bed, "You seem much impressed, from what you say, with my renown and my prosperity, and you are so good as greatly to exaggerate them. Would you have married me if you had known that I was destined to success?"

"I did know it!"

"Well, I did n't!"

"You were too modest."

"You did n't think so when I proposed to you."

"Well, if I had married you I could n't have married *him*—and he's so nice," Mrs. Capadose said. Lyon knew she thought it—he had learned that at dinner—but it vexed him a little to hear her say it. The gentleman designated by the pronoun came up, amid the prolonged handshaking for good-night, and Mrs. Capadose remarked to her husband, as she turned away, "He wants to paint Amy."

"Ah, she's a charming child, a most interesting little creature," the colonel said to Lyon. "She does the most remarkable things."

Mrs. Capadose stopped, in the rustling procession that followed the hostess out of the room. "Don't tell him, please don't," she said.

"Don't tell him what?"

"Why, what she does. Let him find out for himself." And she passed on.

"She thinks I brag about the child—that I bore people," said the colonel. "I hope you smoke." He appeared ten minutes later in the smoking-room, in a brilliant equipment, a suit of crimson foulard, covered with little white spots. He gratified Lyon's eye, made him feel that the modern age has its splendor too, and its opportunities for costume. If his wife was an antique, he was a fine specimen of the period of color; he might have passed for a Venetian of the sixteenth century. They were a remarkable couple, Lyon thought, and as he looked at the colonel standing in bright erectness before the chimney-piece, while he emitted great smoke-puffs, he did n't wonder that Everina could n't regret she had n't married *him*. All the gentlemen collected at Stayes were not smokers, and some of them had gone to bed. Colonel Capadose remarked that there probably would be a smallish muster, they had had such a hard day's work. That was the worst of a hunting-house—the men were so sleepy after dinner; it was devilish stupid for the ladies, even for those who hunted themselves—for women were so extraordinary, they never showed it. But most

fellows revived under the stimulating influences of the smoking-room, and some of them, in this confidence, would turn up yet. Some of the grounds of their confidence — not all of them — might have been seen in a cluster of glasses and bottles on a table near the fire, which made the great salver and its contents twinkle most sociably. The others lurked, as yet, in various improper corners of the minds of the most loquacious. Lyon was alone with Colonel Capadose for some moments before their companions, in varied eccentricities of uniform, straggled in, and he perceived that this wonderful man had but little loss of vital tissue to repair.

They talked about the house, Lyon having noticed an oddity of construction in the smoking-room; and the colonel explained that it consisted of two distinct parts, one of which was of very great antiquity. They were two complete houses, in short, the old one and the new, each of great extent, and each very fine in its way. The two formed together an enormous structure — Lyon must make a point of going all over it. The modern portion had been erected by the old man, when he bought the property; oh, yes, he had bought it, forty years before — it hadn't been in the family; there had n't been any particular family for it to be in. He had had the good taste not to spoil the original house — he hadn't touched it beyond what was just necessary for joining it on. It was very curious indeed — a most irregular, rambling, mysterious pile, where they every now and then discovered a walled-up room or a secret staircase. To his mind it was essentially gloomy, however; even the modern additions, splendid as they were, did n't make it cheerful. There was some story about a skeleton having been found, years before, during some repairs, under a stone slab of the floor of one of the passages; but the family were rather shy of its being talked about. The place they were in was, of course, in the old part, which contained, after all, some of the best rooms; he had an idea it had been the primitive kitchen, half modernized at some intermediate period.

"My room is in the old part too, then — I'm very glad," Lyon said. "It's very comfortable, and contains all the latest conveniences, but I observed the depth of the recess of the door, and the evident antiquity of the corridor and staircase — the first short one — after I came out. That paneled corridor is admirable; it looks as if it stretched away, in its brown dimness (the lamps did n't seem to me to make much impression on it), for half a mile."

"Oh, don't go to the end of it!" exclaimed the colonel, smiling.

"Does it lead to the haunted room?" Lyon asked.

His companion looked at him a moment. "Ah, you know about that?"

"No, I don't speak from knowledge, only from hope. I have never had any luck — I have never staid in a dangerous house. The places I go to are always as safe as Charing Cross. I want to see — whatever there is, the regular thing. *Is* there a ghost here?"

"Of course there is — a rattling good one."

"And have you seen him?"

"Oh, don't ask me what *I've* seen — I should tax your credulity. I don't like to talk of these things. But there are two or three as bad — that is, as good! — rooms as you'll find anywhere."

"Do you mean in my corridor?" Lyon asked.

"I believe the worst is at the far end. But you would be ill-advised to sleep there."

"Ill-advised?"

"Until you've finished your job. You'll get letters of importance the next morning, and you'll take the 10:20."

"Do you mean I will invent a pretense for running away?"

"Unless you are braver than almost any one has ever been. They don't often put people to sleep there, but sometimes the house is so crowded that they have to. The same thing always happens — ill-concealed agitation at the breakfast-table, and letters of the greatest importance. Of course it's a bachelor's room, and my wife and I are at the other end of the house. But we saw the comedy three days ago — the day after we got here. A young fellow had been put there — I forgot his name — the house was so full; and the usual consequence followed. Letters at breakfast — an awfully queer face — an urgent call to town — so very sorry his visit was cut short. Ashmore and his wife looked at each other, and off the poor devil went."

"Ah, that would n't suit me; I must paint my picture," said Lyon. "But do they mind your speaking of it? Some people who have a good ghost are very proud of it, you know."

What answer Colonel Capadose was on the point of making to this inquiry our hero was not to learn, for at that moment their host had walked into the room, accompanied by three or four gentlemen. Lyon was conscious that he was partly answered by the colonel's not going on with the subject. This, however, on the other hand, was rendered natural by the fact that one of the gentlemen appealed to him for an opinion on a point under discussion, something to do with the everlasting history of the day's run. To Lyon himself Mr. Ashmore began to talk, expressing his regret at

having had so little direct conversation with him as yet. The topic that suggested itself was naturally that most closely connected with the motive of the artist's visit. Lyon remarked that it was a great disadvantage to him not to have had some preliminary acquaintance with Sir David—in most cases he found that so important. But the present sitter was so far advanced in life that there was doubtless no time to lose. "Oh, I can tell you all about him," said Mr. Ashmore; and for half an hour he told him a good deal. It was very interesting, as well as very eulogistic, and Lyon could see that he was a very nice old man to have endeared himself to a son who was evidently not a sentimentalist. At last he got up; he said he must go to bed, if he wished to be fresh for his work in the morning. To which his host replied, "Then you must take your candle; the lights are out; I don't keep my servants up."

In a moment Lyon had his glimmering taper in hand, and as he was leaving the room (he did n't disturb the others with a good-night; they were absorbed in the lemon-squeezer and the soda-water cork) he remembered other occasions on which he had made his way to bed, alone, through a darkened country house; such occasions had not been rare, for he was almost always the first to leave the smoking-room. If he had not staid in houses conspicuously haunted, he had, none the less (having the artistic temperament), sometimes found the great black halls and staircases rather "creepy"; there had been often a sinister effect, to his imagination, in the sound of his tread in the long passages, or the way the winter moon peeped into tall windows on landings. It occurred to him that if houses without supernatural pretensions could look so wicked at night, the old corridors of Stayes would certainly give him a sensation. He did n't know whether the proprietors were sensitive; very often, as he had said to Colonel Capadose, people enjoyed the impeachment. What determined him to speak, with a certain sense of the risk, was the impression that the colonel told queer stories. As he had his hand on the door he said to Arthur Ashmore, "I hope I sha'n't meet any ghosts."

"Any ghosts?"

"You ought to have some—in this fine old part."

"We do our best, but *que voulez-vous?*" said Mr. Ashmore. "I don't think they like the hot-water pipes."

"They remind them too much of their own climate? But have n't you a haunted room—at the end of my passage?"

"Oh, there are stories—we try to keep them up."

"I should like very much to sleep there," Lyon said.

"Well, you can move there to-morrow if you like."

"Perhaps I had better wait till I have done my work."

"Very good; but you won't work there, you know. My father will sit to you in his own apartments."

"Oh, it is n't that; it's the fear of running away, like that gentleman three days ago."

"Three days ago? What gentleman?" Mr. Ashmore asked.

"The one who got urgent letters at breakfast, and fled by the 10:20. Did he stand more than one night?"

"I don't know what you are talking about. There was no such gentleman—three days ago."

"Ah, so much the better," said Lyon, nodding good-night and departing. He took his course, as he remembered it, with his wavering candle, and, though he encountered a great many gruesome objects, safely reached the passage out of which his room opened. In the complete darkness it seemed to stretch away still further, but he followed it, for the curiosity of the thing, to the end. He passed several doors, with the name of the room painted upon them, but he found nothing else. He was tempted to try the last door—to look into the room of evil fame; but he reflected that this would be indiscreet, since Colonel Capadose handled the brush—as a *raconteur*—with such freedom. There might be a ghost, and there might not; but the colonel himself, he inclined to think, was the most incalculable figure in the house.

II.

LYON found Sir David Ashmore a capital subject, and a very comfortable sitter into the bargain. Moreover, he was a very agreeable old man, tremendously puckered but not in the least dim; and he wore exactly the furred dressing-gown that Lyon would have chosen. He was proud of his age, but ashamed of his infirmities, which, however, he greatly exaggerated and which did n't prevent him from sitting there as submissive as if portraiture had been a branch of surgery. He demolished the legend of his having feared the operation would be fatal, and gave an explanation which pleased our friend much better. He held that a gentleman should be painted but once in his life—that it was eager and fatuous to be hung up all over the place. That was good for women, who made a pretty wall-pattern; but the male face did n't lend itself to decorative repetition. The proper time for the like-

ness was at the last, when the whole man was there — you got the totality of his experience. Lyon could n't reply that that period was not a real compendium — you had to allow so for leakage; for there had been no crack in Sir David's crystallization. He spoke of his portrait as a plain map of the country, to be consulted by his children in a case of uncertainty. A proper map could be drawn up only when the country had been traveled. He gave Lyon his mornings, till luncheon, and they talked of many things, not neglecting, as a stimulus to gossip, the people in the house. Now that he did n't "go out," as he said, he saw much less of the visitors at Stayes; people came and went whom he knew nothing about, and he liked to hear Lyon describe them. The artist sketched with a fine point, and did n't caricature, and it usually befel that when Sir David did n't know the sons and daughters he had known the fathers and mothers. He was one of those terrible old gentlemen who are a repository of antecedents. But in the case of the Capadose family, at whom they arrived by an easy stage, his knowledge embraced two, or even three, generations. General Capadose was an old crony, and he remembered his father before him. He was rather a smart soldier, but in private life of too speculative a turn — always sneaking into the city to throw his money away. He married a girl who brought him something, and they had half a dozen children. He scarcely knew what had become of the rest of them, except that one was in the Church and had found preferment — was n't he Dean of Rockingham? Clement, the fellow who was at Stayes, had some military talent; he had served in the East, he had married a pretty girl. He had been at Eton with his son, and he used to come to Stayes in his holidays. Lately, coming back to England, he had turned up with his wife again; that was before he — the old man — had been put to grass. He was a taking dog, but he had a monstrous foible.

"A monstrous foible?" said Lyon.

"He's a thumping liar."

Lyon's brush stopped short, while he repeated, for somehow the formula startled him, "A thumping liar?"

"You're very lucky not to have found it out."

"Well, I confess I have noticed a romantic tinge —"

"Oh, it is n't always romantic! He'll lie about the time of day, about the name of his hatter. It appears there are people like that."

"Well, they are precious scoundrels," Lyon declared, his voice trembling a little with the

thought of what Everina Brant had done with herself.

"Oh, not always," said the old man. "This fellow is n't in the least a scoundrel. There is no harm in him, and no bad intention; he does n't steal, or cheat, or gamble, or drink; he's very kind — he sticks to his wife, is fond of his children. He simply can't give you a straight answer."

"Then everything he told me last night, I suppose, was mendacious; he delivered himself of a series of crams! They stuck in my gizzard at the time, but I never thought of so simple an explanation."

"No doubt he was in the vein," Sir David went on. "It's a natural peculiarity — as you might limp, or stutter, or be left-handed. I believe it comes and goes, like intermittent fever. My son tells me that his friends usually understand it, and don't haul him up, for the sake of his wife."

"Oh, his wife — his wife!" Lyon murmured, painting fast.

"I dare say she's used to it."

"Never in the world, Sir David. How can she be used to it?"

"Why, my dear sir, when a woman's fond! — And don't they mostly handle the long bow themselves? They are connoisseurs, and have a sympathy for a fellow-performer."

Lyon was silent a moment; he had no ground for denying that Mrs. Capadose was attached to her husband. But after a little he rejoined: "Oh, not this one! I knew her years ago — before her marriage; knew her well and admired her. She was as clear as a bell."

"I like her very much," Sir David said, "but I have seen her back him up."

Lyon considered Sir David for a moment, not in the light of a model. "Are you very sure?"

"The old man hesitated; then he answered, smiling, "You're in love with her."

"Very likely. God knows I used to be!"

"She must help him out — she can't expose him."

"She can hold her tongue!" Lyon remarked.

"Well, before you probably she will."

"That's what I'm curious to see." And Lyon added, privately, "Good Heaven, what he must have made of her!" He kept this reflection to himself, for he considered that he had sufficiently betrayed his state of mind with regard to Mrs. Capadose. None the less it occupied him now immensely, the question of how such a woman would arrange herself in such a predicament. He watched her with a deeply quickened interest when he mingled with the company; he had had his own trouble

in life, but he had rarely been so anxious about anything as he was now to see what the loyalty of a wife and the inflection of an example would have made of an absolutely truthful mind. Oh, he held it as immutably established that whatever other women might be prone to do, she, of old, had been perfectly incapable of a deviation. Even if she had not been too simple to deceive, she would have been too proud; and if she had not had too much conscience, she would have had too little eagerness. It was the last thing she would have endured or condoned — the particular thing she would n't have forgiven. Did she sit in torment while her husband turned his somersaults, or was she now, too, so perverse that she thought it a fine thing to be striking at the expense of one's honor? It would have taken a wondrous alchemy — working backwards, as it were — to produce this latter result. Besides these two alternatives (that she suffered tortures in silence and that she was so much in love that her husband's humiliating idiosyncrasy seemed to her only an added richness — a proof of life and talent), there was still the possibility that she had n't found him out, that she took his fiction at his own valuation. A little reflection, however, rendered this hypothesis untenable; it was too evident that the account he gave of things must repeatedly have contradicted her own knowledge. Within an hour or two of his meeting them Lyon had seen her confronted with that perfectly gratuitous invention about the disposal they had made of his early picture. Even then, indeed, she had not, so far as he could see, smarted, and — but for the present he could only contemplate the case.

Even if it had not been interfused, through his uneradicated tenderness for Mrs. Capadose, with an element of suspense, the question would still have presented itself to him as a very curious problem, for he had not painted portraits during so many years without becoming something of a psychologist. His inquiry was limited, for the moment, to the opportunity that the following three days might yield, as the colonel and his wife were going on to another house. It fixed itself largely, of course, upon the colonel too — this gentleman was such a rare anomaly. Moreover, it had to go on very quickly. Lyon was too scrupulous to ask other people what they thought of the business — he was too afraid of exposing the woman he once had loved. It was probable, too, that light would come to him from the talk of the rest of the company; the colonel's queer habit, both as it affected his own situation and as it affected his wife, would be a familiar theme in any

house in which he was in the habit of staying. Lyon had not observed, in the circles in which he visited, any marked abstention from comment on the singularities of their members. It interfered with his progress that the colonel hunted all day, while he plied his brushes and chatted with Sir David; but a Sunday intervened, and that partly made it up. Mrs. Capadose fortunately did n't hunt, and when his work was over she was not inaccessible. He took a couple of longish walks with her (she was fond of that), and beguiled her, at tea, into a friendly nook in the hall. Regard her as he might, he could n't make out to himself that she was consumed by a hidden shame; the sense of being married to a man whose word had no worth was not, in her spirit, so far as he could guess, the canker within the rose. Her mind appeared to have nothing on it but its own placid frankness, and when he looked into her eyes (deeply, as he occasionally permitted himself to do), they had no uncomfortable consciousness. He talked to her again, and still again, of the dear old days — reminded her of things that he had not (before this reunion) the least idea that he remembered. Then he spoke to her of her husband, praised his appearance, his talent for conversation, professed to have felt a quick friendship for him, and asked (with an inward audacity at which he trembled a little) what manner of man he was. "What manner?" said Mrs. Capadose. "Dear me, how can one describe one's husband? I like him very much."

"Ah, you have told me that already!" Lyon exclaimed, with exaggerated ruefulness.

"Then why do you ask me again?" She added in a moment, as if she were so happy that she could afford to take pity on him. "He is everything that 's good and kind. He 's a soldier — and a gentleman — and a dear! He has n't a fault. And he has great ability."

"Yes; he strikes one as having great ability. But of course I can't think him a dear."

"I don't care what you think him," said Mrs. Capadose, looking, it seemed to him, as she smiled, handsomer than he had ever seen her. She was either deeply cynical or still more deeply inscrutable, and he had little prospect of winning from her the intimation that he longed for — some hint that it had come over her that, after all, she had better have married a man who was not a by-word for the most contemptible, the least heroic, of vices. Good God! had n't she seen — had n't she felt — the smile go round when her husband threw off some especially characteristic improvisation? How could a woman of her quality endure that, day after day, year after year, except by her quality's altering?

But he would believe in the alteration only when he should have heard *her* lie. He was fascinated by his problem, and yet half exasperated, and he asked himself all kinds of questions. Did n't she lie, after all, when she let his falsehoods pass without a protest? Was n't her life a perpetual complicity, and did n't she aid and abet him by the simple fact that she was not disgusted with him? Then again, perhaps she *was* disgusted, and it was the mere desperation of her pride that had given her an impenetrable mask. Perhaps she protested in private, passionately; perhaps every night, in their own apartments, after the day's hideous performance, she made him the most scorching scene. But if such scenes were of no avail and he took no more trouble to cure himself, how could she regard him, and after so many years of marriage too, with that perfectly artless complacency that Lyon had surprised in her in the course of the first day's dinner? If our friend had not been in love with her he could have taken the diverting view of the colonel's delinquencies; but as it was they turned to the tragical in his mind, even while he had a sense that his solicitude might also have been laughed at.

The observation of these three days showed him that if Capadose was an abundant he was not a malignant liar, and that his fine faculty exercised itself mainly on subjects of small direct importance. "He is the liar Platonic," he said to himself; "he is disinterested, he does n't operate with a hope of gain, or with a desire to injure. It is art for art, and he is prompted by the love of beauty. He has an inner vision of what might have been, of what ought to be, and he helps on the good cause by the simple substitution of a *nuance*. He paints, as it were, and so do I!" His manifestations had a considerable variety, but a family likeness ran through them, which consisted mainly of their singular uselessness. It was this that made them offensive; they encumbered the field of conversation, took up valuable space, converted it into a sort of brilliant sun-shot fog. For a fib told under pressure a convenient place can usually be found, as for a person who presents himself with an author's order at the first night of a play. But the uninvoked lie is the gentleman without a voucher or a ticket who accommodates himself with a stool in the passage.

In one particular Lyon acquitted his successful rival; it had puzzled him that, irrepressible as he was, he had not got into a mess in the service. But he perceived that he respected the service—that august institution was sacred from his depredations. Moreover, though there was a great deal of swagger in his talk, it was, oddly enough, rarely swagger about

his military exploits. He had a passion for the chase, he had followed it in far countries, and some of his finest flowers were reminiscences of lonely danger and escape. The more solitary the scene, the bigger of course the flower. A new acquaintance, with the colonel, always received the tribute of a bouquet; that generalization Lyon very promptly made. And this extraordinary man had inconsistencies and unexpected lapses—lapses into dull veracity. Lyon recognized what Sir David had told him, that his aberrations came in fits or periods—that he would sometimes keep the beaten path for a month at a time. The muse breathed upon him at her pleasure; she often left him alone. He would neglect the finest openings and then set sail in the teeth of the breeze. As a general thing he affirmed the false rather than denied the true; yet this proportion was sometimes strikingly reversed. Very often he joined in the laugh against himself—he admitted that he was trying it on and that a good many of his anecdotes had an experimental character. Still he never completely retracted or retreated—he dived and came up in another place. Lyon divined that he was capable, at intervals, of defending his position with violence, but only when it was a very bad one. Then he might easily be dangerous—then he would hit out and become calumnious. Such occasions would test his wife's equanimity—Lyon would have liked to see her there. In the smoking-room, and elsewhere, the company, so far as it was composed of his familiars, had an hilarious protest always at hand; but among the men who had known him long his rich tone was an old story, so old that they had ceased to talk about it, and Lyon did n't care, as I have said, to elicit the judgment of those who might have shared his own surprise.

The oddest thing of all was that neither surprise nor familiarity prevented the colonel's being liked; his largest drafts on a skeptical attention passed for an overflow of life and gayety—almost of good looks. He was fond of portraying his bravery, and used a very big brush, and yet he was unmistakably brave. He was a capital rider and shot, in spite of his fund of anecdote illustrating these accomplishments; in short, he was very nearly as clever, and his career had been very nearly as wonderful, as he pretended. His best quality, however, remained that indiscriminate sociability, which took interest and credulity for granted, and about which he bragged least. It made him cheap, it made him even in a manner vulgar; but it was so contagious that his listener was more or less on his side, as against the probabilities. It was a private reflection of Oliver Lyon's that he not only lied but made one

feel also like a liar, even (or especially) if one contradicted him. In the evening, at dinner, and afterward, our friend watched his wife's face, to see if a faint shade or spasm did n't pass over it. But she showed nothing, and the wonder was that when he spoke she almost always listened. That was her pride; she wished not to be even suspected of not facing the music. Lyon had none the less an unfortunate vision of a veiled figure coming the next day, in the dusk, to certain places, to repair the colonel's ravages, as the relatives of kleptomaniacs punctually call at the shops that have suffered from their pilferings.

"I must apologize, of course it was n't true, I hope no harm is done, it is only his incorrigible—" Oh, to hear that woman's voice in that deep abasement! Lyon had no nefarious plan — he did n't consciously wish to practice upon her sensibility; but he did say to himself that he should like to bring her round to feel that there would have been more dignity in a union with a certain other person. He even dreamed of the hour, when, with a burning face, she should ask *him* not to take it up. Then he should be almost consoled, he would be magnanimous.

Henry James.

(To be concluded in the next number.)



FOODS AND BEVERAGES.

THE CHEMISTRY OF FOODS AND NUTRITION. VI.

IN addition to what has been said in former articles, I ought perhaps to explain a little more fully about some of the ingredients of foods and add a few statements concerning some of the more common beverages, as tea, coffee, and alcohol.

GELATINE AS FOOD.

WHEN we boil bones, or scraps of meat, or fish to make a soup we extract considerable of gelatinoids, fats, and other substances of them. The gelatine in the soup thus made, like the dried gelatine we buy in packages and use for jellies, is of course very valuable. It will not take the place of meat, because it cannot do all that is done by the albuminoids which the meat contains. But it does part of their work; and if it cannot make flesh it does what is next best in that it saves flesh-forming material from being used up. One moral of this is that bones are worth saving for food. In experimenting to find how much nutritive material is extracted from bones in making soup, as it is ordinarily prepared in the household, Dr. König found that beef bones, from which the flesh had been removed, yielded from 6 to $7\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. of their weight of material, of which about $4\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. was fat and the rest nitrogenous matter. That is to say, from a pound of bone about an ounce of nutritive material was obtained, of which three-fourths was fat and the rest gelatinoids and the like. But it must be remembered that the bones which the butcher trims out of meat, or which are left on our tables or in our kitch-

ens, usually have a good deal of adhering flesh. This is apt to amount to several times as much as the material extracted from the bone itself.

MEAT EXTRACT.

ANOTHER class of food ingredients which contain nitrogen, and are hence commonly included with the protein compounds, are the so-called "extractives," known to chemists by the names "creatin," "creatinin," etc. These are very remarkable substances. I spoke of them at some length in a former article, explaining that they make up the active principles of beef-tea and of meat extract. Meats and fish always contain a small amount of these extractives along with their albuminoids and gelatinoids. They impart flavor to meats. The savory odor of steak and roast beef is due to them. When lean meat or fish is chopped fine and soaked in water they dissolve out. They take their name of extractives from being thus extracted from meat. It is in this way that they are dissolved from meat in making beef-tea. The meat extract of commerce, which is made in enormous quantities where meat is cheap, as in South America, and is used all over the world, is prepared by boiling down such a solution until the extractive matters are left in a nearly solid form.

Just what the extractives do in helping to nourish the body has long been a physiological puzzle. At times they appear to aid digestion. It is certain that they have some effect upon the nervous system. When one is

weakened by illness or exhausted by hard work they are wonderfully invigorating. They were formerly supposed to furnish actual nutriment, but the tendency of opinion in later years has been to make them simply stimulants, and the experiments within a short time past have indicated very clearly that they neither form tissue nor yield energy; that, indeed, they practically pass through the body unchanged, and are not food at all in the sense in which we use the word.* In other words, when a convalescent invalid drinks his beef-tea, or a tired brain-worker takes meat extract with his food, though he is greatly refreshed thereby and really benefited, the extractives neither repair his tissues nor furnish him warmth or strength. But in some unexplained way they help him to utilize the other materials of his body and of his food to an extent which without them he could not do. Beef-tea and meat extract are strengthening, not by what they themselves supply, but by helping the body to get and to use strength from other materials which it has. Such is the interpretation of the latest experimental research.

If we leave the extractives in the meat and fish instead of making beef-tea or meat extract of them; in other words, if we eat our meat in the ordinary way, they still appear to have similar effect. Dogs that with vegetable food are quiet and listless become lively and sometimes fierce when fed on meat. Some people find meat very stimulating. But the doctrine which we frequently see in print, and which is even taught at times from the pulpit, that this stimulating property of meat is responsible for a large part of the physical evil and injury to character we see about us, seems to me gross exaggeration.

TEA, COFFEE, COCOA, CHOCOLATE.

TEA and coffee are not foods in the sense in which we use the word. They contain, it is true, very small quantities of materials similar to the nutrients of ordinary foods, but so few of these get into the decoctions which we drink that they are not worth taking into account.

The aroma of tea and coffee is mainly, and the taste largely, due to minute quantities of oily substances—essential oils, as they are called. The effect of tea and coffee upon the nerves and the brain seems to be chiefly due to a substance called caffein when it comes from coffee, and then when it comes from tea. It is the same chemical compound in both, and belongs to the class called alkaloids. Like the extractives of meat, it has, in moderate quantities, an invigorating effect, and may

at times aid digestion. The expression, which long usage has applied to tea and coffee, "The cups that cheer but not inebriate," is a true statement of fact.

Tea contains tannic acid, or tannin, the substance which, in the bark of trees, like oak and hemlock, is used to tan leather. The skins of animals contain gelatinoid substances with which the tannin unites, giving it the properties of leather. Tannin may likewise unite with albuminoid substances, such as occur in meats, fish, milk, eggs, and so on. The natural inference is that if we take tea with albuminous foods, the tannin will unite with them and form indigestible compounds. The newspaper statements we sometimes see about tea making leather in the stomach are grossly exaggerated. But experiments imply that it may sometimes interfere with the digestion of some albuminous foods; and I have heard of people, though I have never met a case, with whom tea taken along with fresh meat hinders digestion. It is said, however, not to interfere at all with the digestion of dry meats, such as ham and tongue.

One objection to steeping tea for a long time is that the longer it is infused the more tannic acid is extracted. Coffee contains tannic acid, but less than tea.

It seems a bit odd that so many people, either from lack of understanding of what gives the odor and flavor to coffee and tea, or from carelessness, prepare them in just the way that is calculated to get rid of the volatile matters whose aroma and taste are so highly prized. The chief part of the art of making good coffee or tea is to dissolve the soluble matters, and at the same time not lose those that are volatile. The long steeping at high temperature, commonly practiced in making tea and coffee, is an effective way for expelling the volatile oils. To keep them in hot water just long enough to dissolve out the alkaloids and other soluble compounds, and in a tightly closed vessel, so as to prevent the escape of the volatile substances, are very important factors in the making of a good cup of tea or coffee.

I well remember my first realization of the true flavor of well-prepared tea. It was at a hotel in Heidelberg. The waiter, who told me he had learned the art in Russia, steeped the tea at the table by pouring hot water upon it in a pot made for the purpose. It was not over-steeped; there was neither boiling to drive the volatile matters off nor long lapse of time for them to escape. They were dissolved out and served at once, and made the decoction delicious. The guests at the table of an acquaintance of mine, not long since, were unusually pleased with the tea, and surprised to

* Rubner, "Zeitschrift für Biologie," XX., 265.

learn that it was bought at the same store, and was, in fact, the same that some of them were using at home. It transpired that the tea had been kept in a tight box until used, and had been prepared by a process which one of the family had learned in Germany. This consisted simply in pouring boiling water upon the tea, covering the pot tightly with a cloth, setting it upon a part of the stove where it would not boil, and serving after a very short time. The towel helped to keep the water warm and the aroma from escaping, and the tea, when brought to the table, was most excellent. Of course things of this sort are of no great consequence. Perhaps most of us would be better off if we did not drink either tea or coffee; but if we are going to use them we might as well have the flavor, which, I suppose, is the least injurious part.

Cocoa and chocolate contain theobromin and, as it appears, another alkaloid, similar to the alkaloid of tea and coffee. With these are fatty matters, a kind of starch, and other substances which occur in the cacao bean from which cocoa and chocolate are made. In preparing them for the market, part of the fat is extracted and other substances are added. For chocolate considerable sugar is used. Thus made it has a little less nitrogen, more fat, and a trifle more nutritive matter than flour. Accordingly, the beverage prepared from cocoa or chocolate supplies considerable nutriment in addition to the alkaloids, which serve as stimulants, and the flavoring substances, which are highly prized.

IS ALCOHOL FOOD?

To this question the answer of the latest and most reliable experimental research is, I think, clearly, yes. But its action as food is so limited, and so outbalanced by its effects upon the nerves and the brain, that, except in certain abnormal conditions of the body, the food value of alcohol is of scarcely enough consequence to be taken into account.

In the light of our present knowledge, we

* Nearly thirty years ago a series of experiments were conducted by Lallemand, Perrin, and Duroy in France, which have been claimed by them, and by numerous writers since, to show that alcohol taken into the body is not consumed like ordinary food, but is eliminated by the lungs, kidneys, and skin. Other experiments have seemed to favor this view. For many years the theory that alcohol is not consumed has served as a stable argument against its use, not only by the less thoughtful physiologists and temperance agitators, but also in text-books and even in the later official publications of temperance organizations.

Not only were the experiments of Lallemand, Perrin, and Duroy made by very imperfect methods, but the quantities of alcohol used were very large. Dr. J. W. Warren of the Medical School of Harvard University,

regard food as that which either builds tissue, or protects tissue or other food from consumption, or supplies energy to the body. Our ordinary food-materials do all these. Alcohol does not form tissue, either flesh (protein) or fat; but it does serve as fuel to yield energy, and in so doing probably protects protein and fat from being consumed. Such, at any rate, are the inferences from the best evidence at hand, and that evidence is such as to leave little doubt. But the quantity of alcohol that the system will ordinarily endure is small; not all that is taken is always consumed; its potential energy is relatively little and its nutritive effect slight — the equivalent of a small fragment of bread, for instance. Furthermore, as a consequence of its action upon the nerves, alcohol tends to promote the radiation of heat from the body and thus to counteract the nutritive effect it does have. In a very cold day a glass of brandy may make a man feel warmer for a time, but his sensations deceive him; the real effect of the alcohol is to make his body colder. In like manner alcohol may temporarily stimulate the tired muscles and brain for work, but it cannot take the place of rest. It is a stimulus, and as such it is like the spur to the wearied horse; instead of giving new strength, it makes new drafts upon the already reduced supply.

The alcohol which is taken into the body appears to be burned, like sugar and other nutritive materials; but a portion, instead of being consumed, is given off again by the lungs, skin, and kidneys. The quantity thus eliminated has been the subject of no little discussion and experiment. The theory has been held that the larger part escapes and but little is consumed for fuel. The latest and most accurate experiments, however, decidedly oppose this view, and lead to the conclusion that, although when alcohol is taken in large doses a considerable portion may be eliminated, as is likewise the case with sugar, yet in the amounts which people ordinarily drink very nearly the whole is oxidized.*

who has given an admirable résumé of the whole subject in the "Boston Medical and Surgical Journal," July 7 and July 14, 1887, has taken the pains to calculate the amounts of alcohol given to the dogs in the experiments just named, and what would be corresponding quantities for an average man, taking into account the difference in size. He finds that "the amount of alcohol equivalent to a whole bottle of brandy for the average man was a common dose for the dogs. In one experiment the equivalent was as much as two and one-half bottles, and in another case three bottles of brandy." The experiments of Subbotin in Munich, which were made by more accurate methods, are sometimes quoted as showing considerable secretion of alcohol. They were made with rabbits, which likewise received enormous doses. Even sugar and albumen,

As food, the only use of alcohol is to serve as fuel. The exact fuel value of alcohol, its capacity to supply the body with heat and muscular energy, cannot be stated with entire confidence. In the case of the principal nutritive ingredients of food, the protein, fats, and carbohydrates, the potential energy, which is taken as the measure of their fuel value, is proportioned to the heat produced when they are burned with oxygen, and is learned by use of an apparatus for the purpose called the calorimeter. It is found by experiments with animals that these nutritive materials yield energy to the body, in the forms of heat and muscular energy, in the proportion to the heats produced by their combustion in the calorimeter. The natural inference is that the same will be the case with the alcohol burned in the body. Bodländer's and other accurate experiments confirm this view.

The potential energy of the fats is about double that of the protein or carbohydrates, which latter are about equal to one another in this respect. That is to say, a given weight—for instance, an ounce of myosin of lean meat or albumen of egg—would, if burned in the calorimeter, yield just about the same amount of heat as an ounce of sugar or starch; while an ounce of the fat of meat or butter would yield twice as much. The best evidence implies that when these substances are burned in the body they yield heat and muscular energy in the same proportions. The heat of combustion of alcohol is about midway between that of the fats and that of the carbohydrates or protein, and it is natural to suppose that the energy it would yield in the body would be of corresponding amount. In other words, if the fuel value of an ounce of protein or an ounce of sugar or starch is one, and that of an ounce of fats, two, the fuel value of an ounce of alcohol would be one and a half. But, as al-

when taken into the body in large doses, may in part escape unconsumed. When we consider how soluble alcohol is, and how easily it might be expected to make its way through the body, it is not strange that when so much is taken a portion should escape.

Soon after the experiments of Lallemand, Perrin, and Duroy were published, Dr. Anstie, in England, began a series of careful experiments upon this question. They were continued through a number of years, and showed very clearly that when alcohol was taken in moderate amounts the quantity secreted was very small. His results have been confirmed by other investigators. Within a short time past extended researches have been carried out by Professor Binz, Bodländer, and others at the University of Bonn, Germany. Appropriate apparatus and the refinements of modern research were used to insure accuracy. The conclusion is that when alcohol is not taken in excessive doses it is almost wholly consumed, and extremely little is secreted. In experiments with himself, Bodländer took enough absolute alcohol, diluted with water, to be equal to from two-thirds to four-thirds of a bottle

ready explained, a small part of the alcohol which is taken into the body leaves it unconsumed, and the action of the alcohol upon the nerves may counteract part of its nutritive effect. Since, furthermore, we are not absolutely certain as to the ways in which the body uses it, we should be hardly justified in saying positively that the energy yielded by alcohol in the body is in exact proportion to the heat of combustion. But it seems extremely probable that alcohol stands somewhere between carbohydrates and fats in fuel value.

Perhaps these facts may at least help towards explaining the nutritive effect of alcohol in some cases of disease and exhaustion. When the body is quiet and in warm surroundings, the demand for protein to replace muscle used up and for material to serve as fuel is small. Alcohol does not require the action of digestive juices; it is ready to be assimilated without digestion, and its fuel value appears to be considerable. It would seem that it might thus, at times, serve a useful purpose in sustaining life, when the bodily functions are at a low ebb. I make this suggestion with some hesitancy, realizing very fully the unwisdom of a chemist's attempting to urge theories which it is outside his province to verify. But I have often heard physicians say that wine, for instance, is very helpful in some cases of sickness, when but little other food can be taken; and when asked the chemical explanation they could think of no better one than this.

Distilled spirits, such as whisky, brandy, gin, and rum, have from forty to sixty per cent. of alcohol, but no carbohydrates or other nutrients.

As whisky is ordinarily sold in this country by the drink, a gallon is said to make about sixty glasses,* which would make, roughly speaking, about an ounce of alcohol to the

of claret; in experiments with dogs, the equivalent of from one and a half to four bottles of claret was used for a dose. The average quantity given off through kidneys, skin, and lungs, as indicated by experiments, was three and a half per cent. of the whole by the dogs, and two and nine-tenths per cent. by himself. Making a very liberal allowance for errors of experimenting, the total quantity of alcohol eliminated could not exceed five per cent. of the amount taken. It is interesting to note that the proportions of alcohol which were thus given off unconsumed were about the same as the proportions of meats, milk, bread, and vegetables which ordinarily escape digestion. (See article on "The Digestibility of Food" in THE CENTURY for September, 1887.)

Alcohol in the quantities which people ordinarily take when use it, appears to be consumed just about as completely as our ordinary foods.

* See article on "The Nation's Liquor Bill," by Mr. F. N. Barrett, in Quarterly Report, No. 2, of the Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, Treasury Department.

glass. If we were at liberty to estimate the fuel value from the potential energy, this ounce of alcohol would be equal in this respect to a little more than an ounce of sugar, or starch, or protein, or to less than an ounce of fat. But we are uncertain as to the actual amount of energy which alcohol yields when burned in a body, and its influence upon the body through the nervous system is generally such as to counteract more or less of its nutritive effect. In the present state of our knowledge, therefore, it is impossible to say that the food value of a glass of whisky would be at all considerable. The same would be true of brandy, gin, rum, and other distilled liquors.

Malt liquors — porter, ale, and lager beer — contain usually from four to five or six per cent. of alcohol. Ordinary white wines and claret commonly contain eight or nine per cent., and champagne nearly ten per cent.; while the stronger wines, such as sherry, will average as much as seventeen per cent. A pint (pound) of ale or beer would, therefore, contain about three-quarters of an ounce, and the same quantity of wine from one to two and a half ounces of alcohol.

Ale, beer, and wine contain small quantities of nutritive material in addition to their alcohol and other constituents. That of wines consists mainly of compounds akin to carbohydrates, and averages a trifle over three per cent. of the whole weight. That of ale and beer includes, on the average, a little over a half of one per cent. of protein and other nitrogenous compounds, and six or seven per cent. of carbohydrates and allied substances. A pint (pound) of ale or beer would contain, roughly speaking, about as much of these nutritive substances as one and one-fifth ounces of bread; and a pint of wine about as much as three-quarters of an ounce of bread.

In all this discussion we should remember that the alcohol of ordinary liquors, distilled spirits, wine, etc., is not all the common ethyl alcohol. In speaking of the effects of alcohol I have referred to ordinary alcohol; or, as it is called in the chemical laboratory, ethyl alcohol. But there are other kinds of alcohol, some of which, like those contained in the fusel oil of commercial alcohol and whisky, appear to be even more deleterious to health than ethyl alcohol. These alcohols are formed in the process of fermentation, and are often very imperfectly separated from brandy, whisky, and other spirits in the process of distillation by which the latter are prepared. It is said that the materials used for adulterating wine often contain considerable quantities of these especially deleterious alcohols. The injury to health from the use of spirituous liquors containing these is believed to be much

greater than would come from liquors containing only ethyl alcohol.

From the evidence at hand regarding the use of alcohol, the following, by Dr. E. A. Parkes, the eminent English hygienist, seems to me a fair and judicious statement of the facts, although I should be inclined to lay a little more stress upon the principle that, in health at any rate, it is superfluous or worse, and to insist more strongly upon the importance, in this country especially, of general abstinence from its use.

The facts now stated make it difficult to avoid the conclusion that the dietetic value of alcohol has been much overrated. It does not appear to me possible at present to condemn alcohol altogether as an article of diet in health; or to prove that it is invariably hurtful, as some have attempted to do. It produces effects which are often useful in disease, and sometimes desirable in health; but in health it is certainly not a necessity, and many persons are much better without it. As now used by mankind, it is infinitely more powerful for evil than for good; and though it can hardly be imagined that its dietetic use will cease in our time, yet a clearer view of its effects must surely lead to a lessening of the excessive use which now prevails.

Among the curious side issues of the current temperance discussion is the question whether alcohol is a natural product. This is, I believe, vigorously denied in some quarters. Alcohol, like bread, is manufactured artificially from a natural product. In each case fermentation, a natural process, is made use of. But while bread is known only as a product of manufacture, alcohol appears to be very widely distributed in nature, though in extremely minute quantities. Nor is this at all surprising. If grapes or apples, or their juice, be exposed to the air, fermentation sets in and the sugar and other carbohydrates are changed to alcohol. The ferments which cause the change are afloat in the air all about, and might not unnaturally attack similar compounds in other vegetable substances. Professor Müntz of the National Agronomic Institute in Paris has, by refined chemical tests, discovered evidences of alcohol in cultivated soils, in rain water, in sea and river water, and in the atmosphere. He finds that vegetable molds may contain considerable quantities, and it appears probable that the alcohol "originates in the soil, from the fermentation of the organic matters in it, and is thence diffused as vapor in the atmosphere."

Another side issue of our temperance discussion is the so-called "Bible wine" theory, which maintains that the wine used in Palestine in the time of Christ was not alcoholic. I have been unable to find evidence that the composition of the juice of the grape, the laws of fermentation, or the practice in the making and using of wine, were different in that coun-

try at that time from those in other countries, or in that country at other times; and believe it safe to say that the theory that Bible wine was different from other wine, that it had not the alcohol which other wines contain, is without any basis to support it, in the opinion of the student of science.

Of the inexpressibly baneful effects of alcohol, that have made its excessive use one of the worst of the evils of our modern civilization, this is not the place to speak. But there is one matter in this connection about which, I trust, a word may not be out of place. It is that, great as is the physical evil of alcohol, the moral evil is incomparably greater; that true temperance reform is moral reform; and that, like every other moral reform, it will be best furthered by the closest alliance with the truth.

The moral argument against alcohol seems to me invincible. Is it not certainly strong enough when the facts are adhered to, without the exaggerations into which earnest reformers, in the intensity of their convictions, are sometimes led? Is it not best to accept the doctrine, with which the tests of science as interpreted by the consensus of specialists and the experience of mankind, beginning cent-

uries before the miracle at Cana and reaching until now, alike agree that beverages containing alcohol may have a decided value for nourishment, and that, in moderate quantities, they are not always of necessity harmful, but may at times be positively useful?

We wish to help the drunkard to reform; but is it necessary to tell him that no man can touch alcohol without danger? To build up the public sentiment upon which the reform of the future must rest: we wish our children to understand about alcohol and its terrible effects; but when we teach them, in the name of science, shall we not teach them the simple facts which science attests and which they can hereafter believe, rather than exaggerated theories, whose errors, when they learn them, will tend to undo the good we strive to do? In short, is not temperance advisable even in the teaching of the temperance doctrine?

These questions are asked in a spirit not of unkind criticism, but of deep interest in the cause. Are they not worthy of thoughtful consideration?

In the great effort to make men better, there is one thing that we must always seek, one thing that we need never fear—the truth.

W. O. Atwater.



THE CITY.

THEY do neither plight nor wed
In the City of the dead,
In the city where they sleep away the
hours;
But they lie, while o'er them range
Winter-blight and summer-change,
And a hundred happy whisperings of
flowers.
No, they neither wed nor plight,
And the day is like the night,
For their vision is of other kind than ours.

They do neither sing nor sigh,
In that burgh of by and by
Where the streets have grasses growing cool
and long;
But they rest within their bed,
Leaving all their thoughts unsaid,
Deeming silence better far than sob or song.
No, they neither sigh nor sing,
Though the robin be a-wing,
Though the leaves of autumn march a million
strong.

There is only rest and peace
In the City of Surcease
From the failings and the wailings 'neath the Sun,
And the wings of the swift years
Beat but gently o'er the biers,
Making music to the sleepers every one.
There is only peace and rest;
But to them it seemeth best,
For they lie at ease and know that life is done.

Richard E. Burton.



THE LOCOMOTIVE CHASE IN GEORGIA.*

IHE railroad raid to Georgia, in the spring of 1862, has always been considered to rank high among the striking and novel incidents of the civil war. At that time General O. M. Mitchel, under whose authority it was organized, commanded Union forces in middle Tennessee, consisting of a division of Buell's army. The Confederates were concentrating at Corinth, Mississippi, and Grant and Buell were advancing by different routes towards that point. Mitchel's orders required him to protect Nashville and the country around, but allowed him great latitude in the disposition of his division, which, with detachments and garrisons, numbered nearly seventeen thousand men. His attention had long been strongly turned towards the liberation of east Tennessee, which he knew that President Lincoln also earnestly desired, and which would, if achieved, strike a most damaging blow at the resources of the rebellion. A Union army once in possession of east Tennessee would have the inestimable advantage, found nowhere else in the South, of operating in the midst of a friendly population, and having at hand abundant supplies of all kinds. Mitchel had no reason to believe that Corinth would detain the Union armies much longer than Fort Donelson had done, and was satisfied that as soon as that position had been captured the next movement would be eastward towards Chattanooga, thus throwing his own division in advance. He determined, therefore, to press into the heart of the enemy's country as far as possible, occupying strategical points before they were adequately defended and assured of speedy and powerful

reënforcement. To this end his measures were vigorous and well chosen.

On the 8th of April, 1862,—the day after the battle of Pittsburg Landing, of which, however, Mitchel had received no intelligence,—he marched swiftly southward from Shelbyville and seized Huntsville, in Alabama, on the 11th of April, and then sent a detachment westward over the Memphis and Charleston Railroad to open railway communication with the Union army at Pittsburg Landing. Another detachment, commanded by Mitchel in person, advanced on the same day seventy miles by rail directly into the enemy's territory, arriving unchecked with two thousand men within thirty miles of Chattanooga,—in two hours' time he could now reach that point,—the most important position in the West. Why did he not go on? The story of the railroad raid is the answer. The night before breaking camp at Shelbyville, Mitchel sent an expedition secretly into the heart of Georgia to cut the railroad communications of Chattanooga to the south and east. The fortune of this attempt had a most important bearing upon his movements, and will now be narrated.

In the employ of General Buell was a spy named James J. Andrews, who had rendered valuable services in the first year of the war, and had secured the full confidence of the Union commanders. In March, 1862, Buell had sent him secretly with eight men to burn the bridges west of Chattanooga; but the failure of expected coöperation defeated the plan, and Andrews, after visiting Atlanta and inspecting the whole of the enemy's lines in that vicinity and northward, had returned, ambitious to make another attempt. His plans for the

* By the author of "Daring and Suffering."

second raid were submitted to Mitchel, and on the eve of the movement from Shelbyville to Huntsville Mitchel authorized him to take twenty-four men, secretly enter the enemy's territory, and, by means of capturing a train, burn the bridges on the northern part of the Georgia State Railroad and also one on the East Tennessee Railroad where it approaches the Georgia State line, thus completely isolating Chattanooga, which was virtually ungarrisoned.

The soldiers for this expedition, of whom the writer was one, were selected from the three Ohio regiments belonging to General J. W. Sill's brigade, being simply told that they were wanted for secret and very dangerous service. So far as known, not a man chosen declined the perilous honor. Our uniforms were exchanged for ordinary Southern dress, and all arms except revolvers were left in camp. On the 7th of April, by the roadside about a mile east of Shelbyville, in the late evening twilight, we met our leader. Taking us a little way from the road, he quietly placed before us the outlines of the romantic and adventurous plan, which was: to break into small detachments of three or four, journey eastward into the Cumberland Mountains, then work southward, traveling by rail after we were well within the Confederate lines, and finally, the evening of the third day after the start, meet Andrews at Marietta, Georgia, more than two hundred miles away. When questioned, we were to profess ourselves Kentuckians going to join the Southern army.

On the journey we were a good deal annoyed by the swollen streams and the muddy roads consequent on three days of almost ceaseless rain. Andrews was led to believe that Mitchel's column would be inevitably delayed; and as we were expected to destroy the bridges the very day that Huntsville was entered, he took the responsibility of sending word to our different groups that our attempt would be postponed one day—from Friday to Saturday, April 12. This was a natural but a most lamentable error of judgment.

One of the men detailed was belated and did not join us at all. Two others were very soon captured by the enemy; and though their true character was not detected, they were forced into the Southern army, and two reached Marietta, but failed to report at the rendezvous. Thus, when we assembled very early in the morning in Andrews's room at the Marietta Hotel for final consultation before the blow was struck we were but twenty, including our leader. All preliminary difficulties had been easily overcome and we were in good spirits. But some serious obstacles had been revealed on our ride from Chattanooga to Marietta the previous evening.* The railroad was found to

be crowded with trains, and many soldiers were among the passengers. Then the station—Big Shanty—at which the capture was to be effected had recently been made a Confederate camp. To succeed in our enterprise it would be necessary first to capture the engine in a guarded camp with soldiers standing around as spectators, and then to run it from one to two hundred miles through the enemy's country, and to deceive or overpower all trains that should be met—a large contract for twenty men. Some of our party thought the chances of success so slight, under existing circumstances, that they urged the abandonment of the whole enterprise. But Andrews declared his purpose to succeed or die, offering to each man, however, the privilege of withdrawing from the attempt—an offer no one was in the least disposed to accept. Final instructions were then given, and we hurried to the ticket office in time for the northward bound mail-train, and purchased tickets for different stations along the line in the direction of Chattanooga.

Our ride, as passengers, was but eight miles. We swept swiftly around the base of Kennesaw Mountain, and soon saw the tents of the Confederate forces camped at Big Shanty gleam white in the morning mist. Here we were to stop for breakfast and attempt the seizure of the train. The morning was raw and gloomy, and a rain, which fell all day, had already begun. It was a painfully thrilling moment. We were but twenty, with an army about us, and a long and difficult road before us, crowded with enemies. In an instant we were to throw off the disguise which had been our only protection, and trust our leader's genius and our own efforts for safety and success. Fortunately we had no time for giving way to reflections and conjectures which could only unfit us for the stern task ahead.

When we stopped, the conductor, the engineer, and many of the passengers hurried to breakfast, leaving the train unguarded. Now was the moment of action. Ascertaining that there was nothing to prevent a rapid start, Andrews, our two engineers, Brown and Knight, and the fireman hurried forward, uncoupling a section of the train consisting of three empty baggage or box-cars, the locomotive, and the tender. The engineers and the fireman sprang into the cab of the engine, while Andrews, with hand on the rail and foot on the step, waited to see that the remainder of the party had gained entrance into the rear box-car. This seemed difficult and slow, though it really consumed but a few seconds, for the car stood on a considerable

* The different detachments reached the Georgia State Railroad at Chattanooga, and traveled as ordinary passengers on trains running southward.—EDITOR.

bank, and the first who came were pitched in by their comrades, while these in turn dragged in the others, and the door was instantly closed. A sentinel, with musket in hand, stood not a dozen feet from the engine, watching the whole proceeding; but before he or any of the soldiers or guards around could make up their minds to interfere all was done, and Andrews, with a nod to his engineer, stepped on board. The valve was pulled wide open, and for a moment the wheels slipped round in rapid, ineffective revolutions; then, with a bound that jerked the soldiers in the box-car from their feet, the little train darted away, leaving the camp and the station in the wildest uproar and confusion. The first step of the enterprise was triumphantly accomplished.

According to the time-table, of which Andrews had secured a copy, there were two trains to be met. These presented no serious hindrance to our attaining high speed, for we could tell just where to expect them. There was also a local freight not down on the time-table, but which could not be far distant. Any danger of collision with it could be avoided by running according to the schedule of the captured train until it was passed; then at the highest possible speed we could run to the Oostewala and Chickamauga bridges, lay them in ashes, and pass on through Chattanooga to Mitchel, at Huntsville, or wherever eastward of that point he might be found, arriving long before the close of the day. It was a brilliant prospect, and so far as human estimates can determine it would have been realized had the day been Friday instead of Saturday. On Friday every train had been on time, the day dry, and the road in perfect order. Now the road was in disorder, every train far behind time, and two "extras" were approaching us. But of these unfavorable conditions we knew nothing, and pressed confidently forward.

We stopped frequently, and at one point tore up the track, cut telegraph wires, and loaded on cross-ties to be used in bridge burning. Wood and water were taken without difficulty, Andrews very coolly telling the story to which he adhered throughout the run, namely, that he was one of General Beauregard's officers, running an impressed powder train through to that commander at Corinth. We had no good instruments for track-raising, as we had intended rather to depend upon fire; but the amount of time spent in taking up a rail was not material at this stage of our journey, as we easily kept on the time of our captured train. There was a wonderful exhilaration in passing swiftly by towns and stations through the heart of an enemy's country in this manner. It possessed just enough of the spice of danger, in

this part of the run, to render it thoroughly enjoyable. The slightest accident to our engine, however, or a miscarriage in any part of our programme, would have completely changed the conditions.

At Etowah we found the "Yonah," an old locomotive owned by an iron company, standing with steam up; but not wishing to alarm the enemy till the local freight had been safely met, we left it unharmed. Kingston, thirty miles from the starting-point, was safely reached. A train from Rome, Georgia, on a branch road, had just arrived and was waiting for the morning mail—our train. We learned that the local freight would soon come also, and, taking the side-track, waited for it. When it arrived, however, Andrews saw, to his surprise and chagrin, that it bore a red flag, indicating another train not far behind. Stepping over to the conductor, he boldly asked: "What does it mean that the road is blocked in this manner when I have orders to take this powder to Beauregard without a minute's delay?" The answer was interesting but not reassuring: "Mitchel has captured Huntsville and is said to be coming to Chattanooga, and we are getting everything out of there." He was asked by Andrews to pull his train a long way down the track out of the way, and promptly obeyed.

It seemed an exceedingly long time before the expected "extra" arrived, and when it did come it bore another red flag. The reason given was that the "local," being too great for one engine, had been made up in two sections, and the second section would doubtless be along in a short time. This was terribly vexatious; yet there seemed nothing to do but to wait. To start out between the sections of an extra train would be to court destruction. There were already three trains around us, and their many passengers and others were all growing very curious about the mysterious train, manned by strangers, which had arrived on the time of the morning mail. For an hour and five minutes from the time of arrival at Kingston we remained in this most critical position. The sixteen of us who were shut up tightly in a box-car,—personating Beauregard's ammunition,—hearing sounds outside, but unable to distinguish words, had perhaps the most trying position. Andrews sent us, by one of the engineers, a cautious warning to be ready to fight in case the uneasiness of the crowd around led them to make any investigation, while he himself kept near the station to prevent the sending off of any alarming telegram. So intolerable was our suspense, that the order for a deadly conflict would have been felt as a relief. But the assurance of Andrews quieted the crowd until

the whistle of the expected train from the north was heard; then, as it glided up to the depot, past the end of our side-track, we were off without more words.

But unexpected danger had arisen behind us. Out of the panic at Big Shanty two men emerged, determined, if possible, to foil the unknown captors of their train. There was no telegraph station, and no locomotive at hand with which to follow; but the conductor of the train, W. A. Fuller, and Anthony Murphy, foreman of the Atlanta railway machine shops, who happened to be on board of Fuller's train, started on foot after us as hard as they could run. Finding a hand-car they mounted it and pushed forward till they neared Etowah, where they ran on the break we had made in the road and were precipitated down the embankment into the ditch. Continuing with more caution, they reached Etowah and found the "Yonah," which was at once pressed into service, loaded with soldiers who were at hand, and hurried with flying wheels towards Kingston. Fuller prepared to fight at that point, for he knew of the tangle of extra trains, and of the lateness of the regular trains, and did not think we should be able to pass. We had been gone only four minutes when he arrived and found himself stopped by three long, heavy trains of cars, headed in the wrong direction. To move them out of the way so as to pass would cause a delay he was little inclined to afford—would, indeed, have almost certainly given us the victory. So, abandoning his engine, he with Murphy ran across to the Rome train, and, uncoupling the engine and one car, pushed forward with about forty armed men. As the Rome branch connected with the main road above the depot, he encountered no hindrance, and it was now a fair race. We were not many minutes ahead.

Four miles from Kingston we again stopped and cut the telegraph. While trying to take up a rail at this point we were greatly startled. One end of the rail was loosened, and eight of us were pulling at it, when in the distance we distinctly heard the whistle of a pursuing engine. With a frantic effort we broke the rail, and all tumbled over the embankment with the effort. We moved on, and at Adairsville we found a mixed train (freight and passenger) waiting, but there was an express on the road that had not yet arrived. We could afford no more delay, and set out for the next station, Calhoun, at terrible speed, hoping to reach that point before the express, which was behind time, should arrive. The nine miles which we had to travel were left behind in less than the same number of minutes. The express was just pulling out, but, hearing our whistle, backed before us until we were able to take the

side-track. It stopped, however, in such a manner as completely to close up the other end of the switch. The two trains, side by side, almost touched each other, and our precipitate arrival caused natural suspicion. Many searching questions were asked, which had to be answered before we could get the opportunity of proceeding. We in the box-car could hear the altercation, and were almost sure that a fight would be necessary before the conductor would consent to "pull up" in order to let us out. Here again our position was most critical, for the pursuers were rapidly approaching.

Fuller and Murphy saw the obstruction of the broken rail in time, by reversing their engine, to prevent wreck; but the hindrance was for the present insuperable. Leaving all their men behind, they started for a second foot-race. Before they had gone far they met the train we had passed at Adairsville, and turned it back after us. At Adairsville they dropped the cars, and with locomotive and tender loaded with armed men, they drove forward at the highest speed possible. They knew that we were not many minutes ahead, and trusted to overhaul us before the express train could be safely passed.

But Andrews had told the powder story again with all his skill, and added a direct request in peremptory form to have the way opened before him, which the Confederate conductor did not see fit to resist; and just before the pursuers arrived at Calhoun we were again under way. Stopping once more to cut wires and tear up the track, we felt a thrill of exhilaration to which we had long been strangers. The track was now clear before us to Chattanooga; and even west of that city we had good reason to believe that we should find no other train in the way till we had reached Mitchel's lines. If one rail could now be lifted we would be in a few minutes at the Oostenaula bridge; and that burned, the rest of the task would be little more than simple manual labor, with the enemy absolutely powerless. We worked with a will.

But in a moment the tables were turned. Not far behind we heard the scream of a locomotive bearing down upon us at lightning speed. The men on board were in plain sight and well armed. Two minutes—perhaps one—would have removed the rail at which we were toiling; then the game would have been in our own hands, for there was no other locomotive beyond that could be turned back after us. But the most desperate efforts were in vain. The rail was simply bent, and we hurried to our engine and darted away, while remorselessly after us thundered the enemy.

Now the contestants were in clear view, and a race followed unparalleled in the annals of

war. Wishing to gain a little time for the burning of the Oostenaula bridge, we dropped one car, and, shortly after, another; but they were "picked up" and pushed ahead to Resaca. We were obliged to run over the high trestles and covered bridge at that point without a pause. This was the first failure in the work assigned us.

The Confederates could not overtake and stop us on the road; but their aim was to keep close behind, so that we might not be able to damage the road or take in wood or water. In the former they succeeded, but not in the latter. Both engines were put at the highest rate of speed. We were obliged to cut the wire after every station passed, in order that an alarm might not be sent ahead; and we constantly strove to throw our pursuers off the track, or to obstruct the road permanently in some way, so that we might be able to burn the Chickamauga bridges, still ahead. The chances seemed good that Fuller and Murphy would be wrecked. We broke out the end of our last box-car and dropped cross-ties on the track as we ran, thus checking their progress and getting far enough ahead to take in wood and water at two separate stations. Several times we almost lifted a rail, but each time the coming of the Confederates within rifle range compelled us to desist and speed on. Our worst hindrance was the rain. The previous day (Friday) had been clear, with a high wind, and on such a day fire would have been easily and tremendously effective. But to-day a bridge could be burned only with abundance of fuel and careful nursing.

Thus we sped on, mile after mile, in this fearful chase, round curves and past stations in seemingly endless perspective. Whenever we lost sight of the enemy beyond a curve, we hoped that some of our obstructions had been effective in throwing him from the track, and that we should see him no more; but at each long reach backward the smoke was again seen, and the shrill whistle was like the scream of a bird of prey. The time could not have been so very long, for the terrible speed was rapidly devouring the distance; but with our nerves strained to the highest tension each minute seemed an hour. On several occasions the escape of the enemy from wreck was little less than miraculous. At one point a rail was placed across the track on a curve so skillfully that it was not seen till the train ran upon it at full speed. Fuller says that they were terribly jolted, and seemed to bounce altogether from the track, but lighted on the rails in safety. Some of the Confederates wished to leave a train which was driven at such a reckless rate, but their wishes were not gratified.

Before reaching Dalton we urged Andrews to turn and attack the enemy, laying an ambush so as to get into close quarters, that our revolvers might be on equal terms with their guns. I have little doubt that if this had been carried out it would have succeeded. But either because he thought the chance of wrecking or obstructing the enemy still good, or feared that the country ahead had been alarmed by a telegram around the Confederacy by the way of Richmond—Andrews merely gave the plan his sanction without making any attempt to carry it into execution.

Dalton was passed without difficulty, and beyond we stopped again to cut wires and to obstruct the track. It happened that a regiment was encamped not a hundred yards away, but they did not molest us. Fuller had written a dispatch to Chattanooga, and dropped a man with orders to have it forwarded instantly, while he pushed on to save the bridges. Part of the message got through and created a wild panic in Chattanooga, although it did not materially influence our fortunes. Our supply of fuel was now very short, and without getting rid of our pursuers long enough to take in more, it was evident that we could not run as far as Chattanooga.

While cutting the wire we made an attempt to get up another rail; but the enemy, as usual, were too quick for us. We had no tool for this purpose except a wedge-pointed iron bar. Two or three bent iron claws for pulling out spikes would have given us such uncontested superiority that, down to almost the last of our run, we should have been able to escape and even to burn all the Chickamauga bridges. But it had not been our intention to rely on this mode of obstruction—an emergency only rendered necessary by our unexpected delay and the pouring rain.

We made no attempt to damage the long tunnel north of Dalton, as our enemies had greatly dreaded. The last hope of the raid was now staked upon an effort of a different kind from any that we had yet made, but which, if successful, would still enable us to destroy the bridges nearest Chattanooga. But, on the other hand, its failure would terminate the chase. Life and success were put upon one throw.

A few more obstructions were dropped on the track, and our own speed increased so that we soon forged a considerable distance ahead. The side and end boards of the last car were torn into shreds, all available fuel was piled upon it, and blazing brands were brought back from the engine. By the time we approached a long, covered bridge a fire in the car was fairly started. We uncoupled it in the middle of the bridge, and with painful suspense waited the issue. Oh for a few minutes till the work of conflag-

gration was fairly begun! There was still steam pressure enough in our boiler to carry us to the next wood-yard, where we could have replenished our fuel by force, if necessary, so as to run as near to Chattanooga as was deemed prudent. We did not know of the telegraph message which the pursuers had sent ahead. But, alas! the minutes were not given. Before the bridge was extensively fired the enemy was upon us, and we moved slowly onward, looking back to see what they would do next. We had not long to conjecture. The Confederates pushed right into the smoke, and drove the burning car before them to the next side-track.

With no car left, and no fuel, the last scrap having been thrown into the engine or upon the burning car, and with no obstruction to drop on the track, our situation was indeed desperate. A few minutes only remained until our steed of iron which had so well served us would be powerless.

But it might still be possible to save ourselves. If we left the train in a body, and, taking a direct course towards the Union lines, hurried over the mountains at right angles with their course, we could not, from the nature of the country, be followed by cavalry, and could easily travel—athletic young men as we were, and fleeing for life—as rapidly as any pursuers. There was no telegraph in the mountainous districts west and north-west of us, and the prospect of reaching the Union lines seemed to me then, and has always since seemed, very fair. Confederate pursuers with whom I have since conversed freely have agreed on two points—that we could have escaped in the manner here pointed out, and that an attack on the pursuing train would likely have been successful. But Andrews thought otherwise, at least in relation to the former plan, and ordered us to jump from the locomotive one by one, and, dispersing in the woods, each endeavor to save himself. Thus ended the Andrews railroad raid.

It is easy now to understand why Mitchel paused thirty miles west of Chattanooga. The Andrews raiders had been forced to stop eighteen miles south of the same town, and no flying train met him with the expected tidings that

all railroad communications of Chattanooga were destroyed, and that the town was in a panic and undefended. He dared advance no farther without heavy reinforcements from Pittsburg Landing or the north; and he probably believed to the day of his death, six months later, that the whole Andrews party had perished without accomplishing anything.

A few words will give the sequel to this remarkable enterprise. There was great excitement in Chattanooga and in the whole of the surrounding Confederate territory for scores of miles. The hunt for the fugitive raiders was prompt, energetic, and completely successful. Ignorant of the country, disorganized, and far from the Union lines, they strove in vain to escape. Several were captured the same day on which they left the cars, and all but two within a week. Even these two were overtaken and brought back when they supposed that they were virtually out of danger. Two of those who had failed to be on the train were identified and added to the band of prisoners.

Now follows the saddest part of the story. Being in citizens' dress within an enemy's lines, the whole party were held as spies and closely and vigorously guarded. A court-martial was convened, and the leader and seven others out of the twenty-two were condemned and executed.|| The remainder were never brought to trial, probably because of the advance of Union forces and the consequent confusion into which the affairs of the Departments of East Tennessee and Georgia were thrown. Of the remaining fourteen, eight succeeded by a bold effort—attacking their guard in broad daylight—in making their escape from Atlanta, Georgia, and ultimately in reaching the North. The other six who shared in this effort, but were recaptured, remained prisoners until the latter part of March, 1863, when they were exchanged through a special arrangement made with Secretary Stanton. All the survivors of this expedition received medals and promotion. The pursuers also received expressions of gratitude from their fellow-Confederates, notably from the governor and the legislature of Georgia.

William Pittenger.

|| Below is a list of the participants in the raid:
 James J. Andrews,* leader; William Campbell,* a civilian who volunteered to accompany the raiders; George D. Wilson,* Company B, 2d Ohio Volunteers; Marion A. Ross,* Company A, 2d Ohio Volunteers; Perry G. Shadrack,* Company K, 2d Ohio Volunteers; Samuel Slavens,* 33d Ohio Volunteers; Samuel Robinson,* Company G, 33d Ohio Volunteers; John Scott,* Company K, 21st Ohio Volunteers; Wilson W. Brown,† Company F, 21st Ohio Volunteers; William Knight,† Company E, 21st Ohio Volunteers; Mark Wood,† Company C, 21st Ohio Volunteers; James A. Wilson,† Company C, 21st Ohio Volunteers; John

Wollam,† Company C, 33d Ohio Volunteers; D. A. Dorsey,† Company H, 33d Ohio Volunteers; Jacob Parrott,† Company K, 33d Ohio Volunteers; Robert Buffum,† Company H, 21st Ohio Volunteers; William Bensinger,† Company G, 21st Ohio Volunteers; William Reddick,† Company B, 33d Ohio Volunteers; E. H. Mason,† Company K, 21st Ohio Volunteers; William Pittenger,† Company G, 2d Ohio Volunteers.

J. R. Porter, Company C, 21st Ohio, and Martin J. Hawkins, Company A, 33d Ohio, reached Marietta, but did not get on board of the train. They were captured and imprisoned with their comrades.—EDITOR.

* Executed.

† Escaped.

‡ Exchanged.

BIRD MUSIC: PARTRIDGES AND OWLS.

PARTRIDGES.



THE peculiar interest in the partridge is owing to its close kinship with our domestic fowls.

The wild and the tame hens look alike and act alike: their habits are similar, their eggs differ only in size, and both prefer nests on the ground; both gather their chickens under their wings, and both call them with like clucks.

The partridge seems to have an appreciation of all this, and delights in coming near our buildings; even lighting upon them and on the well-curb, and flying down into the door-yard. Not long since, a young miss of the village where I dwell drove one into a shed, and caught it in her hands.

Living for more than thirty years in a grove, I have had interesting experiences with these birds. One evening last summer, on going, just at dark, to see what disturbed a hen grouping her chickens out-of-doors, I found a partridge sitting in her nest, refusing to be driven out by the proprietor, who was both picking it and striking it with her wings. I took it up, carried it into the house, examined it, and placed it on the floor. It was full grown and plump, but appeared to be unable to stand, lying quite motionless, as is the habit of the young in time of danger. The next morning, when I opened the door of the wood-house, where it had spent the night, instantly it hummed by my head and disappeared. The partridge has a rapid flight, and no bird surpasses it in swift sailing. What caused this particular one to seek the nest of the brooding hen at that hour is something of a mystery; it may have been hotly pursued by an owl.

But it is of the musical powers of the partridge that I wish to speak. One spring the neighboring children came in companies to see a partridge on her nest close by my barn. The novel sight was highly entertaining, but their eyes opened wider still when they saw and heard the performances of her mate on his favorite log. During the time the hen was laying her eggs and sitting, he often gave us the "stormy music of his drum." It was small trouble to arrange bushes on a fence near by so that one could creep up unseen, and get a

full view of the gallant thunderer perched on a knotty old hemlock log, mossy, and half buried in the ground; and "children of a larger growth," as well as the boys and girls, availed themselves of the opportunity. Of the many who saw him in the act of drumming, I do not recall one who had a correct idea beforehand of the way in which the "partridge thunder" is produced. It was supposed to be made by the striking of the bird's wings either against the log or against his body; whereas it was now plainly to be seen that the performer stood straight up, like a junk bottle, and brought his wings in front of him with quick, strong strokes, smiting nothing but the air—not even his "own proud breast," as one distinguished observer has suggested.

Wilson thinks the drumming may be heard nearly half a mile. He might safely have doubled the distance; though, when we consider the low pitch, B flat, second line in bass staff, the fact is surprising. The tones somewhat



resemble those of any deep drum, being very deceptive as to distance, often sounding near when far off, and far off when near. I would describe the drumming as a succession of thumps, the first dozen of which may be counted.

The first two or three are soft and comparatively slow; then they increase rapidly in force and frequency, rushing onward into a furious whir, the whir subsiding into a sudden but graduated diminish. The entire power of the partridge must be thrown into this exercise. His appearance immediately afterwards attests this, as well as the volume of sound; for he drops into the forlornest of attitudes, looking as if he would never move again. In a few minutes, however, perhaps five, he begins to have nervous motions of the head; up, up it goes, and his body with it, till he is perfectly erect—legs, body, neck, and all. And then for the thunder once more:



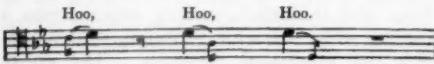
The partridge, as the bass drummer, is an important member of the feathered orchestra.

OWLS.

"Who ever heard an owl sing?" is asked in derision," says a delightful writer on natural subjects; and he himself seems almost willing to acknowledge that the owl does not sing, and even to doubt his hoot. However it may be elsewhere, up here among the Green Mountains owls hoot, and hoot well, with deep, strong voices that may be heard distinctly, of a calm evening, for a mile or more.

One winter, after six weeks of cold, perhaps the severest in fifteen years, the weather moderated, and the 3d of March was, comparatively, a mild day. An owl felt the change, and in his gladness sent down ponderous vesper notes from the mountain, which, as they came booming across the valley, bore joy to all that heard them.

The owl did not change the weather, but the weather changed the owl. After all that has been said for and against the ability of inferior creatures to foretell changes of weather, the sum of our knowledge amounts to about this: the senses of these beings are keener than our own, enabling them to feel the changes sooner than we can, and consequently to get a little before us with their predictions. On the present occasion, though it was almost dark, the guinea hens chimed in with their rasping voices, and the turkeys added their best gobbles in happy proclamation of the warm time coming. The owl gave three distinct hoots in succession, repeating them at intervals of about two minutes at first, afterwards with longer pauses. The first of these tones was preceded by a grace note; the second was followed by a thread-like slide down a fourth; and at the close of the third was a similar descent of an octave:



Neither slide, however, ended in a firm tone.

White of Selborne says that one of his musical friends decided that "all owls hoot in B flat"; another, that "they vary some, almost a half-note below A"; another still, that "the owls about the village hoot in three different keys—in G flat, in F sharp, in B flat, and in A flat." This Yankee owl, true to the instincts of the soil, hooted in a key of his own, E flat. Though all owls undoubtedly indulge in vocal expression, the little screech-owl is probably their best musical representative. Indeed, in point of individuality of style, this artist stands alone, and must be ranked as a singer. To be sure, he has nothing of the spontaneous joy of the robin, of the frolic flow of the bobolink, nothing of the clear, clean vigor of the

oriole; but he surpasses them all in tender, dulcet sentiment. Never attempting a boisterous strain, his utterances are pensive and subdued, often like a faint cry of despair. Chary of his powers, the screech-owl cuts his programme tormentingly short: and it is only after many trials that one is able to collect the disjointed strains that make his medley entire. Just at dark, some pleasant evening, you will hear his low, faint tremors. At first they may be heard perhaps every other minute, then the interim gradually lengthens, until by 9 o'clock his pauses become intolerably long. The tremors or trills are given with a swell, the *crescendo* being longer than the *diminuendo*:



This is repeated and repeated each evening without variation; but after long waiting and many disappointments comes a change that is at once a surprise and a delight:



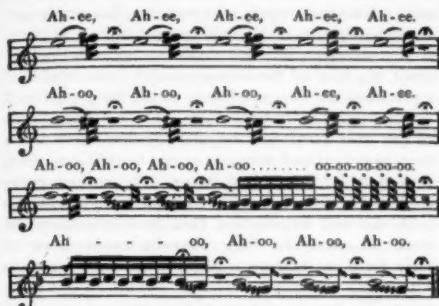
This owl ascends the scale generally not more than one or two degrees; the charm lies in his manner of descent, sometimes by a third, again by a fourth, and still again by a sixth. At the outset one is inclined to decide that the descent is according to the chromatic scale; then the steps will seem too short, sounding not more than half so long as those of this scale. I can best describe it as a sliding *tremolo*—a trickling down, like water over pebbles:



So rapidly and neatly is it done that an expert violinist could not easily reproduce it. Perhaps the descent of the whinny of a horse comes the nearest to it of any succession of natural sounds; and this, Gardner says, conforms to the chromatic scale.

One September morning something woke me at 2 o'clock. My head was soon out of the window, and just in time to hear what I had waited for for more than a year. My little screech-owl had come to make amends for his tantalizing delays. I had heard the strains

before, but had not secured them. They were as follows:



It is hard to believe that so gentle pleadings can accompany thoughts intent on plunder and blood. I do not know where to look again for so painful a contradiction as exists between the tones of this bird and his wicked work. Wilson, noticing the inconsistency between his utterances and his actions, says of

one he had in confinement, that at twilight he "flew about the room with the silence of thought, and, perching, moaned out his melancholy notes with many lively gesticulations not at all in accordance with the pitiful tone of his ditty, which reminded one of a half-frozen puppy."

The naturalist is glad to be a "companion of owls" for a season, willingly taking the risk of their making night hideous and keeping him awake with their "snoring."

Owls have always been hooted at as well as hooting. "As stupid as an owl," "tough as a b'iled owl"—these expressions of reproach are still in vogue. But let us give the owl his due. An intelligent and apparently honest man tells me that he once ate of an owl—fattened on chickens, by the way, filched from him with surpassing cunning—and found it as sweet and tender fowl as he had ever tasted. So, it seems, the owl is not always stupid, nor always tough. Few birds are clad in finer raiment, and no other inhabitants of the air fly with so velvet-like, so silent wings.

Simeon Pease Cheney.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

An Issue that cannot be Ignored.

NOTHING is more encouraging to the advocates of civil service reform than the constantly increasing sensitiveness of the public mind upon this question. This is shown with striking force whenever a violation of the law is reported in any quarter, and especially in Washington. Only a few weeks ago, for example, a report was published that a circular had been sent from Washington, with the knowledge and approval of the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury and of the Public Printer, calling upon the postmasters of New York State to furnish lists of voters to whom political documents could be sent. Instantly there was an outcry from all parts of the country against this proposal as a violation of the civil service law. The two officials who were charged with giving their approval hastened to say that they had done so only in the most informal way, that they had not signed the circular, and that they had no intention of sanctioning any violation either of the letter or the spirit of the law. The circular itself was summarily suppressed.

To realize the progress which has been made, we have only to contrast the spirit in which the public received this news of an attempt to use the post office for political purposes with that which it would have shown towards a similar effort a few years ago. There would have been no protest heard then, save from a few persons and newspapers with whom civil service reform was a "hobby" or "fad," advocated with such persistency as to be in danger of becoming a public bore. Now the mere suspicion of a violation of the

law, either in the appointment of a person to office or in the administration of a department, is sufficient to set the whole country a-talking.

The political managers who are mapping out the next campaign will do well to give more than perfunctory notice to this new attitude of public sentiment. A mere plank of approval and sympathy in the party platforms will not be sufficient. There must be a specific and hearty pledge to carry forward and extend the scope of the reform, and there must be put on the platforms candidates whose characters and public records will be such as to give promise that their efforts will be earnestly devoted to the fulfillment of the pledge in case of election. For great and encouraging as is the progress which has been made, the reform is really only in its first stage. Only a very small proportion of the public service is yet within the limits of our civil service rules. The country will not be freed from the evils of the spoils system till the whole public service is so completely removed from the reach of the politicians that we can hold a presidential election with the certainty that, whatever may be the result, not a single subordinate in the employ of our Government need to fear that he will lose his place so long as he does his duty faithfully and efficiently.

It will be a great mistake for the political managers to think that the tariff issue, important and absorbing as it is in public interest, can be depended upon to overshadow that of civil service reform. The sensitiveness of the public mind, to which we have alluded, is due in great measure to the knowledge that at heart the mere politicians of both parties have never had any

sympathy with the reform, and are ready now, as they always have been, to desert it if they think they can do so safely. Some of them may think that the looked-for opportunity has arrived this year, but they will make a serious mistake if they act upon that supposition. The American people, with their quick intelligence, have caught a glimpse, from what has been accomplished by the partial application of the reform principles, of the immeasurable gain to the political health of the country which would follow from their full application. They detest the spoils system as they have never detested it before, and the political party which ventures at this late day to attempt to stay the work of that system's destruction will simply be trifling with its own fortunes.

We say this deliberately and confidently. The golden time of the mere politician—that is, of the man who is in politics simply for the money that is in it—has passed in this country. We are entering upon an era in which he must necessarily play a minor part. We have saved our Union, and are now turning our attention to the problem of how best to govern it. There can be no doubt about the fact of this transition. The questions to which the public mind turn most readily are conclusive evidence upon this point. Proposals for reform in our election methods, for the regulation, restriction, or suppression of the liquor-traffic and its portentous train of evils, and for intelligent and thoughtful consideration of the tariff problem command universal attention. In every State in the Union these, with that of the elimination of the public service from politics, are the absorbing topics. They show that the Parliament of Ghosts in which we have been wrangling so long has at last been dissolved, and the Parliament of Living Issues has been opened in its stead. In this new field of discussion the intelligence of the country must take the lead and hold it; that intelligence will force forward the work of civil service reform at the same time that it discusses other vital questions, and the politicians cannot hinder its progress.

The Newspaper Side of Literature.

THE student of our first half-century of national history can hardly fail to be impressed by the nervous directness, exactness, and consequent force of the American state papers of that time. While diplomatic documents in every other part of the world were marked by circuitousness, tergiversation, and a style too vicious to be classed even as slovenly, the American proclamation, petition, or diplomatic or political argument was quite certain to be marked by clear-cut purpose, masculine vigor of expression, and close adaptation of words to ideas. All this was undoubtedly due to long and intense thinking on subjects of the highest importance to the thinkers, and to a somewhat narrow field of reading: restricted to the study of the greater masters of English style, the great American writers were able to wing every word with an exact understanding of its purport, and of its strongest use.

It can hardly be possible to overestimate the educational influence which must have been exerted on the American people by the constant reading of their own political literature at a time when there was little or no native drama, poetry, or history, and when the attention of the newspaper reader was concentrated

on politics and state papers. If the American's reading matter was limited, it was marked by dignity, by a freedom from meanness of conception or treatment, and by a copious supply of sound English words and an evident power of discrimination in the use of them. If Massachusetts Bay had a controversy with her governor, the case of the commonwealth was stated with a precision and a completeness which the great Greek orator could hardly have surpassed; and documents of this sort fashioned popular discussion in every town-meeting and around every hearthstone from Boston to the Connecticut River. The contemporary reader of the American Declaration of Independence could not well help seeing that those phrases which were blistering in their intensity owed much of their force to their contrast with the cold exactness with which words were used elsewhere in the document. The finest specimen of those political pamphlets which depend on their simplicity for their effectiveness with the people is Tom Paine's "Common Sense," but it is a masterpiece of rhetoric: there is not a flaw in the design, nor an imperfection in the workmanship, to make it a bad literary influence upon the people to whom it was addressed. And, on the other hand, the immediate practical effect of that far more ambitious effort, the "Federalist," shows that long previous training had produced a type of reader of very high mental caliber: the work is now a profound treatise on our constitutional law, a fair appreciation of which must be confined to a comparatively small and specially educated class; but in 1787-88 it was no more than a series of newspaper appeals to the legal voters of the State of New York. Common schools may have been few, colleges poor, and universities non-existent; but the documents which the scanty newspaper literature of the time gave to the people were in themselves an education. Even those writings in which a lack of thorough early training is occasionally betrayed by an over-fondness for long words or labored efforts, though they may thereby become ponderous, do not become turgid or inexact. The rule was that the American diplomatic or political writer said what he meant to say, and said it in the fittest words.

Such a process of popular education ought to go far to explain the completeness with which all departments of American literature finally blossomed forth. The people had been versed for years in that which, if it was only one branch of literature, had been handled in a manner little short of perfection. If the popular literary standards were few, they were of a very high order and of a kind particularly serviceable in the detection of mere show and pretense; and the men who, in other departments of literary work, were at last able to come fully up to these standards, were necessarily men of such power that their work at once took a permanent place in the literature of the race.

But not all the credit should be given to the ability of the writers; a large part of it is due to the existence of a class of readers, trained to high demands by the quality of their current reading, furnished mainly by the newspapers. If the strength of the new American literature was drawn from Shakspere, from the prose of Milton, from the English translators of the Bible, it had come through the declarations of colonial rights and the petitions of the Continental Congress to the king, through the Declaration of Independence, the

speeches of Patrick Henry and Fisher Ames, the pamphlet wars of "Helvidius" and "Pacificus," the protests against search and impressment: narrow as the newspaper channels had been, they had carried into the new American literature its full share of Shakspere's exactness and of Milton's power.

How much of an improvement have we in Hoe's wonderful presses, in the steam which drives them, and in the electricity which makes the modern newspaper "the history of the world for a day"? Its reader has his ten pages a day and perhaps thirty-two pages on Sundays; he has hundreds of thousands of advertisements a year, and is himself numbered among hundreds of thousands of readers; he has daily news of the passing illnesses of crowned heads, the daily happenings of every corner of his own and other countries, everything that may be called "new," no matter how inane or evil. He lays his newspaper down and rises bewildered by a phantasmagoria of unconnected facts relating to every part of the universe, with his taste vitiated by slang, bad English, loose information, everything which can dissipate his mental energies, and with his heart, it may be, corrupted by grosser evils. Is he a clearer-headed, a wiser, or a better man than the New Yorker of just a hundred years ago, who, folding up his "Independent Gazetteer" and not caring a jot that he had not heard from Boston in two days or from North Carolina in two weeks, went quietly home to meditate on or discuss an essay of Hamilton, Madison, or Jay? Does the "successful" modern newspaper make its readers better critics than were made by its predecessors of years ago? The newspaper of the past gave us, in the fullness of time, a literature whose names, from Bryant to Prescott and Motley, are classic. What sort of literature is our popular modern newspaper likely to give us?

It would be unfair to ignore the fact that some of our newspapers do exert the best literary influence on their readers, and conscientiously subordinate other features of their work to their duties as educators. But the typical modern newspaper, to meet the taste which it has created, must surrender whole columns to writers who aim only at being amusing, and often succeed only in being pert, slangy, or scandalous; and it must find or invent "news" items which have about as lofty an influence on the minds of readers as the wonders of the fair had on the mind of Moses Primrose. A continual flood of such matter is not to be offset or corrected by an occasional brilliant editorial, or a half-column speech by a public man, or a "syndicate" story by a good writer. And the effects are cumulative: such newspapers are steadily training a large number of readers to false standards in the only literature of which they have close and daily experience; and the newspapers themselves are as steadily being forced to an adoption of these false standards. In brief, the newspaper of the past, by reason of its lack of opportunity, was compelled to restrict its readers to matter of permanent educational value; the newspaper of the present, through its superabundance of opportunity, is too often training its readers out of all knowledge of or care for educational standards.

The only remedy which can be suggested is in that which will naturally work itself out of a general recognition of the evils to be corrected. As the sense of public duty grows keener, as it comes to be seen that

public office is not the only public trust, the journalist will cease to think or act as if his profession had no mission; as if circulation were its highest good, and advertisements the noblest result of it. It cannot but be that the American newspaper shall become again an educating force, higher and nobler than its prototype, whose virtue was based in impotence. Notwithstanding all the evil tendencies of current journalism,—the disregard of accuracy, the irreverence, the cruel and impudent gossip,—there are indications which are highly encouraging.

The fact must be recognized that not all the successful methods of the immense dailies are bad methods. There is a certain thoroughness and enterprise about them that impresses, and which will be a feature of the management of the ideal "newspaper of the future." We notice, also, a tendency in some of the most sensational of these papers towards better things—towards a certain legitimate "sensationalism." Manners and methods have been modified under an increasing sense of responsibility and in the endeavor to reach a solid as well as numerous circulation. We have spoken recently of the growing independence of the political press, of which independence examples accumulate. The sensational newspaper's editorial page already often shows a gravity and pith of style evidencing ability and conscience. There is a growing tendency towards the fearless, generous, and public-spirited discussion of living questions. Let us hope that these signs indicate a reaction against a state of things that is deprecated by the best men engaged in the profession of daily journalism.

With all its faults the newspaper of to-day is a tremendous power for good; for the perpetuation of freedom; for the criticism and reform of government; for the betterment of social conditions. The daily press has reformed many things, and ought to be, and is, fully able to reform itself.

New England Defending States Rights.

ONE of the most interesting features of our national development since the restoration of the Union is the manner in which the two sections are contributing to the preservation of our common inheritance. It is a very striking and suggestive fact that a conspicuous Union soldier from New England should now come to the rescue of the South in defense of a sound constitutional principle, which, although always associated in the popular mind with the South, has seemed of late years to be losing its proper hold upon Southern men. The debate on the Blair bill in the Senate a few weeks ago was rendered notable by a most vigorous States rights speech from General Joseph R. Hawley, one of Connecticut's representatives in the upper branch of Congress. It is true that General Hawley opposed the scheme of Federal aid to schools in the South upon other grounds, especially on the theory that such aid from Washington would prove demoralizing to the spirit of self-help; but the burden of his speech was the contention that the proposed system would involve an encroachment by the General Government upon the rights of the States, and would thus pave the way for an ultimate revolution in the relations between them.

The necessities of the war and the exigencies of the reconstruction period vastly strengthened the authority

and power of the Federal Government, and correspondingly weakened the influence of the States. After that anomalous period ended, two other motives conspired to assist these tendencies. On the one hand, the proper and reasonable prerogatives of the State suffered from having a bad name in the victorious section. Northern people remembered that "States rights" had been the plea upon which secession was based, and consequently they felt a not unnatural impatience whenever they heard the term again used. On the other hand, Southern people found that a firm adherence to strict theory of the rights of the States, so far from being "money in their pockets," might mean the loss of appropriations from the Federal treasury which they could get by waiving it. The province of the State was thus assailed by Northerners enamored of Federal power, while its traditional defenders in the South were tempted to forego resistance by the advantages in the shape of dollars and cents which would follow their surrender.

The layman may hesitate to express an opinion as to whether or not the Blair bill is constitutional when he finds distinguished constitutional lawyers at variance regarding it; but the layman cannot fail to recognize the fact that the arguments urged in defense of the measure, if pushed to their logical conclusion, threaten accessions to Federal power, and inroads upon the just bounds of State authority, which eventually must disturb the harmony of our dual system of government. The difficulty in resisting this tendency was twofold. In the first place, too many people in the North resented such resistance when offered by Southerners as only another manifestation of the "States rights" idea, towards which, in its ante-bellum form, they had conceived a violent aversion; in the second place, too many people in the South were inclined to give over a resistance based on theory in order to grasp a practical advantage.

In such a situation there was needed a bold, vigorous, and convincing assertion and defense of just States

rights by a Northern man, who, as a Union soldier, had fought against an unjust theory of States rights, and whose political relations relieved him from the imputation of seeking personal or partisan ends in making such a deliverance. General Hawley was exactly the man needed. He had been a prominent officer on the Northern side in the civil war; he has been a prominent leader in the Republican party since the war; he has been often enough suggested as a candidate for President to be free from the charge of trying to make capital by a speech which was altogether too pronounced to fit the modern standards of non-committal "availability."

The speech was worthy of the occasion, and there are abundant signs that it has produced a marked effect. It is especially noteworthy and encouraging to find evidence that this defense of States rights by a Union soldier from the North is strengthening in the faith of self-government those Southern men who, having once carried the theory of State authority too far, had seemed of late in danger of not carrying it far enough. All the circumstances which attended the delivery of the speech combined to secure for it the attention of thoughtful men throughout the country, and especially in the South, and a candid consideration of its arguments could not fail to secure a wide acceptance of its conclusions.

A quarter of a century ago nothing could have seemed more absurd than the idea that the South would ever waver in its devotion to "States rights," unless it were the idea that it would need the appeal of a Northern man to recall it to its senses. Yet we have seen both of these things come to pass. We have heard men who tried to secede from the Union, because they thought their States could not get their alleged rights in the Union, return to the Union and avow their readiness to surrender the actual rights of their States; and then we have heard one of the men who fought to overthrow secession protesting against such surrender of State rights by the men who had tried to establish secession.

OPEN LETTERS.

Make your Daughters Independent.

IT is the refinement of cruelty to educate girls in the aimless fashion of to-day. Boys are trained to look forward to a career of usefulness while girls grow up without any fixed purpose in life, unless indeed their hopes and ambitions center upon marriage, as is most often the case.

While it is natural and right for girls to look forward to marriage, it will be well for them all when they fully appreciate the undeniable fact that marriage is a remoter possibility now than it was in the days of their grandmothers, and that even those whose fondest dreams may one day be realized have much to do and to learn before they are ready for the life upon which they will enter with such high and happy hopes. No woman is qualified for marriage until she understands domestic economy in all its branches; the management of servants and the care of the sick and children; is proficient in needle-work; and be-

sides all this possesses a thorough knowledge of some business, profession, trade, or calling which will insure her independence on occasion. Now, as a rule, none of these things are taught in school. It is obvious, therefore, that if they are to be learned it must be done after school life is over.

How often one hears a married woman, the mother of a young family who would look to her for support if suddenly deprived of their natural protector, deplore her ignorance of any one accomplishment that would afford her a competence. It is not too much to say that such a one had no right to marry. It was assuming too great a risk; for no more cruel fate can befall a woman than to be cast upon a cold and heartless world without the means of earning a livelihood for herself and those who may be dependent upon her.

A time is liable to come in every life when the all-important question will arise, What can I do to make money? The possession of wealth is one of the most

uncertain things in life, especially in this country. On the other side of the water, where estates remain in the same family from one generation to another, there is more stability in riches. But here a man may be rich to-day, poor to-morrow, and in a few short months or years his children may see want: witness the series of financial crashes that have lately visited this country. There is many a one suffering to-day for the common necessities of life whose future seemed radiant with the light of assured prosperity when the New Year dawned.

Upon none does the weight of such sore trials fall more heavily than upon the women who, having been reared in the lap of luxury, are thus suddenly forced by cruel necessity to turn their attention to something that will keep the wolf from the door. But why did they not anticipate misfortune and make provision for it in more prosperous days? Simply because they had not the courage to defy public opinion.

There is a class of women who need more sympathy and get less than their share. They are those who in girlhood, through no fault of their own, led the listless, aimless life already described, but who in late years, by some untoward circumstance, are brought face to face with the sad realities of life. Cultured, refined women, who have seen better days, find the struggle for life far more bitter than their more fortunate sisters whose position in life has always been such as to necessitate their earning their own livings. It is for such this plea is made.

Domestic servants are well off in America; they are the most independent class of women-workers. The great army of shop girls, factory girls, sewing girls, those engaged in trades of all kinds, may congratulate themselves upon their comparatively happy lot. They often look with envy upon those who, they fancy, are better off than themselves. Let them cultivate a spirit of contentment. There are trials—bitter, bitter trials—in the lives of some of those they are foolish enough to envy, of which they know nothing. There are miseries of which they never dream.

An accomplished lady, daughter of an army officer who some score or more of years ago served his country nobly in her hour of peril, is to-day learning the art of telegraphy in one of our Western cities, in the hope that she may be enabled thereby to support her little children. In the happy home of her youth no expense was spared upon this lady's education. She was exceptionally talented and won an enviable reputation as a skillful pianist. It was not surprising that this petted favorite of fortune contracted a brilliant marriage. Her pathway seemed strewn with roses, and for years not a cloud of care or sorrow shadowed her young life. But trouble came at last. Death robbed her, at one stroke, of her noble husband and a much loved child. Then financial troubles followed, and in a few short months this delicately nurtured gentlewoman found herself bereft of fortune also.

Grief-stricken as she was, she felt that there was something still left to live for; and, for the sake of her two little ones, she took up the burden of life and faced the future bravely. Naturally she thought her knowledge of music would afford her the needed means of support. But, alas! she soon found that accomplishments are of small avail in the struggle for a living, and that teaching music was too precarious a

means of earning money to be depended upon with any degree of certainty for the support of a family. Although so costly a thing to acquire, an education cannot always be made to yield proper returns for the time and money expended upon it. The bitter truth soon forced itself upon this unfortunate woman's mind that a servant in anybody's kitchen was better off, financially, than she. She must therefore learn something at once that will be of more marketable value than the accomplishments of which, until now, she has all her life been justly proud. Hence we find her laboring to master a new and difficult art at an age when study is not an easy matter. Her children, meanwhile, are being cared for by kind friends.

Would it not be wiser far to induce young girls in thousands of happy, prosperous homes to make ample provision for any and all emergencies that the future may have in store for them? Could a better use be found for some of the years that intervene between the time a girl leaves school and the time she may reasonably hope to marry? The field for woman's work has been opened up of late years in so many different directions that a vocation can easily be found, outside the profession of teaching, that will be quite as congenial to refined tastes, and considerably more lucrative. Book-keeping, type-writing, telegraphy, stenography, engraving, dentistry, medicine, nursing, and a dozen other occupations might be mentioned. Then, too, industrial schools might be established, where the daughters of wealthy parents could be trained in the practical details of any particular industry for which they displayed a special aptitude. If it is not beneath the sons and daughters of a monarch to learn a trade, it ought not to be beneath the sons and daughters of republican America to emulate their good example, provided they possess the requisite ability to do so.

Two years will suffice to make any bright, quick girl conversant with all the mysteries of the art of housekeeping, especially if she be wise enough to study the art practically as well as theoretically. The management of servants and the care of the sick and children will be incidentally learned in most homes, and can be supplemented by a more extended study of physiology, hygiene, etc., than was possible at school. Sewing need not be neglected either, while leisure will readily be found for reading or any other recreation that may suit individual tastes. Another year, or longer, may be added to the time devoted to these pursuits, if desired. But, above all, let two or three years be conscientiously set apart for the express purpose of acquiring a thorough experimental knowledge of some art or vocation which would render its possessor self-supporting and, consequently, independent.

If the tide of public opinion favoring such a course would but set in, many a one would be spared untold suffering and misery in after life. Let the rich set the example in this matter. They can afford to do whatever pleases them, and, therefore, have it in their power to mold public opinion. Be not afraid, girls, that you will find your self-imposed task irksome. Remember that occupation is necessary to happiness, and that there is no reason why you should not dream while you work.

The cry will be raised that there is danger that such a plan as the one advocated here will tend to

give girls a distaste for the quiet retirement of home, but there is little cause for fear. Not one girl in twenty will voluntarily choose a business life in preference to domestic happiness. Indeed, it is absolutely certain that happy marriages would be promoted by this very independence among women. Not being at leisure to nurse every passing fancy, girls would elect to wait patiently until the light of true love came into their lives.

G. Andrews.

Manual Training in the Toledo Schools.

THE manual-training branch of the Toledo city schools, organized over five years ago, has steadily grown in popularity and usefulness. It was looked upon at its beginning with suspicion and distrust, but its projectors determined to give it a fair trial. The manual-training work began in a humble way in a small room with sixty boys and girls in the classes. These were pupils of the public schools, and did their regular school work in connection with free-hand and mechanical drawing, and carpentry in the manual department. The school began to make friends of its enemies. Those who had indulged in hostile criticism of the enterprise gradually grew silent. The second year a large four-story brick building was erected, and equipped with steam power, benches, tools, lathes, and forges. Ample room was provided for free-hand and mechanical drawing, special prominence being given to architectural and perspective work. A domestic economy department was added, in which girls study the chemistry of foods and their preparation for the table. A sewing class has been organized, in which the cutting and fitting of garments is taught. A class in clay modeling mold the forms and designs used in the arts. The students have increased to about three hundred in all departments, and from the beginning have manifested the greatest interest and enthusiasm for the work. This intense interest in the new work had at first to be so modified as not to interfere with the regular prosecution of the intellectual or class-room work proper. After some experimenting, the two lines of work were harmoniously adjusted to each other. Boys and girls pass from their algebra and history to their drawing, wood-carving, or clay modeling, and from these again to geometry and English literature, with a hearty zest for all. The girls in the domestic economy department con their Vergils or don their cooking suits, and prepare with ease and grace such savory and palatable food as would mollify the most radical opponent of industrial training. In short, there is such a harmonious blending of the useful and the practical with the higher intellectual culture, that the unprejudiced observer needs but to inspect the work to be convinced of the reasonableness and great utility of such training. The advantages of the manual department are open to none except pupils of the public schools. Those who take the manual work do the same amount of mental work in the regular class-room studies as those who have no work in the industrial department.

The objection was raised by many in the beginning that the manual work would impede the pupils' mental progress. I cannot see that it does, and no one here now believes that it does. On the contrary, I am convinced by a comparison of pupils' records in the dif-

ferent departments that if the two lines of work are properly adjusted to each other the manual work stimulates and quickens the intellectual development, and promotes the mental progress of the students. The opposition to manual training manifested in various quarters arises largely from the lamentable ignorance which prevails as to its aims and results. Many seem to think that the sole object of industrial training is to make mechanics and train them to mere manual dexterity. This is an utterly erroneous idea. The manual work is to train the senses, to quicken the perceptive power, and to form the judgment by furnishing the pupil an opportunity to study at the bench, forge, lathe, and engine the nature of matter and the manifestations of force. It is purely educational in its object. It first teaches the pupils to portray in the drawing a variety of beautiful and useful forms, and then to embody these forms in wood, clay, and metals. It teaches how to express thought, not in words alone, but in things. It produces nothing for the market except well-trained minds, seeing eyes, and skillful hands. In the ordinary factory, which produces for the market, the individual is nothing, the article is everything. In the manual-training school the articles made are of no moment, the boys and girls are all-important. As soon as a pupil makes one thing well, he is led on to something higher and better. The pupils make many useful and beautiful things, but these are of no value compared with the knowledge gained, the symmetrical mental development acquired. Some of the advantages, other than those named, apparent from the manual work combined in this way with the public school studies, are: the industrial work holds a far greater proportion of pupils throughout the entire course of study, and thus gives them the benefits of a more complete education; it conduces to their moral welfare, not that it gives them "a passport to heaven," but employs all their time in a pleasant and healthful way, thus preventing idleness and crowding out impure conceptions that might find a harbor in the young mind; it dignifies and exalts labor, and teaches respect for the laboring man; it teaches no special trade and yet lays the foundation for any trade, and gives the youth such knowledge and skill that he becomes a sounder and better judge of men and things in whatever business or profession he may engage. Manual training is a successful and satisfactory branch of study in the Toledo schools, not because it is theoretically a good thing, nor because it is given undue prominence and special advantages, but because it is in harmony with the nature of things, has a noble purpose in view, has been well managed, has good instructors, and has proved itself of great value to the pupils.

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Emerson's Message.

MR. BURROUGHS remarks that the main ground of kinship between Emerson and Carlyle is "the heroic sentiment" which both convey to their readers. The comparison suggests a contrast. Every reader of the two feels this essential difference: Carlyle rouses courage, but Emerson inspires the sense of triumph. In Carlyle's pages man seems battling against the universe; in Emerson's company we feel that man is

victorious because the universe is his friend. This difference is very deep,—it is almost the difference between a gospel and no gospel. It is indeed a grand thing to say, "Gospel or no gospel, God or no God, immortals or ephemerals, let us still be true and brave." The whole force of that message Carlyle gives us. But Emerson gives something more. He brings *glad tidings*,—the sense of victory; the sense that life and death are man's friends and servants; the sense of serene and radiant joy. The essential difference between the two may be summed up by saying that Emerson has a God, and Carlyle has none.

I have not the least disposition to hold a brief as "devil's advocate" against Carlyle in this matter, but he seems never to have been reconciled with life; never to have clearly recognized a beneficent order through its seeming chaos, or felt himself at home and at rest. He seems always shut up in his own hungers, ambitions, achievements, megrims, and dyspepsia. His own personality shut him in like a prison-house; and looking out from its windows, he saw the universe as only a vast phantasmagoria. Perhaps I misunderstand or underrate him. But as regards Emerson, it seems to be this consideration alone which brings out his true greatness—that he discerned the universe as divine to its inmost core. We rightly call him a seer. And what did he see? God, everywhere. It is the sight of God that he helps us to,—the sense of God that he wakes in us. The truest lover of Emerson loves him best for making an access into heaven,—a heaven both present and eternal; and it is not Emerson's personality, dear though that be, on which his thought most rests, but that vision of the heavenly reality to which the poet has helped him.

A legend relates that when the followers of Mahomet stood mourning beside his bier one of them roused the other by the question, "Is it then Mahomet that you have believed in, or the God of Mahomet?" It is not himself merely that Emerson makes us believe in; nor is it itself,—but something infinitely greater.

Emerson did not speak the speech or think the thoughts of what we commonly call Christianity. Yet Christianity instinctively recognizes him as its friend. Its message and his message are at heart the same. Both are favorable answers to the one supreme question always confronting man: "Is the universe my friend, or my foe, or indifferent to me?" While so many are answering the question mournfully or carelessly by "Not proven," the strong uplifting answer of faith is spoken by the older language of Christianity, and in new tongues of to-day.

It is the newness of the tongue that gives occasion to point out and enforce the substance of Emerson's message. How far his opinions were from the theology of Christianity is clear enough. Of his attitude towards its dogmas Dr. Holmes has said, "He was an iconoclast without a hammer, who took down our idols so tenderly that it seemed like an act of worship." But the positiveness and greatness of his faith may at first elude full recognition, because of the unfamiliarity of its forms of expression. The divine reality came home to him with such freshness and power that it coined new names and phrases for itself.

It is always through some mediator, something directly appreciable to its human faculties, that the soul learns to discern the infinite. The mediator whom

Christianity offers is a single man, so human that every man may feel his kinship, so lovely that all must love him, so visibly manifesting a divine power that through him we see God. The power, the genuineness of this revelation through Christ, as an experience of human souls, must affect with inexpressible reverence and tenderness even those to whom it is not a personal experience. But to another class of minds, whom Emerson represents, the revelation comes in a different channel. The mediums through which Emerson sees God are nature and humanity. Through nature, beauty; through humanity, love. It is a wonderful, newly awakened sense in the human mind, by which the majesty of the external world is felt as the manifestation of a spiritual presence. As a friend's face expresses to us the friend, so earth and sea and sky express the divine soul within,—the "over-soul," as Emerson called it. This revealing, sacramental significance of nature seems in its fullness a new birth of recent times. Wordsworth voices it, Emerson voices it, but they and such as they are only the highest peaks that catch the sunrise first. The response which their words waken comes because in other minds the same mystic power is working.

It is by another kind of insight that in the world of mankind—so strange, so troubled, so chaotic, as it often seems to us—Emerson sees as in a mirror perpetual glimpses and reflections of the divine. It is because of the sympathy with which he regards men—a sympathy born of largeness of perception and sweetenss of feeling—that he discerns in them such sacred worth, such hint of divinity. It is at this point that he seems especially near to Christianity's founder. The sentiment we see in Christ towards erring men is not abhorrence of their guilt, but pity, and infinite faith in their possibilities, and closest identification with them. Just as he says, "My Father," he teaches the people about him to say "Our Father"; of those who seek to do the will of God he says, "Behold my mother and my sisters and my brethren"; of service done to the wretched he declares, "Ye have done it unto me"; looking upon young children he exclaims, "In heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father." Who of us has not sometimes seen heaven reflected in the face of a little child? To catch the divine likeness in the older faces—care-worn, haggard, perhaps sin-stained—demands a finer insight than most of us possess.

In one of the finest passages of Faust, Goethe gives grand expression to a poetic conception of God, in the lines beginning, "Who dare express Him?" But in what follows there is a fatal omission; the ethical element is wholly absent. There is in the vision of that high-wrought moment not one trait which shall rise in awful forbidding between Faust and the victim of his selfish desire. There is no such defect in Emerson. The crystalline atmosphere of his soul is purified by ever-present sense of right. The highest place among his deities belongs to justice, purity, love. The sense of arduous moral combat, indeed, he rarely stirs within us; with him we are in the atmosphere not of battle fought, but of victory serenely enjoyed. If Carlyle gives us any gospel it is, as has been well said, the gospel of combat. But Emerson seems to have been one of the rarely happy souls to whom ancestral inheritance, temperament, health, and circumstances make greatness easy and natural.

There is a wonderful combination in him of homely reality and the highest ideality. He has a keen eye for all details. He looks over an engine like a mechanic, and on crops like a farmer. In every nook and cranny of the world he is familiarly at home. And it is all a divine world to him. In his devotion there is none of that feverish and hectic exaltation to which one is liable whose visits to the upper ether are rare and transient. There is no passion in his affirmations,—he is too certain to be passionate. Each aspect of affairs in turn—nature, science, art, literature, labor—confides to him its inner, spiritual secret. Science is to him the investigation of the divine order. Art is the creation of beauty by man working under a divine impulse and towards a divine model. So of all things.

The most distinctive attribute of Emerson among other religious teachers is his cheer. He is as cheerful as nature. To induce sober submission to the inevitable, to breed stoic fortitude, to assuage sorrow with the gleam of a distant hope,—these are not his functions; rather, to vivify the soul with the thrilling sense of infinite triumph. Through him again the voice breaks upon the world, heard now and again through the ages, each time with a larger hope, a nearer promise: "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound."

Deepest, subtlest, hardest to express is the soul's sense of Divinity within itself,—a Power one with the soul's own highest self; drawing gradually with intenser energy the whole of self into harmony with that higher self and with its source; acting outwardly upon other lives; promising something of future attainment, of which all our phrases about immortality seem but meager hints. Says Emerson (I quote imperfectly from memory), "Alone, original, and pure, the soul opens itself to the Lonely, the Original, the Pure, who on that condition gladly enters it, abides in it, acts through it." Said Jesus, "My Father and I are one."

Great authors beggar their commentators. In trying to re-state the central thoughts of Emerson one feels how the master is his own best interpreter; to what poor shifts of expression, what re-employment of outgrown language, one is driven to body forth the truth which glows new-born and majestic in his pages. To illustrate by quotation seems almost superfluous; one has only to open him at random to find copious illustration. Yet I may transcribe here a few lines from his poetry, in instance of some of these remarks. The revelation through nature is expressed in almost every poem. Read "Monadnoc," and "May-Day," and "Woodnotes." This is the close of the apostrophe to spring, at the end of "May-Day":

For thou, O Spring! canst renovate
All that high God did first create
Purge alpine air by towns defiled,
Bring to fair mother fairer child;
Not less renew the heart and brain,
Scatter the sloth, wash out the stain,
Make the aged eye sun-clear,
To parting soul bring grandeur near.
Under gentle types, my Spring
Masks the might of Nature's king,
An energy that searches thorough
From Chaos to the dawning morrow:
Into all our human plight,
The soul's pilgrimage and flight;
In city or in solitude,

Step by step, life had to good,
Without halting, without rest,
Lifting better up to best;
Planting seeds of knowledge pure,
Through earth to ripen, through heaven endure.

For Divinity revealed in man, and for a great deal besides, read "Saadi."

Nor scour the seas, nor sift mankind,
A poet or a friend to find:
Behold, he watches at the door!
Behold his shadow on the floor!
Open innumerable doors
The heaven where unveiled Allah pours
The flood of truth, the flood of good,
The seraph's and the cherub's food.
Those doors are men: the Pariah hind
Admits thee to the perfect Mind.

For the sovereignty of the ethical sense, it may be enough to cite two familiar stanzas:

So near to grandeur is our dust,
So nigh is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, *thou must*,
The youth replies, *I can*.

Though Love repine, and Reason chafe,
There came a voice without reply,—
'T is man's perdition to be safe,
When for the truth he ought to die!

For simple and pure delight in Nature's familiar companionship, take "Waldeinsamkeit." An exultant joy in the survey of the long service of time and matter to man finds voice in the Song of Nature. The sense of a universal, indwelling Deity inspires the final strain of "Woodnotes."

And conscious Law is King of kings.
As the bee through the garden ranges,
From world to world the Godhead changes;
As the sheep go feeding in the waste,
From form to form he maketh haste;
This vault which glows immense with light
Is the inn where he lodges for a night.
What reck such Traveller if the bowers
Which bloom and fade like meadow flowers
A bunch of fragrant lilies be,
Or the stars of ethereal?

Alike to him the better, the worse,—
The glowing angel, the outcast curse.
Thou meetest him by centuries,
And lo! he passes like the breeze;
Thou seek'st in globe and galaxy,
He hides in pure transparency;
Thou askest in fountains and in fires,—
He is the essence that inquires.
He is the axis of the star,
He is the sparkle of the spar.
He is the heart of every creature,
He is the meaning of each feature;
And his mind is the sky,
Than all it holds more deep, more high.

Emerson is not to be imprisoned by theological definitions; epithets have no terrors for him.

Denounce who will, who will deny,
And pile the hills to scale the sky;
Let atheist, pantheist,
Define and wrangle how they list,
Fierce conserver, fierce destroyer,—
But thou, joy-giver and enjoyer,
Unknowing war, unknowing crime,
Gentle Saadi, mind thy rhyme;
Heed not what the brawlers say,
Heed thou only Saadi's lay.

His is a religion, not alone for the supreme emergencies of life, not alone for sorrow's exigency, nor solely for moral conduct,—it is religion blending, unnamed and unconscious, with all the cheerful everyday activities of mankind.

It seemeth not to me
That the high gods love tragedy;
For Saadi sat in the sun,
And thanks was his contrition;
For haircloth and for bloody whips,

Had active hands and smiling lips ;
And yet his runes he rightly read,
And to his folk his message spod ;
Sunshine in his heart transferred,
Lighted each transparent word.

The sense of personal communion with Deity is expressed, though not in that familiar language of devotion which has come to have a certain conventional stamp in poems such as "Worship."

He is the oldest and best known,
More near than aught thou call'st thy own,
Yet, greeted in another's eyes,
Disconcerts with glad surprise.
This is Jove, who, deaf to prayers,
Floods with blessings unawares.
Draw if thou can'st the mystic line
Severing rightly him from thine,
Which is human, which divine.

The tenderest and most human of his poems is the "Threnody"; it is fit to comfort a bereaved mother.

"Recovering of sight to the blind," — that word best describes the mission of Emerson. He recalls men from their wearisome effort to think out a way to God, to the direct and happy consciousness of him. For that mission he was equipped by a rare natural endowment, and a most felicitous environment. To very few is given the possibility of such abiding serenity as his. But the secret of his method — that seed-truth to which his circumstances only gave soil and air — is free to all. It is the open eye, the open heart, the open hand. It is the temper of reverence, of sympathy, of noble action. Emerson's genius is intellect permeated by love.

George S. Merriam.

The Garth Fund.

A SUGGESTION TO THE LIBERAL RICH.

A STATEMENT in THE CENTURY to the effect that many people of means would do large acts of beneficence, if they knew of ways of applying their wealth, leads me to give a practical illustration of one method that may find its field in every community in the Union.

In 1860 there was lost, together with his wife and sister, by the burning of the *Lady Elgin*, William Garth, a citizen of Paris, Kentucky, a childless gentleman, who left a will which directed that the income of his fortune should, to quote his homely language, be used in giving an education to the "poor, worthy, sprightly young men" of his native (Bourbon) county. This property, about \$40,000, invested in

bank stock, yields yearly some \$3500, whose distribution is intrusted to three commissioners, appointed by the county court, who meet in August to examine applicants, and pass upon their recommendations, needs, and worth, and, in the case of previous beneficiaries, note their vouchers for expenditures and test their progress. The income is distributed in sums of from \$50 to \$250, varying as the boy is at home or away, and, in the case of the studious and promising, the aid is continued till graduation. This Garth Fund, as it is called, can now point to its score of alumni of various Kentucky and Virginia colleges, its graduate of Harvard, and representative at Yale, and many eminent physicians, ministers, professors, lawyers, journalists, and legislators, who without this assistance would have walked in much humbler paths. Many a young man knows how much more difficult it is to prepare for college than to maintain himself when there, where he may do tutoring or secure a scholarship. The great merit, then, of this quiet munificence is its doing this preparatory work. Every beneficiary of this fund has frequent occasion to say, "God bless the memory of Mr. Garth, and raise up many more like him." Another citizen of Bourbon county, stirred by this good example, has in contemplation a similar disposition of his property, in providing for her deserving young women.

I may add that a crying need, especially of the West and the South, is good schools preparatory to college. There are perhaps *three colleges to one good preparatory school*, a proportion preposterous and without reason, and our Croesus are yearly adding to the number of colleges. We don't need any more colleges; those we have are, with their under departments, giving one-third their time and teaching force to preparing fourteen-year-old boys and girls for the freshman class. South of the latitude of the Ohio River, the country across, there are perhaps not four schools that can properly prepare a boy for Harvard. One hundred thousand dollars would, in places of from 10,000 to 25,000 people, provide suitable grounds, buildings, and a moderate income which would be amply supplemented by tuition fees. A liberal citizen of Lexington is about to do this for his city. Here, then, are two avenues for doing good.

"I speak as to wise men; judge ye what I say."

James Wallace Fox.

PARIS, KENTUCKY.



BRIC-À-BRAC.

Three Examples of English Verse.

"Fifty thousand socialists around old St. Paul's, and English poets are writing — Triplets!!!"

E. C. STEDMAN.

I.

WHILE they write Triplets,
The masses are rising,
With curses and threats,
While they write Triplets —
(How their anger it whets !)
Nor is it surprising,
While they write Triplets,
That the masses are rising.

II.

IN RE RONDEAU.

IN corsets laced, in high-heeled shoes,
Too fine a woodland way to choose,
With mincing step and studied strut,
Is this an English goddess ? Tut —
Some masker from the Parlez-voos !

O Poet ! thou of sinewy thews,
Wilt thou free ways and walks refuse,
To mince instead through paths close shut,
In corsets laced ?

I cannot — for I 've old-time views —
Follow the poet who pursues
The Rondeau, with its rabbit scut,
Or triumphs in a Triplet, but —
There may be those who like the muse
In corsets laced !

III.

VS. THE VILLANELLE.

JEAN PASSERAT, I like thee well —
Thou sang'st a song beyond compare —
But I 've not lost a tourterelle :

Nor can I write a Villanelle —
Thou did'st — and for that jewel rare,
Jean Passerat, I like thee well.

Now many a twittering *hironnelle*
The plumes of thy lost dove would wear —
But I 've not lost a tourterelle.

Could not, indeed, true turtle tell —
If real or mock I could not swear :
Jean Passerat, I like thee well —

True heart that would go "après elle" —
And sure thy sentiment I 'd share —
But I 've not lost a tourterelle.

And am content on earth to dwell —
There are some men they cannot spare :
Jean Passerat, I like thee well,
But I 've not lost a tourterelle !

Charles Henry Webb.

Uncle Esek's Wisdom.

THE minority always beat the majority in the end.

EVEN if there were no profit in labor, it is worthy of all acceptance for the pleasure it affords.

ALL grab, and no grip, is the most common, as well as the poorest, kind of economy.

VANITY is a disease, and there is no cure for it this side of the grave, and even there it will often break out anew on the tombstone.

FREEDOM is the law of God, and yet if man could have his way, one half of creation would be abject slaves to the other half.

THERE is learning enough in the world just now to solve any question that may arise ; but there is n't wisdom enough, put it all together, to tell what makes one apple sweet and the next one sour.

THERE is nothing that man is more proud of than his reason, and yet, if two strange dogs fell to fighting in the streets, he will take sides, with one dog or the other, with all the vehemence of his passions.

Uncle Esek.

Ballade of a Rejecter of MS.

[With apologies to the author of the "Ballade of Rejected MS." in *THE CENTURY* for March, and frank confessions of plagiarism in the matter of rhymes, etc., etc.]

We have read both your verse and your prose
(I am one of the "reading machines"),
We must read the productions of those
From whom we protect magazines,—
The "talented" maids in their teens,—
And we 're shocked at your — let us say — "face !"
So we know what the editor means
By, "We 're sorry we have n't the space."

Now, that madrigal written to Rose —
Its "feet" do not mate, and it leans ;
And those "triplets, rondels, rondeaux" —
We 've read Dobson ! And as to "Fifines,"
Just suppose you read that to marines !
Our printer would flee from his case,
Which is one thing the editor means
By, "We 're sorry we have n't the space."

Those tales, they were ghastly — but Poe's,
And legends ! — our "limit which screens"
Will never their horror disclose !
Nor unclasp that portfolio's shagreens,
At least, until sense supervenes !
To say "It 's not needed," with grace,
That is what the good editor means
By, "We 're sorry we have n't the space."

ENVY.

Contributor ! — back of the scenes
The thoroughbreds settle the pace ! —
That is what the good editor means
By, "We 're sorry we have n't the space."

Tudor Jenks.



OSCAR.

Oscar (reading his new poem). "What more encouragement for my future success than this, that you weep?"
Maud. "Go on, go on, dearest. I am so silly — I weep at nothing."

Circumstantial Evidence.

If our readers knew as well as we do the two amiable and upright gentlemen who figure in this actual epistle to the president of one of our best-known New York savings banks, the letter might seem to them even more striking. If an ordinary visit to an ordinary savings bank, of plain exterior and quite undecorated and business-like interior, could suggest such a bloody-gore episode, what a pity that the imagination thus easily released should not be employed to light the somber wastes of modern "realism."

November 8, 1887.

DEAR SIR: I see by the bank-book that you are the president of "The Institution."

I have every reason to think that the gentleman who counts the money of depositors is not honest. Here are my reasons:

Last time I handed him money to count and deposit, when he had been counting for some time, "Ha," said he, "I'd have a good thing here." A little after he repeated it, "Ha, I'd have a good thing here." At this I said to him, "Have I made a mistake? Did I give you too much?" Again he says for the third time and after my remark, "Ha, I'd have a good thing here." At that a person inside said something to him. I could not hear what it was, but I have often thought since that it was something to this effect: "Don't say anything about it; keep it, and we will divide it between us." After some time he handed me my book with the amount to the very cent marked upon it that I had told him I intended to deposit.

"Well," said I, "did n't I make a mistake? Did n't I give you too much?" "No," said he, "it was correct." Of course I could say nothing, but I am certain he acted dishonestly on the occasion. I made other money transactions on that same day and before night found out I

had made a mistake, but then I could not positively swear as to where I made the mistake, nor to the exact amount, and I consequently thought it a folly to look after it; besides, my profession or calling in life would prevent me from having my name figuring in courts of law or in newspapers. I am as certain, though, as I am of my own existence that he deliberately defrauded me; and from my statements (which are perfectly true and correct) you will, I think, agree with me. If he be dishonest to your depositors, he will be dishonest to the bank also if he gets an opportunity.

He is a man, I would suppose, about 25 years of age, rather tall, and dark complexion. The screen inclosing your office is so high, though, I could not see him except when he came to the aperture or little window.

I am one of your depositors. You have my name, etc., etc., on your books; and though I do not sign my name to this, it is no less true.

A Voice.

THE rain makes music at midnight,
 Dripping from rafter and eaves,
 Blown hither and thither by mad-cap
 Wind on the twittering leaves.

Its sound has solace for sorrow,
 Touching the heart-cords o'er
 So softly, oh, so softly!
 Sweet as the lutes of yore:

But sweetest of all sweet music,
 Making my heart rejoice,
 Comes over the dew-damp meadow
 Tenderly, true — a voice!

Charles Knowles Bolton.

A Vain Quest.

WE started one morn, my love and I,
On a journey brave and bold :
'T was to find the end of the rainbow,
And the buried bag of gold.
But the clouds rolled by from the summer sky,
And the radiant bow grew dim,
And we lost the way where the treasure lay,
Near the sunset's golden rim.

The twilight fell like a curtain
Pinned with the evening star,
And we saw in the shining heavens
The new moon's golden car.
And we said, as our hands clasped fondly,
"What though we found no gold?
Our love is a richer treasure
Than the rainbow's sack can hold."

And years, with their joys and sorrows,
Have passed since we lost the way
To the beautiful buried treasure
At the end of the rainbow's ray;
But love has been true and tender,
And life has been rich and sweet,
And we still clasp hands with the olden joy
That made our day complete.

D. M. Jordan.

The Real Reason.

"NO, WE did n't exactly quarrel," he said,
"But a man can't stand quite everything.
I thought I was in love with her, dead,—
But that was away last spring.

"I took her driving — she liked to drive,
Or she said she did; I believed her then,
But I 'll never, as sure as I 'm alive,
Believe a woman again!

"I 'm not considered a talking man,
And I 'm willing to own it; there's no doubt
A man can't talk like a woman can,
And I was about talked out.

"I had n't dared yet — for I am not vain —
To call her darling, or even dear,
So I just remarked, 'It's going to rain,
I felt a drop on my ear.'

"She looked at the clouds, and at my ear,
And this is what she saw fit to say:
'Oh, no! That rain is nowhere near;
It is half a mile away!'

"It did n't strike me at first, you know;
But when it did, why, it struck me strong!
She 'd called me a donkey — or meant it so —
With ears a half-mile long!

"We both kept still the rest of the way,
And you might have thought that I was a prince,
She was so polite when I said good-day —
But I 've never been near her since!"

Margaret Vandegrift.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

A Humbug.

AN old, old garden. There the days
Slipped by in drowsy quiet ;
There bees were busy in the shade
And posy-buds ran riot ;
And there in summer Dolly strayed,
Plain-gowned, in cap and wimple,
Her frills and ruffles laid aside
To play at being simple.

The wild-rose hiding in her curls
Looked somehow pale and faded
Beside the pink and dimpled cheek
Her ancient head-gear shaded ;
And when the carping bluebird heard
Her dear voice lightly thrilling
Through old-world airs, he quite forgot
To criticise her trilling.

So artless, shy, and sweet she seemed
That I, a cynic doubter
Of modest ways and downcast eyes,
Went fairly wild about her ;
And falling at the little feet
That crushed the yellow lilies
I wooed as Strephon used to woo
His Lydian Amaryllis.

Ah me! Her kerchief's rise and fall,
Her lashes' tender trembling,
The flush that dyed her cheek, were all
But part of her dissembling ;
For when she spoke at last, in tones
As sweet as Hybla's honey,
"T was but to say, "The man I love
Must be a man of money."

M. E. W.

How Nature Comforted the Poet.

"NATURE, I come to thee for rest,
For covert cool from thought and strife ;
Oh, rock me on thine ample breast,
For I have loved thee all my life ! "

Then Nature hushed me in her arms,
And softly she began to sing
A legend of her woodland charms,
A lullaby, a soothing thing.

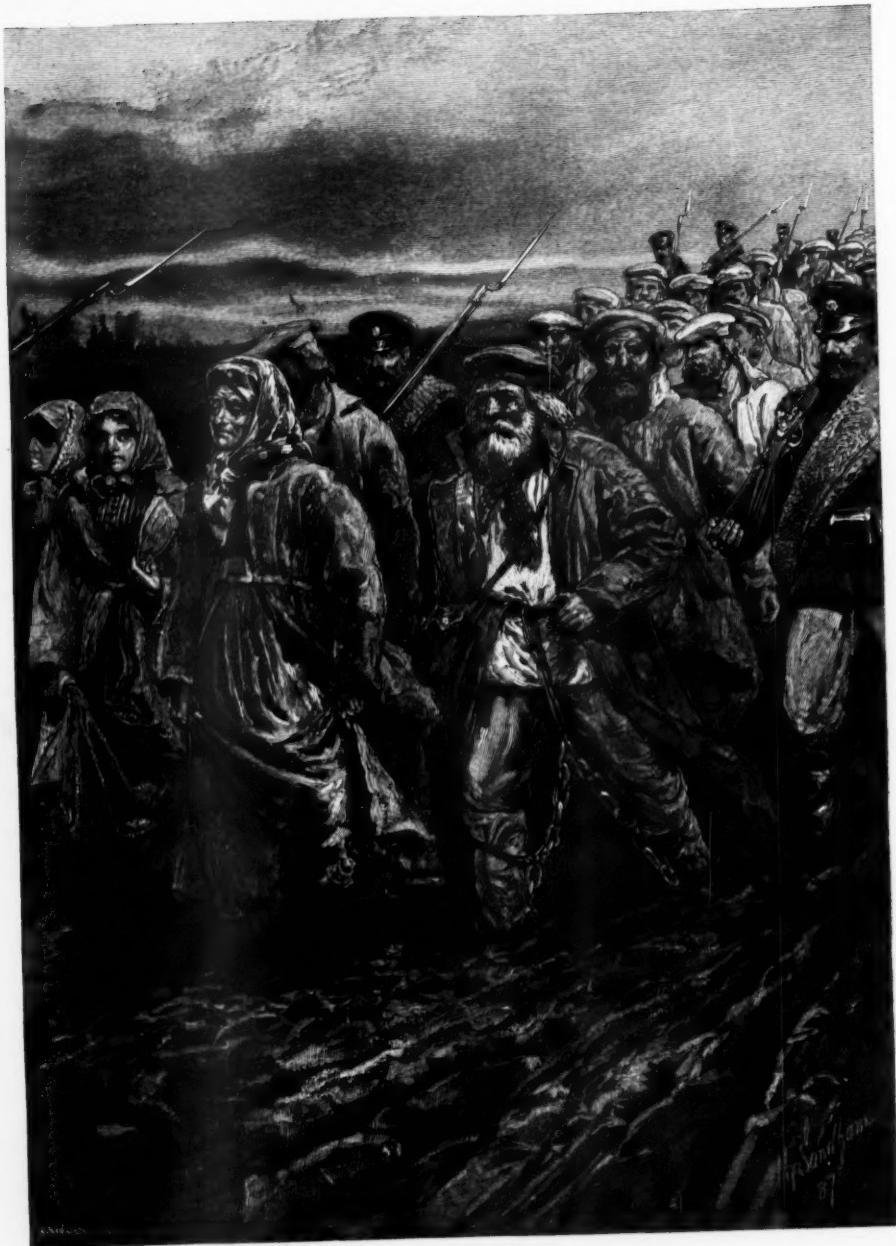
She sang: "My beech-leaves fluttering down
Beneath these blue September skies
Are darkly soft, are softly brown,
But not so brown as some one's eyes ! "

She sang: "This brook, that ripples clear
Where bending willow-boughs rejoice,
Is very sweet, but not so dear
And not so sweet as some one's voice ! "

And thus she sang till evening dews,
And when at last she sang no more,
I said: "If this is all your news,
I knew it all too well before."

Elizabeth Gastwycke Roberts.





AN EXILE PARTY ON A MUDDY ROAD NEAR TIUMEN.